

THE STORY OF PROPHECY

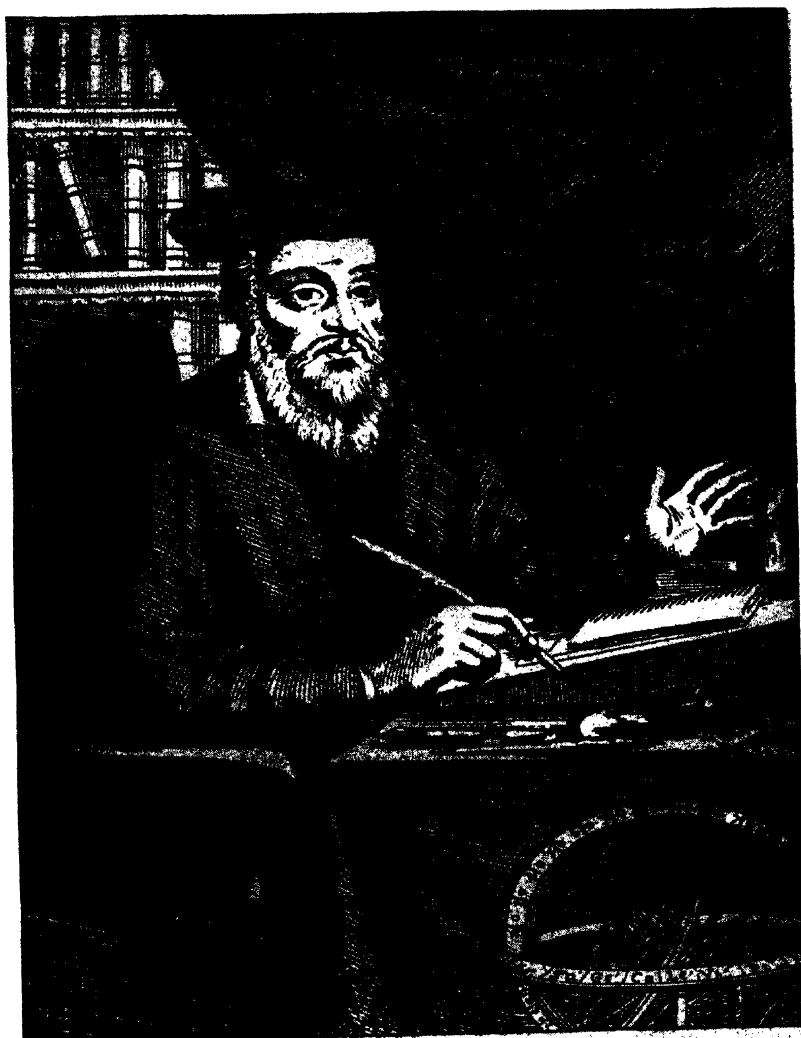
BOOKS BY HENRY JAMES FORMAN

Fiction

THE CAPTAIN OF HIS SOUL
FIRE OF YOUTH
THE MAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE
THE ENCHANTED GARDEN
SUDDEN WEALTH
GUILT
THE REMBRANDT MURDER
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Non-Fiction

IN THE FOOTPRINTS OF HEINE
THE IDEAL ITALIAN TOUR
LONDON—AN INTIMATE PICTURE
OUR MOVIE MADE CHILDREN
GRECIAN ITALY
THE STORY OF PROPHECY



*Dieu se sert toy de ma bouche
pour annoncer la vérité
ma prediction te rend
grace à sa Di*

MICHEL DE NOSTRADAMUS
Europe's Greatest Prophet

THE STORY OF PROPHECY

*In the Life of Mankind
from Early Times to the Present Day*

BY HENRY JAMES FORMAN

ILLUSTRATED

"I have a great mind to make a
prophecy, and they say prophecies
work out their own fulfillment."

—*John Keats's Letters.*



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TO
JOHN HEMMING FRY
IN TOKEN OF FRIENDSHIP
AND SYMPATHETIC UNDERSTANDING

FOREWORD

GROWING as the present book does out of a personal interest in prophecy, a sort of hobby, the reader, it is hoped, may possibly share with the author some of the pleasurable surprise he experienced in many a curious and arresting discovery, but notably in this one:

Not only were critical times in the past the objects of often strikingly correct prophesying before the event, but even our own crucial period, through which we are now passing, has been long foretold, with considerable detail, by a very chorus of voices crying in the wilderness. Our immediate present and future, it would appear, have been the concern of ages of seers, and if events have taken us un-awares, it is owing largely, as any student of prophecy can demonstrate, to our own perversity and blindness.

Prophecy, in short, a persisting human inheritance, would seem to fare somewhat like the laws of nature, systematically neglected until the critical time, to mankind's incalculable cost. If the future, as some hold, is the only reality, it can hardly be other than our most prized possession. To present this outline of prophecy, therefore, laying claim neither to profound scholarship nor encyclopedic exhaustiveness, appears to require no apology upon the part of the writer, but rather indulgence on the reader's part for what has inevitably been omitted.

The brief bibliography appended can include but a portion of the reading, which has extended over many years, and only partially indicates my large indebtedness to numer-

ous sources, naturally held blameless for any errors of my own. In especial I wish to express my thanks to Mr. Walter B. Briggs, of the Harvard College Library, for many courtesies only in the power of a kind librarian.

H. J. F.

New York, July, 1936.

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THE STORY OF PROPHECY

CHAPTER I

WHAT IS PROPHECY?

LATE in the spring of 1934, a Spaniard Tomas Menes, known for his knack of predicting future events, announced that Chancellor Dollfuss of Austria would die a violent death within three months. The date was May 23.

That summer, when the Nazis attempted to seize power in Austria, a band of them came upon Dollfuss in a cabinet-meeting and assassinated him, after their pleasant custom. That was July 25—two months and two days after the Madrid prophet's prediction. Tomas Menes became nationally famous overnight.

Possibly this is too recent an instance to be called by the name of prophecy. Let us glance at another. Pierre d'Ailly, born about 1350, was Chancellor of the University of Paris, a philosopher, a scholar, almoner to the King of France, Bishop of Cambray, a cardinal, and a geographer whose book, "*Imago mundi*," may have influenced Columbus to seek a western route to the Indies. At any rate, Columbus possessed a copy. Some seventy years after d'Ailly's death, in 1490, was published another book of his which, among much that was revealing, laid stress upon the year 1789, as of predestined importance in French and human history.

That year, we recall, on July 14, the Bastille was stormed and the French Revolution actually began. What Cardinal d'Ailly wrote of 1789 was this:

"Should the world still remain in existence at that time, which God alone knows, then astounding upheavals and

transformations will occur which will effect our laws and political structure."

Out of nearly four hundred years of history elapsed after his prophecy was written down, one particular year, it will be observed, 1789, fateful and destiny-laden, is singled out as big with revolutionary changes.

Those familiar with Biblical prophecies know perhaps that many of them have been confirmed and established by students, as, for instance, certain utterances by Amos, Jeremiah, Micah and Ezekiel. A whole school of research and speculation has arisen upon the prophecy said to be implicit in the Great Pyramid, believed by many to be working itself out today. Even among the frequently ambiguous oracles of classical times, Greek and Roman, facts are not wanting to confirm some of the more direct ones. At a few of these we shall glance later. But clinging still to our own era, how many of us know anything of the prophecies of Nostradamus?

One reason why those at times amazing predictions are not more widely known, is the purposely obscure form of the language in which his verses or "Centuries" were couched, a veil more or less imperative in the sixteenth century. One of the Nostradamus stanzas runs like this:

"The young lion will conquer the old one upon the field in single combat. He will pierce his eyes in a golden cage, who will then die a dreadful death."

Nostradamus was a contemporary of King Henry II of France. In July 1559, King Henry celebrated the marriage of his sister Margaret of France to the Duke of Savoy, and as part of the festivities held a magnificent tournament. Henry, no mean protagonist in combat, graciously invited one of his guests, the young Earl of Montgomery, of the Scots Guard, to cross lances with him in the tourney. The

young north Briton modestly declined this too great and too dangerous honor. The King, however, insisted and in the heat of the tilting the Earl's lance pierced the golden visor of his opponent's helmet, entered his right eye, and Henry II died soon thereafter a horribly painful death.

Nostradamus also foretold the French Revolution, as will appear in its place, with details numerous and specific, though clothed in the veil of his peculiar language.

A German scholar,¹ who calculated the probabilities of Nostradamus being able to *guess* certain names of persons and places mentioned in his extraordinary prophecies, concludes that mathematically they are as one is to infinity, in other words, zero. He draws the conclusion, therefore, that chance is ruled out and that Nostradamus was "a true prophet endowed with the gift of clairvoyance in space and time."

An English student of Biblical prophecy writing in 1886 predicted that the year 1917 would prove tremendously significant to Israel and Britain. In that year General Allenby conquered Palestine, took Jerusalem, and after thirteen centuries of Moslem rule, Palestine became a British mandate and a renewed homeland for the Jews.

The English astrologer William Lilly foretold in the year 1651 the London plague of 1665, of which Defoe wrote so graphically, and the London fire of 1666. So comparatively accurate was this prediction, that a Parliamentary commission examined Lilly to question him as to whether any knowledge other than stellar had inspired his prophecy.

Another Englishman, A. J. Peare, prophesied in 1868, when the late King George was only a two-year-old infant and had older brothers living, that he should be King of England under the title of George V.

The notable prophecy of Jacques Cazotte, who at an

evening party foretold to a roomful of French aristocrats how every one of them would fare in the coming French Revolution and the manner in which most of them would die, has been famous since the eighteenth century. Only recently has it been confirmed by a scholarly investigator as fairly authentic, and in another place in this book it will be presented in fuller detail.

For years before 1914 many a prophecy forewarned that sorrow and misery would overtake Europe in 1912, 1913 and 1914, with the burden of evils to fall between 1915 and 1920. One seer, Georgievitz-Weitzer, who wrote under the name of Surya, announced early in the present century that the eleven years from 1909 to 1920 were to be a period exceptionally critical for Europe. And did not both the War and the Peace confirm him? All astrologers, virtually without exception, predicted a frightful war for Germany during the period of 1913 to 1916.

So early as 1905, nearly ten years before the Great War, Madame de Thèbes, the long-famous French clairvoyante, published these words in her annual "Almanac":

"The future of Belgium is extraordinarily sad. This small country gives an impression of peace and happiness. . . . But I repeat my earlier words: This land will set all Europe in flames." When we recall Germany's invasion in what was aptly described as the rape of Belgium, giving rise to the famous phrase, "scrap of paper," for the treaty thereby broken, the direct cause of Britain's entry into the war, Madame de Thèbes' prophecy is not unremarkable. In the 1913 edition of the same "Almanac" she wrote:

"I see in the hands of distinguished Italians signs of a war of unprecedented violence. Germany threatens all of Europe in general and France in particular. As to the war

when it comes, Germany will have desired it; but after that neither Prussia nor the Hohenzollerns will keep their former dominating position. As I have repeatedly emphasized, the days of the Kaiser are numbered, and after him great changes will take place in Germany. I speak of his reign, not of the days of his life."

A still living seer foretold to Lord Kitchener his death at sea in his sixty-sixth year; to the late Czar Nicholas the tragic end in store for himself and his family, and to Mark Twain (by Mark Twain's own testimony) that he should be rich at the end of his life after his sixty-eighth year, which came true to the letter.

Prophecy, in short, has always existed.

Today we laugh at prophecies, though many of us at least secretly believe in them. That is nothing new. People have always laughed at them, notwithstanding the numbers who have believed in them too well. Perhaps that was the reason for the laughter. True, it is difficult to find a prophet whose average was a hundred per cent correct. Besides, many a prophet, like some of those in the Bible, though by no means confined to the Bible, was able to make a considerable nuisance of himself by prophesying things people did not want to believe.

There is a saliently plausible legend to the effect that upon the lost continent of Atlantis prophets who foresaw its destruction and announced it were put to death. Such is still the human instinct touching prophets of doom. Not all, however, are prophets of doom. Some of the most recent as well as the most ancient predict peace and surcease after tribulation and storm. And insofar as concerns the past, the number of prognostications that appear to have been borne out by the facts is not only impressive but truly amazing.

Yet always remains the doubt, owing to the common human experience of false prophets. Cassandra, as we are told, prophesied not only tragically but also truly the fall of Troy, the death of Hector and Agamemnon's slaying; still no one whole-heartedly believed in her. She is the very type and symbol of the prophet. For so skeptical is man, when he is not too superstitious, that unless he credits everything, he credits nothing.

That true prophecies have nevertheless occurred even some of the skeptics have been compelled to admit. The one kind of prophecy does not exclude the other. "It is conceivable, of course," observes an English scholar, "that all virtue is a sham, and that all predictions are a fiction, but the balance of probability is the other way. The false prophecies do not discredit the true any more than the spuriousness of the letters of Plato discredits the authenticity of the dialogues of Plato." Even Von Döllinger, most skeptical of German scholars, who gave much of his time to discrediting many prophecies of the Christian Era as false, admits that some of them were true. He points, for instance, to Saint Catherine of Siena who in the fourteenth century predicted a great general crusade which never took place; but she also announced a reform of the church not through the Papal See, which did take place with the coming of the Reformation. Similarly, St. Hildegarde of Bingen, to whom popes and emperors bowed, foretold much concerning the decline of the papacy and the secularization of Europe which came to pass exactly.

Granting then, as we must, that true prophecies do historically occur, that prophets have uttered them and still frequently do utter them, the question naturally arises, What is a prophet?



CASSANDRA

Who Prophesied Tragically and Truly but No One Believed in Her
(from *Onatio Cassandre Venede* in the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

One of the best answers I have been able to find is contained in a small, scarce, anonymous volume published a few years ago, "Leaves of the Garden of M, or Illumination":

"A prophet is a man possessing spiritual far-sightedness. Just as in the physical realm there is near-sightedness and far-sightedness, so, quite as simply, must one consider the quality of spiritual far-sightedness.

"It would be rank ignorance to reject prophecy.

"It would be supremely stupid to find fault with prophets.

"If we investigate scientifically and dispassionately prophecies that have been preserved, what do we see? We find individuals, who despite personal inconvenience, having glanced at the next page of history, were appalled and gave warning to their people.

"In so-called prophecies you will find no personal designs, you will find no culpable self-gratification, you will find no slander. The symbols of the reflections are explained by the colors of distant windows."

In other words, prophecy very seldom profited the prophet and on numerous occasions it led to his martyrdom and death.

Roughly and briefly, prophecy may be defined as clairvoyance in space and time.

Speaking generally, students of psychical research and many psychologists have by now accepted both telepathy and clairvoyance as established facts. They are still largely unexplained facts, to be sure, but many other facts of undisputed scientific standing are equally, or even more completely, unexplained. We do not know, for instance, what electricity is: all we know is its effects. We have but to reflect on cosmic rays, on the force that binds the atom, on the

origin of nebulae and upon numerous other cosmic phenomena, to realize how much of what is now orthodox science still remains unexplained. Unexplained things were often considered supernatural. Today we no longer so readily think of uncomprehended phenomena as supernatural—but more simply as nature thus far unexplained.

One aspect of the matter lies in what humanity designates as impossible. We know that only a little more than a century ago, such commonplace things as the railroad, for instance, were shown by engineers to be impossible. Impossible, they said, for railroad cars to carry heavy loads with smooth wheels upon smooth tracks; impossible for trains to run upon roadbeds of wooden sleepers, without a substructure of masonry; impossible for trains to run at such speeds as fifteen or twenty miles an hour without shaking human bodies to pieces and causing the most dreadful brain disturbances, not only to passengers, but even to bystanders. In Bavaria, high plank walls were actually erected along the right of way to obviate this menace to the population's sanity. The number of things declared by humanity to be impossible almost coincides with the number of human inventions and discovery.

Even the great scientist, Sir Humphry Davy, laughed at the ridiculous suggestion that the entire city of London might one day be illumined by gas lamps; and the British Royal Academy of Sciences broke out into merriment when Benjamin Franklin presented his idea for a lightning conductor. Flying was impossible and ranked with perpetual motion and the squaring of the circle as absurdities. Darius Green and his flying machine was the jest of a poet still living when some of us were born. As to the telephone, radio

and television, we know how ridiculously incredible they appeared considerably less than a hundred years ago.

To believe difficult or uncomprehended things impossible is one of the most costly habits formed by our humanity throughout its long history. Superstition, however, is even costlier. And, unfortunately, there has been so much false prophecy in the course of human development, that even when prophecy has come true, it has often fallen under the ban of the same ridicule and skepticism as the false. Skepticism is a healthy instinct, but like many quite healthy activities it can be, and often has been, abused.

For, notwithstanding skepticism and ridicule, prophecy is a phenomenon that for thousands of years has sunk deep roots into the consciousness of humanity, and fails to be eradicated. The ceaseless traffic of quite modern women (and men too) with astrologers, fortune-tellers and clairvoyants continues on a far more extensive scale than many would suspect. The belief in prophecy cannot wholly die out any more than the belief in goodness, or spirituality, or culture.

One of the simplest ways that occurs of explaining the ordinary clairvoyance upon which many prophecies are based, is somewhat like this:

Imagine a railway train to be going round a mountain, and approaching it on the other side of the mountain is another train upon the same track. Both trains are going at the same speed and neither is aware of the other. They receive no signal to stop and the imminent result is certain collision. But they are in ignorance of their fate. To a man in an airplane, however, only a few hundred, or a few thousand, feet lifted above them, that future is appallingly clear, clear as daylight. Were he in communication with the trains he could predict for them the dreadful catastrophe that awaits them

—unless they take proper and immediate measures to avoid it. This prophetic capacity is simple for the aeronaut. He sees; he is alarmed, and he can prophesy. The spiritual far-sightedness of the anonymous author of "The Leaves of the Garden of M," is perhaps no stranger or more complicated than that.

Were we now to embark on a discussion, however long and learned, of the Eternal Now of oriental philosophy, as composed of past, present and future all coexisting simultaneously; or, of time as a fourth dimension of space, upon which much has been said and written, it would help most of us no more, perhaps, than the illustration of the two trains in understanding how some persons can foresee and prophesy.

Though one recent writer,² a scientist and airplane engineer, in a fascinating book, presents a simple, straightforward research with dreams, and concludes, on experimental evidence, that virtually everyone is a prophet without knowing it. The future, he shows, discloses itself without intermediation of what is commonly called clairvoyance or seership to all of us in the dream state. Without recourse to occultism or psychoanalysis, he presents material easily observable by everyone from which he deduces what amounts to a law:

That dream images which relate indisputably to the near-by future are about equal in number to those which pertain similarly indisputably to the near-by past.

Most of us, however, pay no heed to this phenomenon, or at most, are sometimes struck with the notion that this or that occurrence "has happened before." So it has, he believes, *in our dreams*. For there is within us, he shows both experimentally and mathematically, a consciousness that

spreads out fanwise in the dream state to include the future as well as the past, a "serial observer," who extends practically to infinity. Every man his own prophet!—perhaps that will come.

More recently still, however, Dr. Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute, foremost among biologists and physiologists, Nobel prize winner, published a profound book that must mark an epoch for the layman, owing to its illustration of the broad outlook of certain eminent modern scientists. Touching upon our subject of prophecy, that is, clairvoyance in space and time, he observes: ⁸

"There is in certain individuals a psychical element capable of traveling in time. As already mentioned, clairvoyants perceive not only events spatially remote, but also past and future events. They seem to wander as easily in time as in space. Or to escape from the physical continuum and contemplate the past and the future as a fly could contemplate a picture if, instead of walking on its surface, it flew at some distance above it. The facts of prediction of the future lead us to the threshold of an unknown world. They seem to point to the existence of a psychic principle capable of evolving outside the limits of our bodies,"—surely, the most arresting statement upon the subject yet made by a great modern scientist.

Suffice it here, however, that many persons from Balaam to Bacon, and from Mother Shipton to Madame de Thèbes, have prophesied, and only a very voluminous work could take note of all recorded prophecies.

It is easy to smile at Mother Shipton's prophecy about horseless carriages. But even Francis Bacon, more seriously considered, foretold flying and submarines. As for Jules Verne, Edward Bellamy and H. G. Wells, they are of our

own time and all of us have granted their imaginative and logical far-sightedness. Only a scant three quarters of a century ago an American prophet, A. J. Davis, in a work published in New York in 1856, foretold vehicles, carriages, and luxurious "parlor cars" traveling upon the highway without horse or steam or any visible form of power, with great rapidity and greater safety than existed in his day. They would be propelled, he saw, by a liquid in combination with atmospheric gases, easily condensed and exploded, and the whole apparatus would be hidden between the front wheels—all this before even kerosene lamps came into extensive use.

The present-day attitude toward prophecy is curious. Even among those who are willing to concede veracity to certain of the Biblical prophecies, many would deny it to anything subsequent. Yet, after all, the Bible prophets were but men, albeit extraordinary men, whose words and deeds have been widely published. There is no doubt that throughout medieval times, and, indeed, during the entire Christian Era, there has been a great deal of false prophecy based upon wishful thinking. But, if we take even the single example of Nostradamus, who died in the latter half of the sixteenth century, of what possible benefit could it have been to him to publish this quatrain, commonly applied to Napoleon Bonaparte?

"Un Empereur naistra pres d'Italie,
Qui, a l'Empire, sera vendu bien cher;
Diront avec quels gens il se ralie,
Qu'on trouvera moins prince que boucher."

CENT. I, Quatr. 60.

"An Emperor will be born near Italy [in Corsica], whose empire will cost France very dear. They will say of those

people with whom he surrounds himself that they are not so much princes as butchers."

This description, to which in other quatrains Nostradamus adds the adjective "rase-tête," he of the shorn head, is closely indicative. All previous kings of France, as we know, wore long hair or wigs. Bonaparte was the first French ruler with a cropped head. These Napoleon prophecies of Nostradamus were written nearly three hundred years before the event.

Recently, on March third, 1933, a man who signed himself Phillip Haag, sent this letter to the *Los Angeles Times* and it was reproduced in that paper in fac-simile on March 11, 1933:

"1. Three nationally prominent men will die between tonight and March 13, 1933.

2. Hell will break out between March 7 and March 13, 1933.

3. Los Angeles will be shaken by a great earthquake on one of three days—March 19, 20 or 21.

4. The peak of the depression will be reached on March 13. Real adjustment will start to take place March 20. Complete readjustment will be in effect by Sept. 10, 1933.

5. A greater, happier future lies just before us. This may not be worth a damn—but keep it and see how it works out."

Now, no one is inclined to attach too great importance to newspaper prophecies of this order. Yet, it may be interesting to see, as its writer suggests, how it worked out. We find these facts to have occurred:

1. Senator Walsh of Montana died on March second, the day before the prediction was written. 2. Senator Howell of Nebraska died on March tenth. 3. Mayor Cermak of

Chicago died on March seventh. 4. Considerable "hell" was in evidence from March seventh to March tenth, in connection with the national banking crisis. Also, in this period came the California earthquake. 5. The earthquake occurred on March tenth, nine days before the first predicted date. 6. Opinions might differ as to when the actual "peak" of the depression came, but March thirteenth may not be far off.

When we remember the momentous events following in rapid succession the inauguration of President Franklin D. Roosevelt, the closure and the reopening of the banks, as well as some of the other things touched upon in this prophecy, it certainly appears as more than a curiosity.

Today, quite serious students are giving scientific attention to psychical research, telepathy and clairvoyance, and people like William James, Madame Curie, Lord Rayleigh, Sir Oliver Lodge, Dr. Osty of Paris, and Dr. Alexis Carrel have not disdained to make their interest known.

Briefly, innumerable as are the instances of false prophecy throughout human history, there is nevertheless a long record of prophecies which not only have been believed by great numbers of mankind, but which bear evidence of actual truth to fact.

Many an ancient prophecy, moreover, great in prestige, owing to its setting in a sacred writ or literature, is, we shall see, no more remarkable than a number of quite modern predictions. Numerous prophecies bearing on our own times, the times immediately ahead, stimulate on the part of some of us a quite understandable curiosity and interest. For, according to those who believe in them, the prophecies of long centuries and many traditions impressively converge upon the present age and the next sixty-odd years of the current century.

True, prophecy is a department of life to which comparatively little scientific research has been thus far brought. Scattered throughout the literature of the subject, however, are masses of curious and interesting information concerning both true and false prophecies. The object here is to glance, without prejudice, at instances of both throughout the spread of history, to make the reader somewhat more familiar than most of us are with a fascinating subject, and to leave the result to his own judgment.

CHAPTER II

SOMETHING ABOUT ORACLES

PROPHECY, which Plato called "the noblest of the arts," was experienced by the ancient world chiefly through oracles. And by oracles were meant not only the prophecies uttered, the actual words, but the places themselves where a deity or inspired persons delivered their utterances.

That this sort of prophecy was to madness oft allied was taken for granted; but it was a madness, explained Socrates, "which is the special gift of heaven, and the source of the chiefest blessings among men."

"For prophecy is a madness, and the prophetess at Delphi and the priestesses of Dodona, when out of their senses have conferred great benefits on Hellas, both in public and private life, but when in their senses few or none."

Great benefits, both in public and private life—and this was the opinion of the wisest of the Greeks. All Hellas, in brief, for hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years, had found good reason for believing in prophecy and for showering upon the oracular shrines such a profusion of gifts, that when we read today of the oracle of Delphi, with its courts and fountains and beautiful temples; its theater, its great stadium, its all but innumerable statues in marble, bronze and even gold; its paintings by Polygnotus: all this opulence makes the treasures of the Vatican seem almost poor by comparison. And that great wealth accumulated in a single spot because there a woman, the Pythia, or priestess, chewed some bay leaves, breathed the gas which, either artificially or nat-

urally, came from a fissure in the rock beneath the tripod on which she sat, drank some water from the sacred spring Cassotis, and by all these means passed into a trance-like state. Questions were presented to her in writing and as her responses came, confused, incoherent, often incomprehensible to the questioners, the attendant priests clarified them and put them into dignified verse. The wealth of the Delphic oracle and its long-enduring fame are the answers as to whether or not the people considered those prophecies to be valid and valuable.

The most ancient of all Greek oracles was that of Dodona, to the south of Macedonia, in the Epirus.

A temple of Jupiter stood in a grove of magnificent oak trees, whose rustling in the wind was supposed to utter the will of Zeus. One of these, a "voiceful oak," uttered prophecies and gave oracular advice, as interpreted by the priests, not alone to the simple and primitive Epirote natives, but to whosoever came from all parts of Hellas.

Gods seemed to have an affinity, even a passion, for trees. On one occasion, as we recall, the Lord told King David, "when thou hearest the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees, then thou shalt bestir thyself; for then shall the Lord go out before thee, to smite the host of the Philistines."

Mulberry trees, oaks, tamarisks—does all that point to tree-worship? Perhaps. Joan of Arc, however, was a very pious Christian virgin, yet she hung garlands upon the fairies' beech in her native country and later piteously begged her persecutors to set her in a forest once more, for there "she would hear the heavenly voices," as erstwhile she had heard them in her beloved woods of Domremy.

Dodona, in any case, was old when Homer sang and his

hero Achilles invoked its tutelary god in the Iliad in this wise:

"King Zeus, Dodonaean, Pelasgian, thou that dwellest afar, ruling over wintry Dodona—and around thee dwell the Selloi, thy prophets, with unwashed feet, and couching on the ground—" "Dodonaean, Pelasgian"—in other words, the oracle extended back to the Pelasgian aborigines, whom the early Greeks conquered and displaced at some period in pre-history.

Quite naturally, therefore, a wealth of legends clusters about the shrine, and it is not to be wondered at that some are grimly humorous.

Certain Boeotian envoys who came to consult the sacred oracle were oddly advised by the priestess, Myrtilé, "that it would be best for them to do the most impious thing possible." With scarce so much as a moment's reflection the envoys threw the prophetess into a cauldron of boiling water. They could not, they said, on the spur of the instant, think of anything more impious than that.

Truly, as M., in the "Leaves of the Garden," tells us, prophets were often put to great personal inconvenience.

Tablets have been discovered by archeologists inscribed with the simple questions simple people brought to the famous oracle at Dodona. One, Agis, asks "whether he has lost his blankets and pillows himself, or someone outside has stolen them." Another asks whether he is indeed the father of the child which his wife Nyla is about to bear; and a rustic couple, "by what prayer or worship they may fare best now and forever."¹

One would like to know the answers. But the rich collections of uttered oracles which once existed, existed, indeed, for some two thousand years, disappeared completely at about the time the Turks took Constantinople. Now only

fragments remain and a few which survived owing to chance and trivial causes. But whatever we may think of such oracles today, it remains none the less true that they were consulted and believed in by many of the most highly civilized peoples the world has yet produced, including the Greeks: and did not the Greeks include some of the wisest men who ever lived on this planet?

There was, for instance, Socrates, whom the Delphian oracle pronounced to be the wisest of mankind. His bewildered astonishment upon hearing this pronouncement is one of the most touching things in our human history. Nevertheless, he accepted it as infallible; and that this acceptance ultimately led to his condemnation by his own fellow citizens, and to his death, in no wise detracts from the pathos of his faith. And who even today would care to deny that Socrates was correctly characterized by the oracle?

Yet the Greeks of that age were almost as skeptical as we are today. Today we doubt everything, smile at everything, explain everything. The Greeks did that, too. The priests behind the oracles we say were politically wise and widely experienced men. They may have been. Also, true of oracles as of other forms of prophecy, some of them were never fulfilled. Many of them, moreover, were in the highest degree ambiguous.

Yet all these things do not explain away an institution that lasted among highly civilized nations for thousands of years. Kings and states consulted oracles upon the deepest problems of policy and statecraft, and though eventually they were abused as part of political machinery, they soon began, when that took place, to lose their authority and their influence was no more.

"Never," wrote Cicero, himself something of a philos-

opher and skeptic, "never could the oracle of Delphi have been so overwhelmed with significant presents from all kings and nations, had not all the ages proven the truth of its oracles."

All the same Cicero himself cites that oracle as advising King Pyrrhus, when he was about to fight the Romans: "*Ajo to, Aeacide, Romanos vincere posse.*" This may be interpreted as meaning either "I say unto you, Aeacide, that you can conquer the Romans," or as "I say unto you, Aeacide, that the Romans can conquer you."

Oracles like that one were invariably fulfilled.

One of the most famous of all oracular utterances, and perhaps the most famous of the ambiguous oracles, was that given to Croesus, King of Lydia, at Delphi. Its fame aside, it is a highly dramatic and touching piece of human history.

Croesus was that fabulously wealthy monarch—"as rich as Croesus." He had lost his son in a tragic manner, and during the somber years of mourning it was natural that his mind should run upon the threat of Cyrus, King of Persia, who was ruling over the greatest empire of the time. What was he to do? Make defensive war upon Cyrus? Would he be successful? That was a question that only heaven could answer. As a religious man, Croesus began a systematic consultation of the available oracles.

He selected the six best oracles then existing and sent his messengers with shrewd and careful instructions to test them out. Delphi, Dodona, Branchidae, Zeus Ammon, Trophonius, Amphiaraus—those were the oracles of his preferred list. Four of them failed badly in the test and one, Amphiaraus, was only partly, though largely, right.

The oracle of Apollo at Delphi, however, scored a perfect answer. When asked by the messengers, according to

their instructions, on the one-hundredth day of their departure from Sardis, what at the moment of the query King Croesus was engaged in, the Pythia answered without hesitation:

"Croesus is boiling a lamb and a tortoise together in a copper vessel with a copper lid."

The messengers of course were themselves in complete ignorance as to what their king might be doing at that moment. They returned home and reported the answer. It was checked and found accurate in every detail. Croesus had at last discovered the oracle he could put his absolute trust in. Now he understood why it was so fabulously wealthy, that it had need of special buildings to house the endless gifts of states and kings and individuals. Much later, even in Nero's day, when that madman took five hundred of the oracle's bronze statues and had them sent to Rome, more than three thousand other statues still remained at Delphi. Anyway, among all the stories of the propitiation of oracles, this one, as told by Herodotus, is perhaps the most circumstantial and dramatic:

"After this with great sacrifice he endeavored to win the favor of the god at Delphi; for of all the animals that are fit for sacrifice he offered three thousand of each kind, and he heaped up couches overlaid with gold and overlaid with silver, and cups of gold, and robes of pearls, and tunics making of them a great pyre, and this he burnt up, hoping by these means the more to win over the god to the side of the Lydians; and he proclaimed to all the Lydians that every one of them should make sacrifice with that which each man had. And when he had finished the sacrifice, he melted down a vast quantity of gold, and of it he wrought half-plinths, making them six palms in length and three in breadth, and

in height one palm; and their number was one hundred and seventeen. Of these four were of pure gold weighing two talents and a half each, and the others of gold alloyed with silver weighing two talents. And he caused to be made also an image of a lion of pure gold weighing ten talents; which lion, when the temple at Delphi was being burnt down, fell from off the half plinths, for upon these it was set, and it is placed now in the treasury of the Corinthians, weighing six talents and a half, for three talents and a half were melted away from it. So Croesus, having finished all these things, sent them to Delphi, and with them those besides: two mixing-bowls of great size, one of gold and the other of silver, of which the golden bowl was placed on the right hand as one enters the temple, and the silver on the left, but the places of these also were changed after the temple was burnt down.

"Moreover, Croesus sent four silver wine-jars, which stand in the treasury of the Corinthians, and two vessels for lustral water, one of gold and the other of silver, of which the gold one is inscribed 'from the Lacedemonians' who say it is their offering; therein, however, they do not speak rightly, for this also is from Croesus, but one of the Delphians wrote the inscription on it, desiring to gratify the Lacedemonians; and his name I know, but I will not make mention of it. . . . And many other votive offerings Croesus sent with these, not specially distinguished, among which are certain castings of silver of a round shape, and also a golden figure of a woman three cubits high, which the Delphians say is a statue of the baker of Croesus. Moreover, Croesus dedicated the ornaments from his wife's neck and her girdles. . . .

"To the Lydians who were to carry these gifts to the

temples Croesus ordered that they should ask the oracles this question also: Whether Croesus should march against the Persians, and if so, whether he should join with himself any army of men as his friends. And when the Lydians had arrived at the places to which they had been sent and had dedicated the votive offerings, they inquired of the Oracles, and said:

“ ‘Croesus, king of the Lydians and of other nations, considering that these are the only true Oracles among men, presents to you gifts such as your revelations deserve, and asks you again now whether he shall march against the Persians, and if so, whether he shall join with himself any man or army as allies.’ They inquired thus, and the answers of both the Oracles agreed in one, declaring to Croesus that *if he should cross the Halys* [march against the Persians] *he should destroy a great empire.* . . .

“So when these answers were brought back and Croesus heard them, he was delighted with the Oracles, and expecting that he would certainly destroy the kingdom of Cyrus, he sent again to Pytho, and presented to the men at Delphi, having ascertained the number of them, two staters of gold for each man; and in return for this the Delphians gave to Croesus and to the Lydians precedence in consulting the Oracle and freedom from all payments, and the right to front seats at the games, with this privilege for all time, that any one of them that wished should be allowed to become a citizen of Delphi.”

Croesus naturally interpreted the prophecy in accordance with his own wishes, and proceeded to make a defensive alliance with the Lacedemonians and the Egyptians. He then marched into Cappadocia, and prepared to march against Cyrus and the Persians. A very wise Lydian took the trouble

to warn Croesus, much in the manner of Sir Norman Angell and other modern anti-war writers, that there was nothing to be gained from this war:

"O King, thou art preparing to march against men who wear breeches of leather, and the rest of their clothing is of leather also; and they eat food not such as they desire, but such as they can obtain, dwelling in a land which is rugged; and moreover, they make no use of wine, but drink water; and no figs have they for dessert, nor any other good thing. On the one hand, if thou shalt overcome them, what wilt thou take away from them, seeing they have nothing, and on the other hand, if thou shalt lose, consider how many good things thou shalt lose; for once having tasted of our good things, they will cling to them fast, and it will not be possible to drive them away. I, for my own part, feel gratitude to the gods, that they do not put it into the heads of the Persians to march against the Lydians."

Croesus, nevertheless, prosecuted the war, and was decisively beaten. Within fourteen days Sardis was stormed by the Persians, and Croesus, taken prisoner, was about to be burned on a gigantic pyre, when he was heard to sigh deeply and to call out three times. "Solon! Solon! Solon!" For he suddenly remembered Solon's saying that no living human being could be happy. The victorious Cyrus, who had his good points, wanted to know what Croesus meant by calling upon someone named Solon.

"And Croesus for a time, it is said, kept silence when he was asked this, but afterwards, being pressed, he said: 'One whom more than much wealth I should have desired to have speech with all monarchs.' Then since his words were of doubtful import, they asked again of that which he said; and as they were urgent with him and gave him no peace, he

told how once Solon, an Athenian, had come and having inspected all his wealth had made light of it, with such and such words; and how all had turned out for him according as Solon had said, not speaking at all especially with a view to Croesus himself, but with a view to the whole human race, and especially those who seem to themselves to be happy men. And while Croesus related these things, already the pyre was lighted and the edges of it were burning. Then they say that Cyrus, hearing from the interpreters what Croesus had said, changed his purpose and considered that he himself was but a man, and that he was delivering another man, who had been not inferior to himself in felicity, alive to fire; and, moreover, he feared the requital, and reflected that there was nothing of that which men possessed which was secure; therefore, they say, he ordered them to extinguish as quickly as possible the fire that was burning and to bring down Croesus and those who were with him from the pyre; and they, using endeavors, were not able now to get the mastery of the flames. Then it is related by the Lydians that Croesus, having learned how Cyrus changed his mind, and seeing that everyone was trying to put out the fire, but that they were no longer able to check it, cried aloud, entreating Apollo that if any gift had ever been given by him which was acceptable to the god, he would come to his aid and rescue him from the evil which was now upon him. So he with tears entreated the god, and suddenly, after clear sky and calm weather clouds gathered and a storm burst, and it rained with a very violent shower, and the pyre was extinguished. Then Cyrus, having perceived that Croesus was a lover of the gods and a good man, caused him to be brought down from the pyre and asked him as follows: 'Croesus, tell me who of all men it was who persuaded thee to march upon my land and so to become an

enemy to me instead of a friend?' And he said: 'O King, I did this to thy felicity and to my own misfortune, and the causer of this was the god of the Hellenes, who incited me to march with my army. For no one is so senseless as to choose of his own will war rather than peace, since in peace the sons bury their fathers but in war the fathers bury their sons. But it was pleasing, I suppose, to the divine powers that these things should come to pass thus.'

This was genuine post-war reasoning, of the kind we are familiar with. In any case, Croesus had thoroughly learned that by marching against the Persians a great empire was destroyed, as the oracle had promised—though it happened to be his own empire. Eventually the Persian empire also was destroyed—possibly owing to the very counsels that Croesus subsequently gave Cyrus. For Cyrus made a friend and counselor of Croesus. Into that, however, we need not go. Suffice it that no more disastrously ambiguous oracle, in all probability, was ever uttered than that of Delphi to Croesus.

Oracles, of course, were not confined to Greece. Egypt, too, had them, and Egypt's were much older. The oracle of Ammon Ra dated to the fifteenth century B.C., and had an image of the god that could speak, move its head and accept scrolls inscribed with questions, not unlike the modern automaton exhibited a few years ago. When Alexander the Great visited it in the desert, the image came forward to meet him with the promise, "I give thee to hold all countries and all religions under thy feet." An oracle like that was certain to be respected.

The oracle at Heliopolis was in its way as famous as the one at Delphi. The Roman emperor Trajan, before he entered upon his Parthian war, sent an embassy to Heliopolis to con-



THE DELPHIC SIBYL

(from the Painting by Michelangelo, Sistine Chapel, Rome)

sult the oracle upon the upshot. The priests in answer sent him a broken branch of a vine plant unaccompanied by any comment. The emperor died in that campaign and his body was brought to Rome. Then the oracle was recalled. Perhaps if he had conquered the Parthians the broken branch would have been applied to them? But to me it seems that if Trajan believed in oracles he was a fool to go to war after that message.

It appears almost as if the ambiguous oracles have come down to us rather than the direct ones. And that true and direct oracles must have been numerous can alone explain the survival of Delphi as an oracular shrine for hundreds of years. Plutarch maintains that unerring counsel was given by the oracle to private persons. Unfortunately no record of these exists. But so far as concerns statesmanlike advice, the historians show Apollo's oracle to have been full of justice and wisdom. Once, when the Spartans applied to Delphi to sanction their attack on Arcadia, the oracle in no uncertain terms replied: "Thou askest of me Arcadia; I will not give it thee." He sent the Cretans to colonize Sicily and ordered the foundation of Byzantium. He ordered the foundation of Syracuse by Archias, sent the Boeotians to Heracles at Pratos and the Spartans to Heraclea in Thessaly. And when one man, Battus, came merely to learn a cure for his affliction of stammering, the god picked him as an empire builder and sent him to found Cyrene, a charioteering city upon the silvern bosom of the hill. For a small land like Greece what could be wiser than colonization? No wonder the Greek colonists in Sicily and Southern Italy worshiped Apollo as the "Founder."

He endorsed Solon and Lycurgus as men of the highest virtue and singled out Pindar as dear to his heart. For cen-

turies after the poet's death, the priest of Apollo nightly announced, "Let Pindar the poet come in to the supper of the god!"

The god clearly was no bigot. When asked "how best are we to worship the gods?" the Pythian Apollo very sensibly replied, "after the custom of your country," and if more than one custom prevailed, he said, "choose the best." He desired spirituality, not zealotry or bigotry. Over the portico of his temple at Delphi were sculptured scenes showing "the triumph of an ideal humanity over the monstrous deities which are the offspring of savage fear," and he warned the Greeks not to make superstition an excuse for cruelty. He even predicted the destruction of his own shrine:

"Ay, if ye bear it, if you endure to know
That Delphi's self with all things gone must go. . . .
. . . And thus, even thus, on some long-destined day,
Shall Delphi's beauty shrivel and burn away,—
Shall Delphi's fame and fane from earth expire
At that bright bidding of celestial fire."

An oracle could hardly do more than *that*. Besides, the Apollo of Delphi was, as we have seen, by no means always ambiguous. In his history of the Peloponnesian War, even today held as a masterpiece, Thucydides records an oracle as direct as any that has come down. The old folk among the Athenians told of a prophecy long current, "that the Doric War will one day break out, and with it a pestilence."

"There was a difference of opinion," observes the historian, "as to whether the ancients in this verse had meant Loimos or Limos, that is, whether pestilence or famine was meant. But in the then experience of the city, as may be easily imagined, the first was uppermost. . . . Some of the

people of that time knew that when the Lacedemonians asked Apollo whether to begin the war, the answer he gave was: 'If you press the war with energy, then victory will be on your side,' and he promised himself to assist them. They proved the facts to be in consonance with this oracle. The pestilence began as soon as the Peloponnesians invaded the Attic State and a remarkable circumstance was that the Peloponnesus remained wholly free of it. Its most virulent effects took place in Athens and in other places belonging to different peoples."

Now in general, Thucydides as a faithful historian, called by Macaulay the greatest historian that ever lived, avoided bringing in mythical and divine interventions into his work. He was himself a skeptic. Yet historically the oracle was confirmed to this extent: (1) A Doric War actually took place. (2) During the war a pestilence actually broke out; and if the word used meant famine instead of pestilence, the prophecy would still hold true. (3) The Spartans were told that they had but to attack and they would be victorious. (4) Apollo, the god of pestilence, promised his aid.

This, as the historian points out, is all the more remarkable, in that the pestilence broke out as soon as the Spartans entered Athenian territory, and yet the Spartans had not brought it. It may have come from the Orient, by way of the Piraeus, but that does not alter the prophecy. The Peloponnesus actually remained free of the disease, so it was not in the slightest degree a handicap to the Spartans. Coincidence? Possibly. But even a belief in coincidence can be overdone.

In any case, oracles continued for a long time, until well into the Christian Era and Tertullian, a third-century Father of the Church, declared that "the world was still crowded

with oracles." Roman life was permeated with oracular and prophetic pronouncements, and those bearing upon some of the Caesars are chiefly responsible for the lingering memory of the subject in our present civilization. The historian Suetonius is garrulous upon the theme. In his eighty-first chapter he tells:

"The impending death of Caesar was announced by the most patent of omens. A few months earlier the colonists of Capua, who had emigrated thither in consequence of the Julian laws, came in the course of their building operations upon prehistoric graves. These they opened with all the more alacrity owing to the fact that they found in them many vessels of ancient craftsmanship. In the monument that served as a tomb for Capys, the founder of Capua, they discovered a bronze tablet bearing the inscription in Greek, with this content: 'When once the houses of Capys are brought to light, then a branch of the house of Julius will be slain by the hand of one of his kindred; his death, however, will soon thereafter be avenged by terrible occurrences in Italy.'"

This fact, or letter to posterity, was attested by Julius Caesar's most intimate friend, Cornelius Balbus. The famous prophecy about the Ides of March was given by Spurinna Vestritius, a seer in the course of a religious sacrifice. He told Caesar that he must beware of a great danger that would not be deferred beyond the Ides of March. Caesar's wife, Calpurnia, with apprehensive foreboding, dreamed that she saw the turret of her home crumbling and also her husband stabbed in her arms. Caesar, moreover, was feeling ill and was for staying at home on that fateful day, March 15, B.C. 44, singled out by so many omens. But his friend Decimus Brutus urged that a great throng was awaiting his coming in the Senate and that he must not disappoint them. On the

way Caesar met Spurinna. It was about eleven in the morning.

"Well," laughed Caesar, always a gambler, "the Ides of March are here without any calamity." Spurinna answered:

"Yes, Caesar, they are here, but they have not yet passed."

It has been held that had Caesar heeded any one of these warnings he would not have been assassinated.

It was quite natural, in view of those fatal predictions, for virtually all the subsequent Caesars to pay particular attention to oracles and divinations. They used them in war. They used them in peace. They resorted to them on every possible occasion. Almost as many famous prognostications are recorded concerning Caesar's nephew, Caesar Augustus, as about Julius himself.

Dion Cassius the historian, of the same family as Julius Caesar's murderer, grows lyrical upon the prophecy of the astrologer-senator Nigidius Figulus touching Augustus:

"Scarcely was the boy born when Nigidius Figulus prophesied for him the absolute empire of the world. Among his contemporaries this prophet was held to be the wisest in the knowledge of stars and constellations, what every star signified separately or in conjunction or in opposition, with others. For that reason he was sometimes accused of occupying himself with secret arts. When he saw that Octavius, because of the birth of his son, was somewhat late in getting to the Curia, at a time when the Senate was in session, he came toward him and asked him why he was so tardy. When he heard the reason, he announced, 'You have given us a master.'

"Octavius, depressed by this announcement [in those days the best Romans still thought they were a democratic

nation], wished to have the child slain. But the prophet advised against it, saying, 'It were impossible for anything of the sort to happen to this child.' "

Oracles had an impressive part in the history of Augustus. When his father, Octavius, was leading an army in Thrace, he duly consulted the local oracle and enquired concerning the fate of his son. As he poured the wine over the altar a flame broke forth and over the roof of the temple leaped skyward. The priests of the oracle told Octavius that a similar occurrence had happened only once—in the case of Alexander the Great, when he was sacrificing.

When Augustus was still a boy the astrologer Theogenes, so Suetonius tells, cast the lad's horoscope. When Augustus mentioned the hour of his birth Theogenes is said to have leaped from his chair and knelt at the feet of the boy.

In view of what subsequently happened, when at the age of nineteen that boy stepped from school into what actually proved to be imperial power over the civilized world, it is not surprising that he carried an ardent belief in his star.

His successors not improbably likewise believed in their stars. At all events they all consulted every kind of oracle, to say nothing of flights of birds, entrails of animals, all the available auguries.

Nero was advised by the Delphian oracle to "beware of seventy-three." This pleased him, for he believed it promised him a reign until he reached that age. The allusion was to his successor, Galba, who ruled for a few months in his seventy-third year. Later Nero in a mad, jealous rage all but destroyed the Delphian oracle. For by its mere existence it detracted from his own supreme pre-eminence. People might assume that Apollo was greater than Nero, and how was that

to be tolerated? Hadrian, however, later consulted it to determine the birthplace of Homer, which seven cities disputed.

The answer had at least the merit of being definite and decisive:

“Thou askest of his country, th’ ambrosial Siren’s race?
Telemachus his father was, and Ithaca his place;
His mother, Polycaste—old Nestor’s child was she—
Who gave him birth, of human kind the wisest far to be.”

Afterward Hadrian himself established an oracle at Antinoe, shrine of the deified young Antinous, “the gentle and ethereal little soul,” his Greek page boy, whom he deeply mourned.

Even the hard-headed Vespasian, who began the final conquest of the Jews, in common with other generals in the field, consulted the oracle of Carmel. No one as yet knew that one day Vespasian would be emperor. Nevertheless, the god announced:

“Whatsoever it be, Vespasian, that thou preparest now, whether to build a house or to enlarge thy fields, or to get thee servants for thy need, there is given unto thee a mighty home, and far-reaching borders, and a multitude of men.”

Later the first-century prophet, mystic and seer, Apollonius of Tyana,² who is reputed to have made a pilgrimage to the Rishis and adepts of India in order to learn their wisdom, became a famous instance of the gift of second sight. Vespasian’s dissolute son, Domitian, was a tyrant peculiarly hateful to Apollonius. In the midst of a discourse at Ephesus in the year 96 A.D., Apollonius, says his biographer, Philostratus, “stopped short as if he had broken down in what he had to say, gave an awful glance at the ground, advanced three or four steps, and exclaimed, ‘Strike the tyrant, strike!’”

. . . Ephesus was terror-stricken: All the city was present at his discourse. He paused like a spectator waiting intently till a doubtful issue shall determine, and then said, 'Take heart, gentlemen; the tyrant has been slain this day. This day? Why, by Athena, it was but now, just now, at the very moment of uttering the words at which I stopped.' Madness, thought the Ephesians." Actually, at that moment in Rome, hundreds of miles from Ephesus, a freedman, Stephanus, was striking down the second son of Vespasian, the cruel tyrant Domitian.

"There are many fortune tellers," said the Delphic Pythia, "but few true prophets." Indeed, men like Apollonius were rare.

Yet oracles were everywhere, and everywhere consulted. Even the god Bel, that Baal of whom the Bible so often and so harshly speaks, was still flourishing and consulted by the Emperor Macrinus in A.D., 218.

"Ah, king outworn! young warriors press thee sore,
And age is on thee, and thou thyself no more,"—

declared Baal,—surely a courageous utterance to an emperor; and indeed, the generals of the thirteen-year-old Elagabalus that year defeated and put Macrinus to death. No wonder Tertullian in the third century A.D. complained that "the world was still crowded with oracles." Yet, notwithstanding all the contempt the Christian Fathers again and again heaped upon oracles, they must have believed in the genuineness of some of them and showed, as that notable English scholar F. W. H. Myers points out, "much anxiety to induce the oracles, which often admitted the greatness and wisdom, to acknowledge also the divinity of Christ."

And even now, concludes Myers in his masterly essay

upon "Greek Oracles," . . . "there are yet some minds into which, after all, a doubt may steal—whether we have indeed so fully explained away the beliefs of the world's past, whether we can indeed so assuredly define the beliefs of its future,—or whether it may not still befit us to track with fresh feet the ancient mazes, to renew the world-old desire, and to set no despairing limit to the knowledge or the hopes of man."

CHAPTER III

THE GREAT PYRAMID SPEAKS

WERE anyone to tell us that the Empire State Building in New York, with all its careful engineering, and infinitesimally computed mathematical adjustment of stress and balance, concealed so great a knowledge on the part of the builders that it actually foreshadowed the astronomical history of the cosmos for the next four or five thousand years, we should certainly marvel at the human ingenuity and enterprise involved. Yet we should hardly deem it impossible. Astronomy and mathematics have made enormous progress during our present civilization.

Suppose, however, we were informed that not only does that vast skyscraper in Thirty-fourth Street conceal mathematical and astronomical formulae, but also prophetic knowledge, prophecy as to the general run of history, expressed in engineering terms, for the last three thousand and even the next three thousand years or so, what then? Quite simply we should not believe it.

That, nevertheless, is what those who believe in pyramid prophecy tell us regarding the pyramid of Cheops, known as the Great Pyramid—namely, that all those almost miraculously exact mathematical and astronomical measurements and proportions carry a prophecy for the future; that already much of the prophecy has worked out in the last four or five thousand years, and that the rest, with something

like a century still to run, is working out now, in our own times, *today*.

Such people, you instantly say, are doubtless cranks or lunatics. There are many of them, a whole school of such believers. A whole school, then, of cranks and lunatics. Some of them, however, are not only careful investigators, but they include very able engineers and astronomers, among them such persons as an astronomer royal of Scotland—people, in general, not given to aberration or folly.

They are sometimes called *pyramidologists*, that is, students of the secret and occult significance in the structure and measurements of the Great Pyramid. To such an extent are these pyramidologists convinced that there is a secret and occult, or purposely hidden, significance implicit in the pyramid, that they have given, some of them, great portions of their lives to the study. They have spent years of research and written many persuasive books upon the subject.

And even more numerous than the pyramidologists are the believers in the so-called British-Israel theory. These, as we shall see, are convinced that early Britain was populated by members of those ten tribes of Israel which disappear from the Bible about 722 B.C. and are heard of no more in history. Those British-Israel adherents include some of the foremost names and personages in Great Britain; and as a large part of their beliefs also rests on the Great Pyramid and its implicit prophecies, the riddle of the pyramid becomes of immense interest to great numbers of people. In that case, perhaps, you will admit that it might be worth while, whatever our incredulity, to scan the reasons for their faith, the results of their labor and thought, and to glance at their conclusions. And precisely that is what we now propose to do.

One of the seven wonders of the world—that is how the

Greeks described the Great Pyramid. Who does not recall the picture of Napoleon Bonaparte, the very little man before the great mass towering over him, with some such legend as, "fifty centuries gazing down upon him"? That mass of some 6,000,000 tons of stone is in the highest sense romantic. It arouses our human curiosity almost to the degree that do the galaxies and star clusters wheeling in the heavens.

Who built the Pyramid? Whose was the unequaled engineering skill that designed and directed its construction, almost inconceivable today? What was the object, the true meaning and intent of such an incredible undertaking as this Pyramid at Gizeh?

The usually accepted theory of Egyptologists, who dislike anything occult or mysterious, is that early in the life of ancient Egypt appeared a phase of great wealth and splendor. That phase, known in history books as the "old kingdom," reached its culmination in the IVth Dynasty of rulers. Three monarchs of that Dynasty are believed to have built for themselves as monuments of unprecedented grandeur the three major pyramids, including the Great Pyramid. The late Professor James H. Breasted, foremost of American Egyptologists, dates it about 2900 B.C.;¹ and H. G. Wells, in his popular "Outline of History," after surveying most of the accepted authorities, speaks of the pyramids as "unmeaning sepulchral piles . . . of an almost incredible vastness erected in an age when engineering science had scarcely begun,"—in the reigns of the three kings, Cheops, Chephren and Mycerinus.

Now, even to the general reader that consummate calculation and marvelous construction, "in an age when engineering science had scarcely begun," sounds odd and unconvincing. It appears somehow contrary to human experi-

ence. The beginnings of arts and sciences are ordinarily very lumbering and halting, and ages pass between the stages of improvement. But that the Great Pyramid, in especial, is "unmeaning," those enthusiastic students, the pyramidologists, cannot agree for a moment. With a wealth of tireless labor, of research, scholarship and the most painstaking study, they have convinced themselves that the Great Pyramid is literally loaded with meaning. Its structure, its proportions, its measurements and adjustments, its very stones, they declare, cry out with meaning. Those stones, they announce, have long concealed and now proclaim an entire scripture, a fateful message, laden not alone with scientific knowledge, but with world history and—yes—with prophecy!

The reader to whom this is news may well be forgiven if, drawing a long breath, he demands, Well, how long has this been going on? As early as the eighteenth century the theory was already advanced that the Pyramid's base measurements were intentionally made to represent the number of days in the year. And in 1859, one John Taylor, a London mathematician and publisher, found other mathematical values in the structure and established the fact that the unit of measurement used was the Polar Diameter inch, that is, substantially the British and American inch of today. What these facts mean we shall presently see. But Taylor also declared "that the Great Pyramid was built to carry a divine revelation or prophecy."²

This tradition, however, of hidden scientific knowledge and prophecy in connection with the Pyramid goes back much further than that.

An Arabian writer, Masoudi, in the tenth century A.D.³ relates that "Surid . . . one of the Kings of Egypt before

the flood, built the two great pyramids." Masoudi gives Coptic history as his source, and adds:

"He (Surid) also ordered the priests to deposit within them (the Pyramids) written accounts of their wisdom and acquirements in the different arts and sciences . . . with the writings of the priests containing all manner of wisdom, the names and properties of medical plants, and the sciences of arithmetic and geometry, that they might remain as records for the benefit of those who could afterwards comprehend them. . . .

"In the Eastern Pyramid (the Great Pyramid) were inscribed the heavenly Spheres, and figures representing the stars and planets. . . .

"The King also deposited the positions of the stars and their cycles; together with the history and chronicle of time past, of that which is to come, and every future event which would take place in Egypt." Other Arabic manuscripts, of Makrizi and Tohfat Alagaib, also speak of the Pyramid as conveying knowledge of history, astronomy, "the plans of the stars and historical and prophetic records."

So much for Eastern traditional beliefs concerning the Pyramid. But what precisely is the modern belief? The most zealous and thoroughgoing of all present-day pyramidologists is Mr. D. Davidson, M.C., a noted engineer and a tireless student. His book, "The Great Pyramid: Its Divine Message," looms almost as monumental as the Pyramid itself. After seemingly exhaustive research, architectural, mathematical, archeologic, symbolic and prophetic, he arrives at this conclusion:

"In prehistoric times there existed a highly developed civilization, which suffered a catastrophic ending, a fact embodied in the traditions of various civilizations, in such

legends as 'The Destruction of Mankind' of Egypt, 'The Destruction of the World,' of Mexico and Peru, and in Biblical lands and in China as 'The Deluge.' "

That civilization, prehistoric in the sense that we know little or nothing about it, was in existence earlier than any other known civilization. The most ancient civilizations of even the immemorial East, which go back thousands of years, were but its offspring and inheritors.

That ancestral civilization and its ethical, artistic, literary and scientific influences subsequently permeated and marked succeeding civilizations, which bear its stamp even today. Do any of us doubt this statement? Pyramidologists are ready with numerous proofs and illustrations.

We know, for instance, that for many centuries our ancestors believed the sun to go round the earth and even today we still use the phrases about the rising sun and the setting sun. This Ptolemaic astronomy, as we also know, was revolutionized in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries by Copernicus and Kepler, who proved that it was the earth which revolved around the sun, instead of the other way about. But were they actually the discoverers of this fact? The Greek philosopher Thales, of Miletus, who lived in the seventh and sixth centuries B.C., preceded those European astronomers by about 2200 years. According to Hieronymus of Rhodes, Thales studied with the priests of Egypt, which constituted a sort of foreign university for the wise among the Greeks. Solon, one of the wisest of all of them, had received some of that Egyptian instruction. Pythagoras, who brought so much of Eastern wisdom to Europe, had spent many years in the schools and temples of Egypt. Likewise, Thales, upon his return from Egypt to Greece, founded the Ionian school of astronomy and philosophy. And so far back

as twenty-five hundred years ago, he taught "that the sun, moon and stars are not mere spots on the heavenly vault, but solids; that the moon derives her light from the sun, and that this fact explains her phases; that an eclipse of the moon happens when the earth cuts off the sun's light from her." ⁴ He also taught the sphericity of the earth and the obliquity of the ecliptic, or the sun's apparent orbit.

At almost the same time Pythagoras brought from Egypt to Greece his elaborate science of numbers and his musical knowledge. He, too, taught that the earth is a sphere freely poised in space; that it both rotates and revolves and that the comets as well as the planets move in orbits round the sun. Two thousand years later, in sixteenth-century Europe, Copernicus proclaimed Pythagoras as the founder of the heliocentric, that is, our present system, of astronomy, which he, Copernicus, honestly claimed to be merely reviving.

It was knowledge like this, insist the pyramidologists, and much else besides, that those remote benefactors, the designers and builders of the pyramids, desired to hand on to generations yet unborn, which would understand and need it. The Pyramid was their testament to posterity, that is, to our present selves.

When it comes, however, to dating the Pyramid, there is inevitably a wide divergence of opinion. One historian, Wallis Budge, gives the date of King Cheops, its reputed builder, as 3733 B.C. When we recall that the Hyksos, the Shepherd Kings, the XVIth Dynasty, were not expelled from Egypt until about 1600 B.C., we obtain a notion of the enormous stretches of historical time involved. The Exodus of the Hebrews is determined as in either 1486 or 1487 B.C. By that time, if Budge is correct in his dating, the building of the Great Pyramid was as remote in antiquity as are to us

the Parthenon of Athens or, almost, the Greek temples at Paestum.

More recent Egyptologists, however, agree to a date ranging from 3100 to 2700 B.C. for the construction of the Pyramid, with Professor Breasted favoring the year 2900. The tradition was that the Pyramid was built as the result of a vision three hundred years before the flood, whenever that may have taken place. In Davidson's opinion, the Pyramid's own astronomical data indicate that it may have been built at any time between the two precisely dated years 3444 B.C. and 2144 B.C.

Once we touch upon the dimensions of the Great Pyramid, we plunge headlong into astronomical and other values which become of immense importance to the pyramidologists. Breasted gives the Pyramid's height as 481 feet; the pyramidologists, as for instance Professor C. Piazzzi Smyth, Astronomer Royal of Scotland, make it 484 feet and, roughly, 700 feet to a side, or a total base circumference of 36,524 inches. This last figure is important, because it bears a variety of relations to the entire theory of the pyramid as prophecy—the thirteen and one-half acres of "Scripture in stone" that has refused to disintegrate. For instance, put a decimal point after the third digit of 36524 and you have 365.24, the number of days in the solar year; divide it by 4 and you have the base of each side, 9131 inches, for the time between the equinoxes. Divide this figure by 25, the number of inches in the Egyptian and Hebrew cubit, and you again have 365.24, the days in the solar year. The sidereal year, twenty minutes longer, is also indicated, and likewise the "anomalous" year, some five minutes longer than the last. The Precession of the Equinoxes, a cycle which depends for its length upon the difference each year between the

solar and anomalistic cycles," is expressed by these measurements for a period of 6000 years, while, says Riffert, "modern astronomy knows them for only about 400 years." The Pyramid also yields to its students the exact value of Pi, a factor of great mathematical importance; the sun's exact mean distance from the earth; the earth's polar diameter; and many other mathematical and astronomical data which the reader, if he chooses, will have to investigate elsewhere.

So accurately and precisely, in short, is the Pyramid constructed, that its designer shows himself to have been in possession of a knowledge of astronomy "at least equal to modern times." An American scientist, Henry Mitchell, one-time hydrographer of the United States Geodetic Survey, found that the Pyramid stands as nearly as it was possible to put it "at the exact central point of the globe." To express all of this scientific knowledge in solid geometric form—that, clearly, was the object. But it was only one object—the groundwork or basis, as it were, for another and greater object, namely, to spell out a message to posterity. Not only a scientific message, but a prophecy!

Prophecy of what, we naturally ask? What is it that the Pyramid presumes to prophesy for us? Well, for one thing, a world Messiah. Most of us have come to believe that Messianic prophecy is of exclusively Hebrew origin, and that the Christianization of the world has satisfied the mass of occidental nations that with the advent of Jesus of Nazareth all such longings and aspirations were completely fulfilled and realized.

With the popularization of research, scholarship and ancient history, however, the knowledge is slowly spreading

that Messianism, the coming and the hoped-for coming of great religious and ethical teachers, or redeemers, is inherent in human development and in human striving for a higher and a finer spiritual life. We are always in need of a Messiah, and whenever the need becomes acute a Messiah always appears and helps the mass movement to a new step, a higher rung of the long ladder humanity must ever climb. Before Jesus, appeared Moses to the Hebrews in Egypt, Zoroaster in Persia, Orpheus in Greece, Krishna and Buddha in India, Lao-tse and Confucius in China; just as after Jesus appeared Mohammed to the more savage and less cultivated Semitic tribes of the desert, with the indispensable step or ideal contained in the vocative phrase, "Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate." And, of course, lesser Messiahs appeared from time to time.

So far as ancient Egypt is concerned, recent scholarship has turned up an expression of Messianic hope and aspiration some centuries before the Exodus of the Hebrews and nearly two thousand years before Jesus.

A priest of Heliopolis, Professor Breasted tells us,⁶ named Khhekheperre-sonbu, born under Sesostriis II (1906-1887 B.C.) "gave expression to his somber musings on society in a composition which was still circulating some four hundred years later"—and which is now preserved in the British Museum.

That priest had a vision of "the ideal ruler for whose advent he longs . . . He brings cooling to the flame. It is said he is the shepherd of all men. There is no evil in his heart. . . . Where is he today? Doth he sleep perchance? Behold, his might is not seen." That, Breasted points out, is Messianism, nearly 1500 years before its appearance among the Hebrews.

Similarly, Alexandre Moret, in a study entitled "Gods and Kings of Egypt,"⁷ clearly shows that from earliest times there was current in Egypt an ancient prophecy proclaiming the coming of a savior of the human race. All the imagery and symbolism later identified with the New Testament, he points out, the purpose of the Messiah's coming, the manner of His death, the Last Supper and numerous details of His life and teachings, were known to ancient Egypt long before the appearance of Jesus in Palestine.

But even the Old Testament, to the pyramidologists, touches upon Messianism in connection with the Pyramid. Two verses in Isaiah are taken to bear directly and specifically on the Pyramid as a symbol of Messianic times and thereafter:

"In that day shall there be an altar to the Lord, in the midst of the Land of Egypt, and a pillar at the border thereof to the Lord.

"And it shall be for a sign and for a witness unto the Lord of Hosts in the Land of Egypt; for they shall cry unto the Lord because of the oppressors, and he shall send them a savior, and a great one, and he shall deliver them."

Briefly, then, those enthusiasts insist, what the Pyramid was intended to convey is Messianic prophecy with the indications of the turbulent times incidental to great changes, which are surely coming; and not only that, *but even the crucial dates marking those changes.*

Now suppose, before even glancing at those crucial dates, we were to accept the pyramidologists' word for that statement; the question still remains: Why the elaborate mathematical and astronomical apparatus involved in the construction of the Pyramid, considering that for centuries,

for millenniums of time, no one possessed enough scientific knowledge to spell it out or understand it?

Right here is one of the most vital points arrived at by those students in all their research and theory: The designer of the Pyramid *knew* that for long centuries after his time the knowledge which he possessed would pass away from the earth. He knew, seemingly, how materialistic would be the Roman culture destined to spread over the earth, and how dark indeed the Dark Ages were to be. He knew that the very faculties for the attainment of this knowledge would atrophy and disappear from among mankind. But he also knew that later a time would come when the employment and development of those faculties would be a question of life-and-death necessity for the human race. He knew that at a certain stage of civilization, imperiously faced with that necessity, mankind would reacquire those faculties and learn to interpret the Pyramid's astronomical indications and thus inevitably spell out the message it carried adown the ages. Has that stage as yet appeared upon the earth? Yes, declares Davidson; that civilization is our present one, the five hundred years beginning with, say, Queen Elizabeth, or with Sir Francis Bacon.

Now, what happened in the world and in Europe with the appearance of Sir Francis Bacon? Without going into great detail upon that subject, we know that science and scientific thought, instead of following the formulas of Aristotle and scholasticism, as had been the case for so many centuries, turned to careful observation and study of Nature herself; to the developing of general laws from particular facts. In other words, the scientific era had begun—the era of inductive thought. And this era, Mr. Davidson assures us,

is marked by the astronomical chronology of the Great Pyramid as lying between the years 1558 A.D. and 2045 A.D.

Those faculties whose future atrophy the Pyramid designer had foreseen were no longer atrophied. Medieval winter, in Cardinal Newman's words, was receding, and the summer sun of civilization rose dazzling upon the Western world. Men were beginning to see and to think with independence and boldness. The age of science had begun—a new Revelation—a new “stream of energy from the Godhead—whether realized as such or not.”

The Pyramid builders, briefly, had builded some five millenniums ahead of their time and it had taken four and a half millenniums before man began to discover fragments of the knowledge in full possession of those ancient engineers. The remarkable fact, assuming the pyramidologists are right, is that those engineers knew long, long beforehand that all those things would come to pass; and like the scientific ark-builders they were, they stocked all that knowledge in stone for the distant future with the certainty that the future would need and read it.

“The discoveries,” adds Davidson, “of Newton, Kepler, and their great successors all fall, therefore, within a similar category to that of the scientific Revelation of the Great Pyramid. The latter, again, defines the chronological field of the former, which advances the Pyramid science into a category of Revelation infinitely beyond that defining the process of modern scientific discovery.”

So, according to this view, it undoubtedly does. For if the Pyramid builders not only had the knowledge, but knew that ages of ignorance would supervene, followed by a new era of scientific enlightenment, to which era they addressed their knowledge, then they were assuredly wiser than our-

selves. We hardly know what will happen tomorrow. They knew that between 1558 and 2045 A.D. would appear a race of men who would read and understand their message.

But just as death will be the last enemy conquered by man, so the idea that the Great Pyramid, like its lesser companions, is merely an "unmeaning sepulchral pile," a royal tomb in the desert, is the most difficult to overcome on the part of the pyramidologists. Virtually all Egyptologists take it for granted that even the Pyramid of Gizeh is merely a tomb. It hardly occurs to them to doubt it. There are the passages, upper and lower; there is the Queen's chamber, the King's chamber, the empty stone coffer, where presumably the King's mummy lay, and so on. It might well be a tomb.

Not so, sternly declare the pyramidologists. Mr. Davidson, himself a highly competent engineer, is convinced he has conclusive proof that the Great Pyramid is not a tomb. As he puts it:

"The direct proof against the tombic theory is an engineering proof, and a definitely convincing engineering proof. The first Ascending Passage, which leads from the Entrance or Descending Passage into all the inner passages and chambers of the Pyramid, was and is closed by a tightly fitting granite plug or block at its lower or entering end. According to the exponents of the Tombic Theory, this Plug was retained loose in the Grand Gallery, or elsewhere in the Pyramid's upper system, until the death of the king. The mummy case, it is alleged, was then dragged up the Ascending Passage and deposited in the King's Chamber; after which the granite plug was released and permitted to slide down from the Grand Gallery into the First Ascending Passage to its lower end. Here, according to the theory, it came to rest, tightly wedged in, impossible to remove except by quarrying.

In this position it effectively sealed access to the Upper Passages and Chambers. There the Plug still remains sealing the access, and entrance to the First Ascending Passage behind the Plug is gained only by means of Al Mamoun's quarried shaft, which was excavated about 800 A.D." * This plug, explains Davidson, is tightly fitting, which proves to him that the First Ascending Passage of the Pyramid was not built to be a means of access for the builders or any of their contemporaries, nor for the transit or reception of the royal or any other mummy.

Among various proofs against the sepulchral or tombic theory, he holds, is that ventilation shafts were provided for the King's and the Queen's chambers, two for each chamber. What ventilation was needed in the chambers of the dead, when the granite plug effectively blocked entrance for the living?

"As there was," he goes on, "no need for these during construction, and as the chambers were sealed up when half of the Pyramid's masonry remained to be completed, it is obvious that *the ventilation shafts were provided for the future, when the Pyramid should be the subject of study by the people of a later civilization.* The ventilation shafts in the Queen's Chamber were not completely cut through until 1872, by two Englishmen."

Briefly, though orthodox Egyptologists virtually ignore all of these facts, pyramidologists are convinced that the Great Pyramid is not a tomb. They insistently point out, moreover, that "the astronomically dated prophecies of Ancient Egyptian Texts agree with the astronomical datings of the corresponding symbolical prophecies of the Great

* This Arabian Khalif's workmen, according to Riffert, found the Pyramid empty alike of treasures and mummies.

Pyramid, and these latter define to the correct day, month and year, outstanding events that have happened in the past, that are happening in current times, and that are due to take place within the next twenty-eight years."

Much is made by pyramid students of what is called a "displacement factor" of 286. The difference in the Pyramid's circuit between the designer's plan and the base as actually built is 286.1 inches. Every course of the masonry carries this "builder's error," and that is why the top or headstone could not be and was not placed. The central axis of the entire passage and chamber system suffers a displacement of 286 inches from the central axis of the pyramid itself. Was this an accidental error, or one of the exigencies incidental to so vast a structure? Nothing, the pyramidologists hold, was accidental in the Pyramid. Owing to its frequent recurrence at various points, this factor, declares Davidson, "is of such transcendent value that it operates throughout in a manner wholly beyond the ingenuity of the human mind to devise."

Counting an inch as equal in time to a year (with certain exceptions) and taking all the metrical, astronomical and mathematical data together with that notable "displacement factor" of 286, the pyramidologists interpret the passage system in these prophetic terms:

1. The Great Pyramid in its Entrance Passage symbolizes the time from the construction to the time of the Exodus of Israel, 2625 B.C. to 1486 B.C.

2. The First Ascending Passage extends from the point marking the Exodus, 1486 B.C., to the point corresponding to April 7, A.D., the date of the Crucifixion. From this point there are two passages. One—

3. The Horizontal Passage, leading to the Queen's

Chamber, and taken to symbolize the epoch of spiritual rebirth; the Jews rejecting the Messiah or Christ, and the Crucifixion date, the atoning sacrifice of the Christ. Then—

4. The Second Ascending Passage, or Grand Gallery, sometimes called the Hall of Truth in Light, continuing upward at an angle and symbolizing the Christian dispensation. This gallery, following the system of calculation used, dates from April 7, A.D., to August 4-5, 1914, when Britain entered the Great War and made it world-wide.

5. The Great Step at this point, a block of stone, is taken as symbolic of the consummation of the Age and the interpretation of the knowledge contained in the Pyramid. We have arrived at the Great War period.

6. Now follows the First Low Passage, measured from August 4-5th, 1914, to 11th November, 1918, A.D., a little over four years, coinciding with the duration of the Great War—to the Armistice.

7. The Ante-chamber, called also the Chamber of the Triple Veil, measures from November 11, 1918, to 29th of May, 1928, A.D. Here the stooping posture of the Low Passage can be changed to an erect position. This interval is described as "Truce in Chaos," a ten-year respite from the dreadful catastrophe of the Great War, brought about by divine intervention, which shortened what might have been a continued period of unbearable tribulation from 1914 to 1936, twenty-two years instead of four. Otherwise, in the word of the Scripture, "no flesh would have been saved."

8. The Second Low Passage, extending from the 29th of May, 1928, to 15th-16th September, 1936, A.D., is held symbolic of the Final Tribulation and evidently coincides with the world-wide economic depression and the lesser wars of this period. Numerous prophecies, aside from the Pyramid,

mention mid-September, 1936, as a crucial date for a "new step," heralding a change for the better. That date ushers in the Hebrew Feast of Trumpets and coincides with the chronological prophecies of the Old Testament as ending the last tribulation of Israel.

9. In 1936 this Second Low Passage leads into the King's Chamber—also called "The Chamber of the Mystery of the Open Tomb," "The Chamber of the Grand Orient" of ancient Egyptian Messianic prophecy. Does it possibly symbolize a period of what we should call reconstruction? Not yet. To the pyramidologists it is symbolic of the "Hall of Judgment, the Cleansing of the Nations, the Return of the True Light from the West, the literal Presence of the Master of Death and the Grave, proclaiming that 'Death is swallowed up in Light,'"—a new, but still a gravely serious, time.

The astonishing thing, to Davidson, is that these facts are arrived at not by pyramidologists alone, but by such quite independent investigators as, for instance, Marsham Adams in his study of "The Book of the Dead." In other words, the modern astronomical datings and the old Egyptian designations of the Pyramid passages and galleries confirm one another. Thus, taking the two typical cases of the First Ascending Passage and the Grand Gallery, Davidson himself marvels at the identity established by the two lines of independent research:

"These," he shows, "are actually on the same unbroken line of ascent, but whereas the First Ascending Passage is so low as to compel a bent attitude in ascent, the Grand Gallery into which it leads is as high as a modern two story house. These two passages, according to Marsham Adams, jointly formed what the ancient Egyptians called 'The Double Hall of Truth.' The First Ascending Passage was the 'Hall of

Truth in Darkness,' and the Grand Gallery the 'Hall of Truth in Light.' Now, what are the associated dates given by the Pyramid's geometrical astronomy? The geometrically defined epoch for the commencement of the 'Hall of Truth in Darkness' is April, 1486, B.C., the date obtained both from Egyptian chronology, and from the Old Testament chronology, for the Exodus of Israel. The date for the termination of the First Ascending Passage ('The Hall of Truth in Darkness') is 7th April, 30 A.D., a Friday, the date of the Passover at which our Lord was crucified. The Pyramid's dating for the threshold of the Grand Gallery—the beginning of the 'Hall of Truth in Light'—was called by the Egyptians 'the Crossing of the Pure Waters of Life.' "

Similarly, the Low Passage, where a crouching attitude has to be assumed, coincides with the duration of the Great War. Neither of these datings, it is pointed out, "depends merely upon the measurement of the passages, but upon certain obvious geometrical dimensions that are confirmed by measurement." And all this parallelism, even identity, of the ancient Egyptian designations and present day measurements cannot but be startling to the modern mentality.

Pyramid students, in brief, while admitting that the Great Pyramid was later used for the religious mysteries of Isis and Osiris, and that it does resemble structures designed as tombs, are nevertheless convinced that the original purpose of the builders was to convey scientific knowledge which they possessed, knowledge which would be lost in the course of the ages, but ultimately rediscovered and of use to an age, a civilization, flourishing between 1558 and 2045 A.D.—in short, our own present civilization.

Now, taken merely as a landmark in human history and civilization, the Great Pyramid is majestic enough, and was

rightly considered by those lovers of wonders, the Hellenes, as one of the Seven Wonders of the world. But add to that the conception of a Bible in Stone, as its devotees call it, an architectural monument embodying for eternity a Messianic message and prophecy, and it appears as one of the few sublime achievements of the race.

No wonder the American Colonies in 1776 chose the truncated pyramid as their emblem on the obverse of the seal of the newly founded Republic, bearing the motto, "annuit coeptis," "He prospers our beginnings," with the rejected headstone, bearing a picture of the All-Seeing-Eye, suspended above the Pyramid. And yet they, that is, the Committee on the Great Seal, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, formed on July 4, 1776, could hardly have known then a tenth, even a hundredth, part of all the secrets and mystery devoted searchers have since found hidden in its stones. Franklin, Jefferson and Adams were very wise men, but they could scarcely have been aware of even its simplest measurements.

Suppose they had known then that astronomers and engineers would read the Pyramid's passage system as a sort of astronomical chronograph or time-clock, laying down the lines of 6000 years of history in successive periods of 1000 solar years, on a scale of one Pyramid inch to a solar year, giving the Autumnal Equinoxes of 4000 B.C., 3000 B.C., 2000 B.C., 1000 B.C., 1 A.D., 1002 A.D., and 2001 A.D. Suppose they had understood that the series of annual values selected by the builders for representation, as Davidson assures us, are such as cannot have the same annual values in any two years within a range of over 50,000 years! Would they not have concluded that Providence had guided them to this symbol as a covenant or promise of the success and endurance

destined for the Republic? Perhaps that is what they did conclude.

In any case, the choice of such an emblem for the seal of the newly-born Republic is sufficiently strange and curious to arrest the attention of virtually every Pyramid student and commentator. And not less curious is the sudden announcement of the Secretary of the Treasury on June 15, 1935, that this obverse side of the seal, the Pyramid, would henceforth be printed, for the first time, as it now appears, upon American paper money.

CHAPTER IV

PEOPLES TOUCHED BY PYRAMID PROPHECY

NOW, to whom is the prophecy so ingeniously discovered in the Pyramid addressed? To whom all those intimations of a Messiah; of a falling away and present tribulations, of an ultimate enlightenment and a return to a higher life?—To the entire world? Yes, in a sense, to the entire world; but primarily it is to the address of a particular race, a particular people—*The Stone Kingdom*: that stone kingdom mentioned in the Book of Daniel, which is “to become a great mountain filling the whole earth.” Where and what is this kingdom?

It is none other than the British race in the British Empire, the Anglo-Saxon people, including the United States of America! For these peoples, all of them, are in effect that Israel to whom so much is Biblically promised, the chosen heirs of the ages, predestined to fulfill all the prophecies, as they have already fulfilled so many.

To any person hearing or reading these things for the first time the entire idea may appear so fantastic, that he will be tempted to cast it aside as too frivolous and wild for his dignity and reason. Let us be quick to add, therefore, that the believers of this theory, the British-Israel World Federation, today count millions throughout the English-speaking world among their adherents and include, and have included, such persons as Queen Victoria, King Edward VII, peers, peeresses, statesmen, generals, admirals, scientists, scholars, bishops, churchmen and officers of every rank and grade, as

well as myriads of private persons. It is indeed one of the most successful and flourishing associations in the British Empire, with headquarters in London, near Buckingham Palace.

"What, then, does Dr. Newman mean?" asked Charles Kingsley in a famous controversy and, similarly, any reader might well and legitimately demand, What, then, does British Israel mean? That Britons and Israel are identical? Upon what grounds could serious men embrace so strange an assumption? Were not Britons originally Kelts and a mixture of various Anglo-Saxon peoples, to which was later added an element of Norman blood? What had all these folk from the forests and seacoasts of the North and West of Europe to do with the oriental Semites of the desert?

To answer this question many books and pamphlets have been written, indeed, a whole literature, not only by casual theorists or enthusiasts, but often by excellently trained minds, by scholars and divines of high standing, and even by scientists. Virtually all pyramidologists hold the belief that Britain is Israel; and not only Dr. Davidson, but the late Professor C. Piazzzi Smyth, Astronomer Royal for Scotland, as well as the late Professor Sayce, Oxford's noted Assyriologist, are listed as adherents of the British-Israel theory.

"Dates," explains Davidson, "are defined to the year and day for prophesied events in the *evolution* of the Messianic civilization, and these dates, and the events that fulfill the predictions, are applicable only to the history of the British Race. The prophecies of the Old and New Testaments, however, define the same dates and events relating to the history of Israel, as distinct from the people known as the Jews."

Does not Genesis promise *passim* that Israel was to be-

come a "nation and a company of nations"?—and Deuteronomy, that she was to become "the chief of nations"? Who better than Britain exemplifies these prophecies today? Much more than this, however, is presented in the way of supporting argument.

A cynic might well suggest that all the hapless, landless Jews had left to them was the Bible and its ancient promises; and now Britain, in the persons of pyramidologists and the British-Israel Federation, is taking even that away from them. But those students are no cynics—on the contrary: one part of their belief is that the very restoration of the Jews to Palestine is in itself one of the predestined tasks and functions of that greater Israel. And indeed, as they point out, is not Palestine at this moment a British mandate, and did not Britons seize and liberate it after centuries of Turkish domination?

"Israel" is interpreted as the ten-tribed northern Kingdom of Samaria, which ceased with the Assyrian captivity. Those ten tribes never returned to Palestine. The "Jews" are specifically that portion of the tribe of Judah which did return to Judea with the tribes of Benjamin and a portion of Levi from the Babylonian captivity. Much of the literature upon the subject is occupied with tracing the wanderings and migrations of those lost ten tribes of Israel. And if the history of the Jews is admittedly stranger than fiction, one is at a loss to what to compare the amazing adventure of the ten tribes—at least as traced by those who hold the particular theory of Israel we are here considering. Only in briefest outline can it be given:

When, owing to King Solomon's luxurious living and heavy taxes, the ten northern tribes withdrew from the Hebrew nation and under Rehoboam set up the Kingdom of

Israel, they established their capital at Samaria and became exceeding prosperous for about two and a half centuries, until 722 B.C. Then Sargon, King of Assyria, descended upon them like a wolf on the fold and put a summary end to their national existence. An inscription on an obelisk reads: ¹

"Sargon, King of Assyria, came up against the city of Samaria and against the tribes of Beth-Kymri and carried away into captivity 27,250 families."

These tribes never returned to Samaria and for 2500 years they drop out of history. Yet, since they were not destroyed, they must have gone on existing somewhere. The natural question is, Where?

Sir Norman Lockyer, an authority on British Druidic monuments, concluded ² that these monuments "indicate a close connection between ancient British and the Semitic civilizations." And Davidson, that tireless searcher, insists that the historical evidence he has examined "confirms that Israelitish migrations into Britain via Greece and Phoenicia began from Egypt as early as the 16th-15th centuries, B.C.—both before and during the period of Egyptian bondage." Long before the Diaspora Israel had already experienced dispersion. And by an entirely different route, he points out, Colonel L. A. Waddell, C.B., C.I.E., LL.D., formerly professor of Tibetan at London University, arrives at virtually the same conclusion. Basing his statement on the data of three millenniums from Sumerian, Hittite, Phoenician, Phrygian, Indian and Pre-Roman British sources, Waddell shows in a learned volume, "The Phoenician Origin of Britons, Scots and Anglo-Saxons," the long persistence of "a prevailing belief in a divinely guided race known by the name of 'Barats' or 'Brits.' This race is frequently represented symbolically as a woman, Barat-ana, ruling over the seas and accompanied

by the sign of the 'Sun of Righteousness,' a sun-circle surrounding the St. George and St. Andrew Crosses." (Britannia ruling the waves and the Union Jack!) The allegory of St. George and the Dragon is shown as current in Cappadocia in pre-Christian times, and to refer to "the Son of God" slaying the dragon. Other similar evidence is cited.

But to return to Assyria and the ten tribes: The question is, Was Assyria the grave of Israel? The answer is: Far from it. A fascinating odyssey is traced for the captive tribes.⁸ Israel was carried away under Sargon, "and he placed them in Halah and in Habor," the Bible tells us, "on the river Gozan, and in the cities of the Medes." Josephus records that "the ten tribes are beyond Euphrates till now, and are an immense multitude." That was the knowledge current in his time for anyone who cared about it. The river Gozan means close to the shores of the Caspian Sea. And both Esdras and Herodotus are called upon for witness as to what followed. Says Esdras:

"These are the Ten Tribes which were carried away prisoners out of their own land in the time of Osea the King, whom Shalmaneser, the King of Assyria, led away captive and he carried them over the waters so they came into another land. But they took this counsel among themselves, that they would leave the multitude of the heathen and go forth into a further country where never mankind dwelt, that they might there keep their statutes which they never kept in their own land."

Esdras was clearly something of a humorist and well versed in human psychology. He knew how patriotic a man becomes away from home, and how piously national, too. He goes on:

"And they entered into Euphrates by the narrow pas-

sages of the river, for the most High showed signs for them, and held still the flood till they passed over. For through that country there was a great way to go, namely, a year and a half. And the same region is called Arsareth. Then dwelt they there until the latter time."

"It is," we are told, "fifteen hundred miles from Media to Moldavia, where we find the river Sereth to this day, and the place called Ar-sareth"—a trek, in short, somewhat similar to that of the American covered-wagon pioneers in the middle of the nineteenth century.

Herodotus, it is pointed out,⁴ "derives the Scuths (Scythians), whom he constantly calls the Wanderers, from the very district where the ten tribes were settled, and his account of the Scuths' migration from Asia into Europe is identical with the account in Esdras of the migration of the ten tribes. Herodotus takes them from the river Araxes to the same place, Arsareth, to the northwest of the Black Sea. And there they found the Kimmerians, that is the Crimeans, *who were also Israelites, but who had escaped the captivity and settled on the shores of the Black Sea.*

Hundreds of tombs, on the authority of the *National Message*, were found in the Crimea, with inscriptions of which the two following are specimens:

"To one of the faithful in Israel, Abraham-Ben-man-Sinchal of Kertch, in the year of exile 1682, when the envoys of the Prince of Rosh Meschech came from Kiow to our Master Chefar Prince David Halet, and Haba and Gozen, to which place Tiglath-Pileser (Sargon) had exiled the sons of Reuben and Gad and held the tribe of Manasseh, and from which they have been scattered through the entire East even as far as China." (This date equals A.D. 961.) It is known that

forces of Tiglath-Pileser III had marched as far as the Caspian Sea. Another stone reads:

"This is the grave of Buki, son of Isaac, the priest, may his rest be in Eden at the time of the deliverance of Israel. He died 702 of our captivity." (19 B.C.)

Inscriptions such as these, with their matter-of-fact references to Gozen, Tiglath-Pileser, the tribes of Gad and Reuben, appear to those students conclusive proof of a dating back to the Assyrian captivity and the dispersion of the ten "lost" tribes. In describing the habits and religion of the Scuths, or Scythians, Herodotus makes them appear to be the same as those of the Israelites, with similar customs and observances.

"Herodotus," adds the *National Message*, "also tells us that the Scuths called themselves the youngest of the nations, only a thousand years old, which would take us back to 1500 B.C., the approximate date of the Exodus.

"Professor Rawlinson considers that there were eight tribes of the Scuths, and it is interesting to note that eight tribes of Saxons entered Britain. It is probable that the Scuthic nation remained more or less in the region (till the Christian era) described by Herodotus as roughly a square 500 miles each way, the South boundary being the Black Sea from the Danube to the Don, the whole course of the Don forming the East boundary, the North-East corner being near Moscow, the North Side was bounded by a low range of hills parallel to the Sea of Azov and the Black Sea, extending nearly to the Baltic, the West boundary being the River Vistula, the Carpathian Mountains and the lower course of the Sereth. Today this country contains the richest parts of Russia, Poland, the Ukraine, Bessarabia and the Crimea. There were various offshoots, and the territory oc-

cupied by the Getae after 350 B.C. extended along the Danube. In 113 B.C. the Romans were surprised by the sudden attack of the Kimbri; according to Professor Rawlinson the Cymry of Wales are the same as the Cimbri (Kimbri) of the Romans, and the historical connection of the latter with the Cimmeri of Herodotus is probable. Plutarch and Posidonius both refer to the Kimmeri as being the same as the Kimbri. It is obvious that both names are akin to Kimri, which is the same as Kymry and the Israelite Beth Khumri."

If all this is in the nature of circumstantial evidence, the reader will please to remember that there is a great deal of it and that there virtually is no other. Authority after authority will tell him how unsatisfactory is our knowledge of early Britain, and that relating to the Scythians is not much fuller. It is like a problem in a detective story, to the solution of which scores of shadowy clues must contribute.

It is scarcely possible to give here all the claims of the adherents of the British-Israel theory pointing to the population of pre-Christian and pre-Roman Britain by the lost tribes. To mention an instance of what is claimed for the Tribe of Dan: They became a sea-faring people so powerful that when they moved into Laish, in northern Palestine, they changed the city's name to Dan, and hence the phrase "from Dan to Beersheba." They sailed everywhere, to Egypt, Greece, Spain, Portugal, even to Cornwall. In Ireland they are believed to have appeared about 1200 B.C. Keating's "History of Ireland" is quoted⁵ to the effect that—

"The Dan-ans were a people of great learning and wealth; they left Greece after a battle with the Assyrians, and went to Ireland, and also to Danmark and called it Dan-mares, Dan's Country." Humboldt asserts that the very early inhabitants of Ireland were Israelites and that vast numbers



JEREMIAH

Who Is Supposed to Have Preached in Ireland About 580 B.C.
(from the Painting by Rembrandt, Rasch Collection, Stockholm)

passed through Lacedaemon and Spain on their way. As to the Lacedaemonians themselves, did not Areus their King write to Onias, High Priest at Jerusalem (B.C. 180): "It is found in writing that the Lacedaemonians and Jews are brethren, and that they are the stock of Abraham?" (Maccabees, XII.) It was the Danites who carried precious and other metals from Tarshish—in the "Western Isles." The Danube in Europe bears their name, just as the Skuthes, Scythians, or "Wanderers," peopled Saxony, Denmark, Scotland and other localities. Among the most ancient kings of Ireland, long before Christianity, are found three Davids and three Solomons, and certain Irish pedigrees have been traced to Tea Tephi, daughter of King Zedekiah.

How she came to Ireland is accounted for by Jeremiah's flight to Egypt, in 586 B.C., with the daughters, so it is said, of Zedekiah. There is no record of his ever having returned to Judea, and the prophet is from then on lost to history. Tephi is a Hebrew, not a Celtic, name. Tradition says she was married to Eochaid, Heremon, the legendary Irish King; another tradition holds that Jeremiah preached in Ireland about 580 B.C., and helped to establish a parliament thus early in European history; he founded a college of wise men, or prophets, on Tara Hill. Ollam Fodhla, or Ollam Fola, the name of this sage, is Hebrew and is translated as the "wonderful seer." From Tea Tephi and Heremon are descended the British Kings, King Edward VIII being the hundredth generation since King David. All contingencies are thus completely accounted for! ⁶

But what of the problem of language? Are not scientists and philologists agreed that Aryan, or Indo-European, is the root language prevailing over the greater part of Europe? That, however, offers no obstacle, since language is deter-

mined not by race, but by social contact. After the Babylonian captivity the Jews needed to relearn Hebrew. The original inhabitants of France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Rumania, abandoned their own tongues after becoming Romanized, and spoke, and still speak, Latin dialects. The ten tribes in their earliest migration doubtless adopted the language of the Medes, or old Armenian, an Aryan or Indo-European tongue.

One objection remaining is the absence of Semitic features in the Anglo-Saxon peoples. The answer to this is that Holman Hunt in studying types in the Holy Land for his Christ, declared, "he believed that the type of the nation then approached nearer to the Anglo-Saxon than any other"; and Sir J. Gardiner Wilkinson wrote:

"The Jews of the East to this day often have red hair and blue eyes, with a nose of delicate form, and nearly straight, and are quite unlike their brethren of Europe; and the children in modern Jerusalem have the pink and white complexion of Europeans. It is the Syrians who have the large nose that strikes us as the peculiarity of Western Israelites. This prominent feature was always a characteristic of the Syrians, but not of the ancient, nor of the modern, Jews of Judea."

To return to those adventurous tribes:—just as the Kimmerians, that is, the Crimeans, the Kymri, migrated to Britain about 400 B.C. (the Welsh are still called the Kymry), so others of them, under a powerful leader named Odin, coalesced into the Scandinavian, Saxon, Westphalian and Danish groups. The Danube, the Don, the Donetz, the Dnieper and the Dniester, according to this view, still bear traces of their ancestral nomenclature. Later, various offspring of these tribes in the persons of Angles, Saxons, Jutes,

Danes and Normans again, like the earlier Kymry, migrated to Britain, "as swarms from a common hive." And that, very briefly, is the manner in which Britain is assumed to have been populated by the converging hosts of Israel.

Britain, in short, the "nation and the company of nations," is that Stone Kingdom in which are to be fulfilled and manifested all the age-old prophecies relating to Israel. They even go to the length of identifying Britain with Ephraim and the United States with Manasseh. The question quite naturally arises, Why was Britain, "a fallible race," especially chosen for this high destiny?

The answer is: first of all, because Britain *is* Israel. Then, the words of Jesus according to St. Matthew are, "The Kingdom of God shall be taken from you and given unto a *nation* bringing forth the fruits thereof. And whosoever shall fall upon the stone shall be broken, but on whomsoever it shall fall it shall grind him to powder." The belief of British Israel is that Britain has brought forth its fruits. Numerous are the specific promises to Israel, throughout the Scriptures, interpreted as applying directly to this kingdom or nation:

(1) The promises concerning the extent of "Israel's" dominion and concerning the possession of the desolate heritages. (Deut. xxxii, 7-9, 29.) It is pointed out that, whereas, in all its history, prior to 1769, England gained only ten million people, in the next 160 years she gained 37 million people. That, exclaims Davidson, "*that is so wonderful as to seem miraculous if we think about it.*" This fact, generally attributed to the Industrial Revolution and greater availability of food, is none the less remarkable.

(2) The promise of irrigation schemes and cultivation of desert places. (Is. xli, 18-22.)

(3) The promise concerning Israel's mission to free the slaves and remove oppression. (Is. lviii, 6.)

(4) The promise concerning Israel's restoration of the ancient places. (Is. lviii, 12; lix, 4.)

(5) The promise that Israel was to become "a nation and a company of nations." (Gen. xvii, 6; xviii, 18; xlvii, 16, 19.)

(6) The promise that Israel was to become "the chief of nations." (Deut. vii, 6.)

(7) Israel to possess maritime power. (Ps. lxxxix, 25, 27.)

(8) Israel to possess the "gate of his enemies." (Gen. xxii, 17, 18.) Think of the British Navy, of Gibraltar, Suez, Singapore, and many other strategic spots.

(9) Israel to be, when necessary, the leading military power, invincible. (Jer. li, 19, 21; Exod. xxiii, 27; Is. liv, 17.)

(10) Israel to be the leading mercantile power. (Num. xxiv, 7; Is. lx, 9.) Delitzsch, the German theologian, commenting on the sixtieth chapter of Isaiah observes:

"The prophet here turns his eye to the sea. . . . The faith of the distant lands of the West is now beginning to work. These things thus flying along like clouds and doves are ships, with those of Tarshish *from the farthest extremities of the European insular Quarters of the Globe at their Head*—i.e., acting as the leaders of the fleet which is sailing to Zion, *and bringing Zion's children from afar.*"

(11) Israel's symbols to be the lion and the unicorn, or the bull. (Num. xxiii, 22, 24; xxiv, 8, 9.)

(12) Israel to bring forth the fruits. (Gen. xlix, 22; Matt. xxi, 42-44; Dan. ii, 44.) She possesses the Stone of Scone, now at Westminster Abbey, which legend traces, far, far back, to identify with the stone in Jacob's dream.

(14) Israel to be given "the heritage of the heathen." (Ps. cxi, 5, 6.) Recall Britain's amazing career of colonization and dominion all over the globe—how much of the map is red!

(15) The Sabbath "to be a sign between Himself and the children of Israel, for ever, for a perpetual covenant." (Exod. xxxi, 16, 17.) Britain is the most Sabbath-keeping nation in the occident.

(16) Israel to place the Jews back in Palestine. (Jer. iii, 18.) Measurably, Britain is already doing that.

(17) Israel to be known by another name, and to repudiate with scorn identity with the same race as the Jews. (Is. lxv, 15.)

(18) God's dealings with Israel to baffle the opinions of the critic. (Is. xxix, 14; Jer. xxiii, 1, 2.)

Summarizing, Davidson observes . . . "The prophecies make it plain that the inheritance was to come by the forming of the preliminary phase of the Stone Kingdom, and in progressively cumulative stages of spiritual and material experience leading up to Israel's final restoration. Such progressively cumulative stages—marred, it is true, by many elements of mercenary selfishness—have all been traversed in the process of formation of the British Empire and the United States of America. This agrees with the progressively cumulative development of the Stone Kingdom and shows that in some wonderful way Divine Providence has employed a race to build up the Nuclear Kingdom to form the *material* basis for the restoration of all-Israel; both that section of Israel known as the Jews (Judah-Israel), and the larger section of Ephraim-Israel—the ten-tribed Kingdom—lost to historical research for twenty-five centuries." (Refer Matt. x, 5-7.)

"I will yet be enquired of by the House of Israel to do it for them," says the Scripture; and the circumstances, comments Davidson, "are to compel Israel—and to compel the Stone Kingdom—to call upon God to fulfill this promise. This is the message of the Old and New Testaments and it is the message of the Great Pyramid." The Pyramid—hence this digression to a brief survey of British-Israel teaching and beliefs.

The defined epoch of the compelling circumstance, according to this theory, lies between the 29th of May, 1928, and the 16th of September, 1936, A.D.

Now, precisely what does the Pyramid indicate for the latter of these dates, September 15-16, 1936? The Second Low Passage is symbolic, to pyramidologists, of the final tribulation. "This message," explains Davidson, "is addressed to the British race, and means that the Constitutional Governments of the British Empire and the United States of America are on the threshold of constitutional crises." Thereafter, walking upright, man enters the lofty spaces of the King's Chamber. The King's Chamber period, coincidental with the "judgment of the nations" period, and the assessment of the mystical "builders'" work, is to last nearly seventeen years, from September 16, 1936, until August 20, 1953.

The 20th August, 1938, 3-4 March, 1945, and the 18th of February, 1946, all these are dates of great, though unspecified, importance during this seventeen-year period. Between those two extreme dates, however, September 16, 1936, and August 20, 1953, are to happen the Armageddon Climax,—some great war in the Near East, in which the enlarged Israel shall emerge triumphant; the Rapture and the Second Advent; and the Judgment of the nations—many

events and portentous, though perhaps a trifle vague to our comprehension.

Then the period of demolition will be ended, and 1953 will usher in the Period of Reconstruction, which must continue for half a century, at least, until 2001 A.D.—beyond which Pyramid prophecy does not run. But with the coming of that Sabbath, or “Builders’ Rest,” in September, 2001 A.D., mankind, pyramidologists believe, will have reached another stage in its growth, another civilization—perhaps a theocratic world-state—and all things will be made new.

CHAPTER V

THE END OF THE AGE: BIBLICAL PROPHECY

BIBLICAL prophecy, rich in poetry and beauty, among the very jewels of human literature, has moved and intrigued men for ages, and to this day new levels of meaning are constantly found in it.

Multitudes of people still believe in its verity, literally and verbatim. And even those who do not believe, who accept it merely as poetry, still wonder at times, so deeply is it rooted in our consciousness, whether any of the prophetic utterances have ever come true. How much is actually, historically, verifiable? Has any single prophecy been unequivocally realized?

Well, we know, for an instance, that when the ten-tribed northern kingdom of Israel under Jeroboam II was at the height of its power, Amos, the oldest known Biblical prophet, about 800 B.C.,* clearly and definitely predicted its downfall. Here was no ambiguity like that of the Delphic oracle to Croesus, but direct and forthright statement:

"For thus Amos saith, Jeroboam shall die by the sword and Israel shall surely be led away captive out of their own land."

"Therefore shall I cause you to go into captivity beyond Damascus, saith the Lord, whose name is God of Hosts."

* Edith Hamilton, a careful scholar, in "The Prophets of Israel" (1936), gives Amos's date as 760 B.C.

"For, lo, I will command and I will sift the house of Israel among all nations as corn is sifted in a sieve, yet shall not the least grain fall upon the earth."

Captivity beyond Damascus—quite accurately predicted, some three quarters of a century before the event! If the British-Israel itinerary is correct, the distance beyond extended all the way to the Caspian Sea, to the shores of the Black Sea, into the heart of Europe and the British Isles.

Was this merely political foresight and shrewd judgment upon the part of the prophet? Amos, the shaggy shepherd from the hills, was no politician. More expert men than he could hardly have foreseen so distant an event by ratiocination. Not only did he predict those events for the Samaritan kingdom, but he specifically excluded the Kingdom of Judah from the catastrophe.

"Behold," he said, "the eyes of the Lord, God of Hosts, are upon the sinful kingdom, and I will destroy it even off the face of the earth; saving that I will not utterly destroy the house of Jacob, saith the Lord."

And indeed the House of Jacob, or the Kingdom of Judah, continued for 134 years longer! ¹

An amazing phenomenon, the Hebrew prophet! Now virtually a prince, now a pauper, now sought out and consulted, now execrated or imprisoned—that was his lot through the centuries. Suddenly, by some overpowering impulse or force he was moved to speak, and though often struggling against speech, he spoke out, clear and authoritative. When his truth was unpalatable, his existence became exceedingly inconvenient to others as well as himself. Yet with the persistence of inconvenient people he continued, to the admiration of ages unborn. For when the virtually miraculous survival of an ancient people, the Jews, is ob-

viously attributable to the prophetic spirit breathed into them by their prophets, those prophecies become more than a mere curiosity in the human adventure. The thundering voice of conscience, the eternal admonition to social justice and spiritual integrity—these have had their influence on all our civilization and these are what the Hebrew prophets embodied, even more than clairvoyance or vaticination. Clairvoyance, however, or prophesying as we understand it, played its important part.

There were actually schools of prophets. The great ones, as Samuel or Elisha, had their pupils and followers,² like artists or Greek philosophers; though now and then, like Amos, they were simple peasants or shepherds, clad in goat-skins, moved by a vision to abandon their flocks and exhort their people. They exhorted, they challenged, they warned, with such effect that even today in our world some religious people, though by no means all, still hold them as God's mouthpieces, the dispensers of His Word and Will to mortal man.

"Within the last fifty years," observes a recent writer,³ "the pendulum has taken to the other extreme. The tendency now is to make the prophet very much like an ordinary Englishman, subject indeed now and again to vision, and with a very assertive way of emphasizing his conclusions. It is assumed that when a prophet heralded his statements with the words, 'Thus saith Yahweh,' he meant much the same as would a modern savant in employing the phrase, 'I am absolutely certain.' The old idea was perhaps nearer the truth, although the new contains more hope. It can need but a slight perusal of their works to show that the prophets were quite unlike a modern reasoning Englishman. They were in fact, in all that they said and did, the creatures of impulse,

and of impulse alone. Their great conclusions came to them as sudden intuitions; of the process of thought which led up to such a conclusion they were totally unconscious. . . ."

The wisdom and penetration of this writer lie largely in the manner in which he carries over and associates ancient prophecy with modern conditions and experience:

"To many great men," he explains, "men in all walks of life, scientists, soldiers, statesmen, has come a moment, ever after vividly remembered, when their life has been devoted to some great object from which they have never swerved. Such, only far more impressive, far more soul-enthraling, were the calls of the Hebrew prophets. 'Here am I, send me.' . . . As our eyes are cast back down the long vista of history we cannot fail but notice that those men only have lived, those men only have had a grip upon reality, they only have been strong and great, and inspiring, who have believed in God"—who have, in other words, had the fire of spirit or genius burning strong within them.

What concerns us here, however, is whether or not any Biblical prophecies have been actually realized. The prophecy of Isaiah concerning "a stone in Egypt" we have already glanced at. Another prophecy of his is generally held to have largely fulfilled itself, when we consider both Mohammedanism and Christianity as outgrowths of Judaism:

"And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it.

"And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk

in his paths: for out of Zion shall go forth the law and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem."

What follows about beating swords into plowshares unfortunately still awaits fulfillment.

Correct and a hundred years before its occurrence, was Micah's prophecy concerning the captivity:

"Be in pain and labor to bring forth, O daughter of Zion, like a woman in travail: for now thou shalt go forth out of the city, and thou shalt dwell in the field, and thou shalt go even to Babylon; there shalt thou be delivered; and there the Lord shall redeem thee from the hand of thy enemies."

Actually he named not only the conquering land, but announced with certainty the return from captivity. And that this was not mere shrewd political or historical guessing is held to be proved by the fact that the Babylonians themselves were at that time in powerless vassalage to the Assyrians. It took them nearly a century to develop the might of conquerors.

Similarly, Isaiah foretold the same event 124 years before its occurrence (39, 5-7), and Ezekiel prophesied both the captivity and the return, as well as the growth in numbers of his people (from about two millions then to about eleven or twelve—some estimate sixteen—millions today) in his famous 37th chapter concerning the Valley of Dry Bones. Jeremiah, likewise, not only foretold the exile but the return of the nation and the reconstruction of Jerusalem. So confident was he of the correctness of his prophecy that at the very time of the assault upon the capital by Nebuchadnezzar he bought a piece of land in the beleaguered city. As a case of prophetic personal inconvenience, the 38th chapter tells graphically and precisely how Jeremiah, owing to his un-

equivocal utterance, was put in a dungeon by King Zedekiah, released and imprisoned again, yet he remained unswerving, steadfast in the certainty of his vision.

"And they that are far off shall come and build in the temple of the Lord," one may almost hear the post-exile prophet Zechariah intoning, "and ye shall know that the Lord of Hosts hath sent me unto you." Only a little farther on, in the eighth chapter of his book, he declares with the customary firmness of seers:

"Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, it shall yet come to pass that there shall come people and the inhabitants of many cities, and the inhabitants of one city shall go to another, saying, Let us go speedily to pray before the Lord, and to seek the Lord of Hosts in Jerusalem. I will go also.

"Yea, many people and strong nations will come to seek the Lord of Hosts in Jerusalem and to pray before the Lord.

"Thus saith the Lord of Hosts; in those days it shall come to pass that ten men shall take hold out of all languages of the nations, even shall take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying, We will go with you; for we have heard that God is with you."

Now, it is historically true that to the second temple actually came throngs of "heathen" from Syria, from the Euphrates, from Asia Minor, from Greece, even from Rome, bearing gifts, in order to acquaint themselves with the religion of Judaism—in one of its triumphant periods.

The New Testament prophecies, strangely enough, are often discounted by non-clerical students on the ground that, with the exception of the Epistles, everything therein, including all the Gospels, is recorded from hearsay, some time after the Passion of Jesus. To the present writer, however, it occurs that if the Sermon on the Mount and all other

teachings of Jesus are accepted as His message, the prophetic passages recorded by the same hands are certainly no less valid. True, the Gospel according to St. John was in all probability not written until the middle of the second century A.D., more than a hundred years after the Crucifixion. So hard-headed a German critic as Harnack, however, concluded that the Gospel of Luke was composed about 60 A.D., and that of Mark even earlier. What prophecies, then, it is of interest to see, are contained in those earliest of the Gospels? The thirteenth chapter of St. Mark is entirely prophetic:

"And as he went out of the temple one of his disciples saith unto him, Master, see what manner of stones and what buildings are here!

"And Jesus answering said unto him, Seest thou these great buildings? There shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down;

"And when ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars, be ye not troubled: for such things must needs be; but the end shall not be yet.

"For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; and there shall be earthquakes in divers places, and there shall be famines and troubles: these are the beginnings of sorrows."

All these dreadful portents, and more, are virtually paralleled in chapter twenty-one of St. Luke: Brother will rise against brother, children against their parents, causing them to be put to death. Many false Messiahs will appear and many false prophets, to say nothing of numerous meteorological portents and signs, so that nations will be in anguish and consternation at the roar of the sea and the waves. Now in Mark, especially, the prophecy seems to look to a more distant date, yet the 30th verse declares, "Verily I say

unto you that this generation shall not pass till all those things be done.”

When Titus took Jerusalem, some forty years after Jesus, and destroyed the city, many of those appalling occurrences took place ere that generation had yet passed away. Upon those horrors, described by Josephus and many another writer, there is no need to dwell here. Luke summarizes it:

“And they shall fall by the edge of the sword, and shall be led away captive into all nations, and Jerusalem be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled.”

2

“Until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled,”—that phrase has given rise to more scrutiny of Bible prophecy than perhaps any other single phrase. The times of the Gentiles for many students does not mean necessarily the period contemporaneous with the Apostles, but of all the spread of Messianic, that is, Christian, history, to the present day, and even beyond. *These*, in other words, are the times of the Gentiles, and as one writer explains,⁴ the “Last Ages,” “the End of the Times” and the “End of the Age” are now upon us and before us, and not at the beginning of the Christian Era. This, according to St. Augustine, is the sixth age—from the first coming of Christ to the end of the world, or the “end of the times.” The five preceding “ages” being, not necessarily of equal duration, from Adam to the Deluge; from the Deluge to Abraham; from Abraham to David; from David to the Babylonian Captivity; from the return to the first coming of Christ.

Since, as St. Peter points out, a thousand years is but as a day, an age, or a time, may be longer or shorter, depending upon many conditions and circumstances in the flow of

events. True, Peter looks for a day "wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat," but that he interprets this figuratively is shown by the very next verse, "Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness." M. Élie Daniel interprets, from the Catholic point of view, these as the signs or precursors which Jesus indicates as coming before the End of the Times:

Full liberty given to Satan, in which he sees such manifestations as those of Luther, Voltaire, Lenin and Bolshevism.

Persecution of Christians as exemplified in the tribulations of the Church under the French Revolution, in Mexico, Russia and Germany.

A constant and organized undermining of religion and the Catholic Church.

False prophets and prophecies in the forms of Protestantism, Jansenism, Rationalism, Liberalism, Modernism, Socialism, Communism and Bolshevism.

Wars and rumors of wars—the incessant wars of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the World War of the twentieth century.

Pestilence, famines, and earthquakes; Portugal, China, Japan, Chile, the United States, Italy, Mexico and many other parts of the globe have been sufferers.

Defections from the (Catholic) Church and religion, a world-wide phenomenon.

The preaching of the Gospel over the entire earth simultaneously with the religious defection, as witness all the Christian missions scattered over the world.

The abomination of desolation in the Sanctuary—such an episode, for instance, as the worship of the Goddess of Reason during the French Revolution.

Universal pacification—an event that as yet sadly awaits fulfillment. The creation of the League of Nations was one movement in that direction.

The conversion of the Jews, likewise unachieved.

A general apostasy—already begun, but not yet completed.

These are the twelve signs, the indices, or guide posts, of the approaching time of the end as foretold in the Gospels. Then Satan shall be loosed out of his prison,—

“And shall go out to deceive the nations which are in the four quarters of the earth, Gog and Magog, to gather them together to battle: the number of whom is as the sand of the sea.”

If Satan has yet to do this, he must have held ere now at least one rehearsal. M. Daniel cites an encyclical of Pope Pius XI as showing how involved is the world in the rapid working out of these fateful prophecies:

“The churches are destroyed, ruined from base to steeple; the religious and the consecrated virgins are expelled from their habitations, delivered to insults and bad treatment, and condemned to prison; multitudes of children and young women are torn from the bosom of the Church, their mother; they are incited to deny and blaspheme Christ; they are pushed to the worst excesses of luxury; the entire people of the faithful is terrorized, lost, under the constant menace that they must deny their faith or perish, at times, under the most atrocious form of death: It is a spectacle so appalling that one might see in it already the dawn of the beginning of sorrows that will bring ‘the man of sin arising against all which is called God and is honored by worship.’ ”

That is but one picture of prophetic interpretation of the time of the end. Other facets of the Catholic version will

appear elsewhere in this book. But the Protestants also have not been idle. On the contrary, with a zeal and an eloquence reminiscent of earlier times, they, centering their attention upon the visions and prophecy contained in the Book of Daniel, have brought a wealth of study, scholarship and both astronomical and mathematical calculation, as in the case of the Great Pyramid, to show that *here and now* is the End of the Age, and that in our current times are working out, with an awe-inspiring clock-wise precision, the most momentous events of the ages.

The Book of Daniel, it may as well be said at once, has been challenged almost from the very beginning of the Christian Era. As early as the third century, A.D., Porphyry, the Neo-Platonist philosopher, in his attack upon Christianity, devoted one of the fifteen books in that work to an assault upon Daniel. The work was publicly burned by the Roman Emperor Theodosius. From surviving quotations we know that Porphyry declared the Book of Daniel to be the work of a Palestinian Jew, written in Greek in the time of Antiochus. The predictions in the book, he held, corresponded too exactly with events, and must have been written after those events—the highest tribute to a prophecy, if it *was* a prophecy. Many others, including Spinoza, Hobbes and Collins, have held views similar to Porphyry's.

Modern students, however, like the late Dr. Hartley Grattan Guinness, point out that the canon of the Old Testament, which closed about 400 B.C., already contained the Book of Daniel, which was written in both Hebrew and Aramaean, the languages of the Babylonian Captivity era; that Jesus quoted Daniel, and that Josephus tells how eagerly the book was studied during the lifetime of Jesus—all at least as true as Porphyry's conjectures.

Needless here to reproduce the Book of Daniel, with its unusually precise and detailed account of his visions, which to ardent students of prophecy presents an entire system of chronology, similar to that of the Pyramid. In words instead of stone it brings to those students a message of destiny and change, greater than any the world has ever seen, as occurring or impending *now*, in our era.

Daniel, it will be remembered, was commanded to seal or "shut up the vision," which was to be "for many days." Also, we are told, "none of the wicked shall understand; but the wise shall understand." The conclusion of the interpreters is that the end of the many days is here, and that the wise now have the means of understanding. Just as the builders of the Pyramid are said to have foreseen an age, a civilization, that would be possessed of the scientific means for interpreting its message, so, it is argued, the wise, or properly equipped students of prophecy, now have the means to rede the riddle of the visions.

"What does the expression in Daniel 'the time of the end' mean? Clearly the time of *the end of the events revealed to Daniel*. His prophecies foretold the events of twenty-five centuries, the existence of the Babylonian, Persian, Grecian and Roman empires, and represent these as occupying the entire interval between the prophet's own days and the day of the resurrection of the dead, and the establishment of the glorious and everlasting kingdom of God on earth. They predict that the last or Roman dominion would exist in two distinct and successive stages, contrasted in many respects, but alike in some; and especially in that they are both phases of the rule of Rome. The first, a stage in which that great city is the fountain of authority and government to an *un-*

divided empire; and the second, in which it is so, in a different way, to a *tenfold common-wealth of kingdoms*.”⁶

Dr. Guinness is emphatically clear on these points: The Babylonian, Persian, and Grecian empires have long since passed away. Rome pagan, likewise. Rome papal, however, which is the second section of the Roman empire, is to his view now in process of passing. (Strangely enough, as we shall see later, certain Catholic prophecies agree that the papacy is nearing its end.) The temporal power of the papacy has already come to an end—in 1870. In direct descent from the Roman Empire, he shows, there has always been an average of about ten powers, “the ten Gothic Kingdoms,”—Italy, Austria, Switzerland, France, Germany, England, Holland, Belgium, Spain and Portugal. Sometimes there were as few as eight, sometimes as many as thirteen or fourteen, but the average is about ten.

“And there is,” he affirms, “no room for an ‘if’ as regards any of the promises of the Faithful and True Witness, The God who cannot lie. The time has come at last for the comprehension of the chronological predictions of Scripture, and all who desire to understand them may plead the promise that there shall be light on them in these days.”

With ineluctable conviction and cogent logic he proceeds, step by step, to expound his own understanding in that promised light.

To Daniel in prayer, it will be recalled, came Gabriel in a vision and gave these extraordinarily precise indications, for that Daniel was greatly beloved:

“Seventy weeks are determined upon thy people and upon thy holy city, to finish the transgression, and to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and

to bring in everlasting righteousness, and to seal up the vision and prophecy, and to anoint the most Holy.

"Know therefore and understand, that from the going forth of the commandment to restore and to build Jerusalem unto the Messiah the Prince shall be seven weeks, and three score and two weeks: The street shall be built again, and the wall, even in troublous times.

"And after three score and two weeks shall Messiah be cut off, but not for himself; and the people of the prince that shall come shall destroy the city and the Sanctuary." "

Weeks—years—are these then interchangeable? Sixty-nine weeks to Messiah the Prince—what does that mean? Like Daniel certain present-day students also have studied and are studying the "books," and studying, they arrive, with Dr. Guinness, at certain startling conclusions:

The "seventy weeks" of the captivity were seventy years, clearly; for Daniel himself had been brought to Babylon as a child and was at the time of his vision an old man. But from what point of time did those seventy years begin? From B.C. 606—the date of Daniel's captivity? From B.C. 598, when Nebuchadnezzar for the second time successfully attacked Judah and Jerusalem? Or, did those "weeks" begin eleven years later when King Zedekiah, who had been placed on the throne of Judah as a sort of Babylonian satrap or viceroy, rebelled and had his eyes put out, his capital and Temple being completely destroyed? Those weeks might have their point of departure from any of the specified dates—over a period of twenty years. The captivity, obviously, occupied an era: the restoration, similarly, might take a whole era, in several stages, rather than a single year.

The "seventy weeks" to Messiah the Prince, according to these interpreters, are seventy weeks of days or years—that

is, 490 years. Also, in keeping with the septiform periodicity of the Hebrew Scriptures, the "seven weeks" of the "times of the Gentiles" means a week of weeks, each of whose days is a year of years, or 360 years, and whose entire duration is therefore 2520 years. A "week" and a "time" are in effect interchangeable.

Protestant Biblical prophecy students, after a scrutiny of the entire problem of Bible chronology, deduce the following conclusions as virtually axiomatic; namely, that—

1. In symbolic prophecy a day is the symbol for a year, and a "time" for 360 years.

2. Daniel's prophetic vision of the fourfold metallic Image and of the Four Beasts have been fulfilled in the histories of the Babylonians, Persian, Grecian and Roman empires.

3. Babylon the Great, of the seventieth chapter of Revelation, is to them the Roman Catholic Church.

4. The "little horn" of Daniel's eighth chapter is the Mohammedan power, which spread so quickly and amazingly to almost untold millions, that it inspired some of Gibbon's most eloquent periods.⁷

Of the respective "beasts" in the prophecy, it may be recalled, one was "like a lion and had eagle's wings"; the second "like to a bear"; the third "like a leopard, which had upon the back of it four wings of a fowl."

The fourth was "dreadful and terrible, and strong exceedingly; and it had great iron teeth; it devoured and broke in pieces, and stamped the residue with the feet of it; and it was diverse from all the beasts that were before it: and it had ten horns"—a catalogue of points that might, certainly, have fitted the Roman Empire, especially if one interprets the ten horns as its descendant European powers.

Now, the restoration of his people, for which Daniel so ardently prayed, came only in part. In consequence of their rejection of the Messiah, a point virtually all the interpreters make, the Jews remained tributary to one Gentile power after another, and were actually under Roman domination at the time of the Advent of Jesus. The predicted duration of the Gentile era, actually begun with Nebuchadnezzar, must be now in process of running out.

Too much space would be needed to give every step of Dr. Guinness' reasoning, best found in his own books, but to quote a passage from one of them: ⁸

"During the whole of this period Israel has ceased to be an independent kingdom, and during two-thirds of it Jerusalem has been trodden by the Gentiles. We conclude, therefore, that the dispensation in whose closing days we live was foreordained and appointed by God to run a course of 2520 years, or, in symbolic language, 'seven times'; and that our Lord Jesus Christ had this great week in His mind when He said, 'Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles until the time of the Gentiles be fulfilled,' an expression which seems to imply that the period so designated had definite chronological limits.

"Those limits were not intended to be understood *until* 'the time of the end.' Their actual history has now *demonstrated* the scale on which the symbolic period of 'seven times,' or years, is to be enlarged, and that scale is—as in all similar predictions—'a year for a day.' Seven years contain 2520 days, and the period predicted is therefore 2520 years. Arithmetically, this is a very notable number, one peculiarly fit to be the basis of chronologic prophecy. It is altogether unique—a king among numbers. *It is the least common multiple of the first ten numbers*—the first in the entire

series of numbers, which is *exactly* divisible without remainder by all the first ten numerals. Thus it is adapted to harmonize several series of periods of different orders and magnitudes in a way that no other conceivable number could do. Is it by chance that this number has been chosen to be the vertebral column of prophetic chronology?"

And it is as well that the students have found this "vertebral column," for prophetic chronology is a highly complex affair. We know, for instance, that years vary in length. The lunar year, as we have seen in Pyramid study, is only 354 days in length. The calendar year has 360 days. The solar year is 365 and a fraction days. The Hebrew year was lunar. Our present Christian almanac is solar. The Mohammedan year is lunar. The difference between the lunar and solar year in a period of over twenty-five centuries makes a difference of seventy-five years. Guinness made the discovery that all three scales of year-measurement were employed in prophecy. By analogy to what has already been fulfilled, students of prophecy, taking these chronologies into consideration, are guided to deduction of present and future fulfillments.

The period of 2520 is subdivided in two halves, each 1260 years; and the predictions for the second half are found to be far more numerous than those in the first. Bisect a week and you have three and a half days. Bisect "seven times" and you have three and a half times, variously called "time, times, and a half," "forty and two months," or "1260 days." Always it appears in some veiled form, so that "its true scale might only become clear in the light of fulfillment."

Within this period of 2520 years lie all the numerous historical dates of the prophecy; but if you were to think of the period as an upright cylinder girded by three belts, at

the top, in the middle, and at the bottom, those belts would respectively represent the following:

The top belt, *the captivity era*, from Nabonassar, King of Babylon, B.C. 747, to Nebuchadnezzar's overthrow of Zedekiah, a stretch, or era, of 160 years.

The middle belt, *the bisection era*, from the fall of the western Roman Empire in A.D. 476, to the taking of Jerusalem by the Caliph Omar in 637 A.D.—a period of similar length, which also saw the rise of Rome papal as well as that of the Mohammedan power, and the Mosque of Omar erected on the site of the temple in Jerusalem.

The bottom belt, *the era of fulfillment*, signalizes the decline of the papal and Mohammedan powers and the rising again of Israel, crowded with numerous significant events, including the taking of Jerusalem by Allenby in 1917, and the "restoration" of Jerusalem under British mandate—a period lying between A.D. 1699 and 1934; in short, *the end of the age*.

In a graphic diagram of this plan, Guinness places in their order some of the most momentous dates in history, all implicit in the prophecy, only a few of which may here be touched upon.

The "bisection era" itself is a crucial time in history. Not only did it witness the fall of Rome pagan, 476, and the rise of Rome papal; the accession of Pope Gregory the Great in 590; but also the decree of Phocas exalting the Bishop of Rome to the headship over all the churches of Christendom. The Hegira of Mohammed took place in that period and the truly incredible spread of the religion of Islam.

The "seventy weeks" of the prophecy, or 490 years, lying within the period of 2520 years, ran out on the solar scale in A.D. 34, and on the lunar, A.D. 32-3. "In both cases,"

it is pointed out, "the last or seventieth week of years included most of the ministry of Christ, His death, resurrection and ascension, together with the formation of the church by the descent of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost, and the early proclamation of the Gospel in Palestine."

The terminal dates for the present era, or the "time of the end," vary somewhat with different interpreters. That, however, we are now living in that time, all agree. Guinness, calculating in lunar years from the extreme date of B.C. 747, arrives at A.D. 1699; from the later date, B.C. 587, he brings up at 1859-60 A.D. In solar time, however, a similar reckoning brings him, respectively, to A.D. 1774, about the time of the American Revolution, and the year 1934, a crucial time in world affairs.

Adding together the 160 years of the Captivity Era and the seventy-five years which equal the difference between solar and lunar years, gives Dr. Guinness 235 years as a sort of floating period of time of which he makes use in adjusting his calculation. Taking the year A.D. 1699 as a starting point for the commencement of the "time of the end," he sees prophecy accomplishing itself steadily ever since.

To mention only a few of the dates in his teeming chronological table of the last 235 years, the Peace of Ryswick, signed in 1697, marked the end of the troubles caused by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the end of the conflict between the Protestant and Catholic nations of Europe. About 1750 Voltaire and the Encyclopedists became active in their attack on Christianity. The Inquisition was abolished in Naples, Tuscany and Parma in 1782. From A.D. 1774, with Louis XVI, began that troublous period which culminated in the French Revolution and a new era in European civilization. The Napoleonic era is within this

period. The temporal power of the papacy shrank considerably and lapsed completely in 1870.

As to the Mohammedan power, virtually every war fought by Turkey since 1699 has been a defeat, and in 1884 the Porte was compelled by the European powers to issue an edict of religious toleration. Turkey kept steadily shrinking until the Great War, when it was all but wiped out. Other Moslem powers are becoming more and more subject to European nations and spheres of influence.

At least as significant during this period is the history of the Jews. Dispersed, wandering, persecuted, massacred, during long ages, the last century and a half has witnessed an astonishing renaissance for them, giving to the students of prophecy powerful testimony that the "times of the Gentiles" are running out. Decimated by Titus in A.D. 70, dispersed and trodden down, they entered upon their dark night of tribulation and suffering, through feudal times and the Inquisition, so that their mere survival is accounted a miracle of history.

In the eighteenth century, however, a change markedly set in. In 1780 the Emperor Joseph of Austria opened the schools and universities to his Jewish subjects. Louis XVI of France in 1788 issued a similar edict, and appointed a royal commission "to remodel on principles of justice all laws concerning the Jews." The United States of America in 1776 embodied in the very Constitution of the nation the principle that all creeds shared equal rights before the law.

Notwithstanding the recent reaction in Germany, their position throughout the world in commerce, politics, finance, industry, science, the arts and letters, today scarcely requires comment. The Zionist Movement in itself is taken as a sign

of the working out of the prophecy. Their status and prospects are summarized by Dr. Guinness:

"There exists this day in all nations a scattered people, a people without land or government, without metropolis or temple, speaking all the principal languages of the world, yet regarding the ancient Hebrew as their sacred tongue; one in race, one in faith, one in religious observance; a people who for antiquity of descent are the very aristocracy of the earth, able to trace back their genealogy through 4000 years to one great and good father, as no other people on earth can do; a people who have exerted more influence over subsequent ages than even Greece or Rome; who have been the source of all the monotheism of the world, and but for whom we might this day be polytheistic idolators like the ancients; a people who have handed down through the ages the sacred books which denounce their own sins, and foretell their own punishment, as well as predicting their ultimate national restoration and salvation. Let unbelievers account for these facts as they may, candor must surely confess that they evidence the hand of God in history and the mind of God in Scripture. Every principal phase of Jewish history was foretold before it came to pass exactly as it was foretold,—every one except the last; and in this wide analogy of the past we find ground for confident expectation as to the future of Israel."

Both Dr. Guinness and his editors make much of the year 1917 A.D., because in lunar years it goes back by the addition of 75 years for solar time, to the 1260 years, the half, that is, of 2520, to the date of Mohammed's Hegira, A.D. 622. "There can," declared Guinness, writing in 1886, "be no question that those who live to see this year 1917 will

have reached one of the most important, perhaps *the* most momentous, of those terminal years of crisis."

Now, in that year, 1917, General Allenby took Jerusalem, putting an end to nearly thirteen centuries of Mohammedan rule.

Parenthetically, it may be mentioned that even the Mohammedans themselves had a prophecy attributed to their prophet and poet Ibn Khasri of the tenth century, that "the man who will conquer Jerusalem and redeem it from the infidel for all time to come, will enter the Holy City humbly on foot and his name is God's Prophet. The Arabic for the last two words is Allah Nebi—of striking similarity in sound to Allenby, who did enter Jerusalem on foot in 1917.

The "seven times," briefly, starting as we have seen from the capture of Zedekiah and the burning of the Temple in the nineteenth year of Nebuchadnezzar, terminate, according to the Guinness calculations, in A.D. 1934. The pyramidologists, however, including Dr. Davidson, as we have seen, fix the terminal date as September 16, 1936.

Prophecy has, we know, been studied for a long time, and numerous errors and discrepancies in calculation doubtless exist. Yet many writers have named, based upon their calculations, various dates in history that would, and eventually did, prove significant. Thus David Chrytaeus, writing on Biblical prophecy in 1571, foretold correctly that the years 1866 and 1870 would be critical, especially in the history of the papacy. Similarly, Robert Flemming, in a work published in 1701,⁹ anticipated accurately the years 1794 and 1848 as crucial in the history of the Holy See.

To the most recent students, however, as in the instance of Dr. Guinness, the numerous signs of the "time of the end," signs political, social, ecclesiastical, Jewish, Mohammedan

and chronological, are darting by like landmarks in the windows of a rapidly moving express train. "When ye shall see all these things, know that it is near, even at the doors." Students of Bible prophecy believe that they are seeing all these things, indeed, that even the willfully blind can hardly abstain from seeing that the "end of the age" is actually upon us.

CHAPTER VI

OF MEDIEVAL PROPHECY

THEY were building arks. Along the lakes and rivers of Austria, Germany and neighboring lands simple folk in their smocks and jerkins were busy, hammer and tongs, in a desperate hurry, to construct, after the fashion of Noah, the means whereby to escape destruction.

For destruction was incontinently upon them. Had not a wise man, a star-gazer and a prophet, Johann Stoffler, announced that according to his irrefutable calculation another flood, like that of Holy Writ, was about to engulf and destroy all Europe? What else was left for poor folk, under divine wrath and displeasure at the unprecedented wickedness of the world, but to make the attempt to escape, in case they were deemed worthy? The day of wrath at last. *Dies irae, dies illa—!*

Noah, a great scriptural saint and patriarch, had the benefit of divine instruction, to be sure; but haply, they, those poor peasants and artisans, in their misery and ignorance, might slip by even without such signal mercies, to which, of course, they laid no claim whatever. So they hammered and joined and caulked and desperately hastened the building of their arks.

The flood did not come. Instead, another announcement came, from another, even more learned star-gazer and prophet, Georg Tannenstetter, of Vienna, disproving the calculations of Stoffler and declaring that no flood was com-

ing. The prophecy had been false. Infinite mercy! Ah!—*Te Deum laudamus!*

And that occurred as late as the sixteenth century.

Today, whenever anyone prophesies the end of the world, he is either smilingly avoided if he is harmless, or quietly put away if he is violent. In the Middle Ages it was not so simple. So widely disseminated and credited was the idea that the world was about to end, that in the tenth century it virtually became a part of the universal creed in Europe. People were looking for and speculating upon the coming dissolution of the world, much as we might lift our eyes to the heavens for signs of rain after drought. "*Appro-pinquante mundi termino*," "with the approaching end of the world," became a formula of conversation comparable to such commonplaces of ours as "in view of the hard times," or "ever since the depression."

As to the exact date of the catastrophe, there was considerable uncertainty and not a little confusion.

For some reason the year 999 was fastened upon as a date for the world to end, and numbers of prophets predicted it.

"The scene of the last judgment was expected to be at Jerusalem. In the year 999 the number of pilgrims proceeding eastward, to await the coming of the Lord in that city, was so great that they were compared to a desolating army. Most of them sold their goods and possessions before they quitted Europe, and lived upon the proceeds in the Holy Land. Buildings of every sort were suffered to fall into ruins. It was thought useless to repair them when the end of the world was so near. Many noble edifices were deliberately pulled down. Even churches, usually so well maintained, shared the general neglect. Knights, citizens and serfs trav-

eled eastwards in company taking with them their wives and children, singing psalms as they went, and looking with fearful eyes upon the sky, which they expected each minute to open, and to let the Son of God descend in glory.”¹

When the end did not come in the tenth century it was expected in the eleventh, the twelfth, and even later. But somehow and somewhere it was bound to come. The passion for extinction appeared to be second only to the hope of survival. At one time astrologers sent out letters to all lands announcing the end of the world and the destruction of mankind for the year 1186. The event, like an ill-planned dramatic performance, has suffered many postponements.

Present-day prophets and interpreters of prophecy are wiser. Students of the Pyramid and Bible prophecy have determined, as we have seen, that the “end of the times” means great and radical changes in the world, doubtless, but not its end; a new age, but not a total annihilation.

Even before the Christian era, however, the Alexandrian Jews with their Greek culture and questing minds, already had a collection of Sibylline books of prophecy foretelling the rise of Judaism to a world-religion, and the coming of the reign of justice upon the earth. In the famous work “Comte de Gabalis,” by Abbé N. de Mont-faucon de Villare, is quoted a prophecy from the Greek “Sibyllae,” promising ultimate world peace:

“The Kingdom of God shall come upon good Men; for the Earth, which is the producer of all things, shall yield to Men the best, and infinite Fruits; . . . and the Cities shall be full of good Men, and the Fields shall be fruitful, and there shall be no War in the Earth, nor Tumult, nor shall the Earth groan by an Earthquake; no Wars, nor Drought, or Famine; nor Hail to waste the Fruits; but there shall be

great Peace in all the Earth, and one King shall live in Friendship with the other, to the End of the Age; and the Immortal, who lives in the Heavens adorned with Stars, shall give a common Law to all Men in all the Earth, and instruct miserable Men what things must be done; for he is the only God, and there is no Other; and he shall burn the great Strength of Men by Fire.

"Then he shall raise a Kingdom for ever over all Men, when he hath given a Holy Law to the Righteous, to all whom he promised to open the Earth; and the World of the blessed, and all Joys, and an immortal Mind, and Eternal Chearfulness. Out of every Country they shall bring Frankincense, and Gifts to the Houses of the Great God, and there shall be no other House to be enquired for by the Generations of Men that are to come, but the faithful Man whom God has given to be worshiped, for Mortals call him the Son of the Great God; and all the Paths of the Fields and rough Shores, and high Mountains, and the raging Waves of the Sea, shall be easily passed, or sailed through in those Days; . . . And there shall be just Riches for Men, for the Government of the Great God shall be just Judgment."

Other details of a happy Utopia are promised, and early Christians added some further Sibyllista, as they were called, to their treasures of hope. The Romans, however, did not care for prophecies that appeared to foretell the deletion of the Roman Empire, which they looked upon as eternal. So, although they had Sibylline Books of their own, jealously preserved at the Capitol until A.D. 405, they decreed death to whosoever was known to read the Sibylline "leaves." Subsequent prophecies, however, as we shall see, took a markedly different turn.

One of the reasons for the dire cast of medieval proph-



MADAME HELENA P. BLAVATSKY
Who Prophesied a New Race for America

ecy was first, that those who read the Scriptures at all, read them too literally in their ancient tongues, and, also, they were extraordinarily preoccupied with the coming of the Antichrist. The coming of Antichrist was another of those universal preoccupations and causes for chronic alarm. There was no telling when he would appear, but some of the highest authorities agreed that he was imminent. As early as the year 380—almost, one might say, in New Testament times—St. Martin, Bishop of Tours, gravely announced that the Antichrist was already living, though still but a lad. By 1080, about the time the world was to end, Bishop Ranieri of Florence expressed his certainty that Antichrist was born, and a little over three centuries later, in 1412, Vincens Ferrer, a great preacher, the Jonathan Edwards of his time, thought it his duty to write to Pope Benedict XIII that the Antichrist was already nine years old; that many others had seen the vision, and that therefore there was instant necessity of proclaiming it, "so that the faithful might be prepared for the fearful battle immediately impending."² Some of the earliest printed books contained series of woodcuts, a sort of primitive motion pictures, of the birth, life and death of the Man of Sin. Even as late as the middle of the nineteenth century, Josephine Lamartine, a prophetess of Lorraine, predicted that Antichrist would be born in the year 1900. If she was correct, he may be darkening the earth at this very moment.

In that confused time which we call the Middle Ages, false and true prophecies are often so inextricably intermingled that at times it is scarcely possible to disentangle them. "The consciousness of guilt and of moral degradation," says Von Döllinger, "corruption and degeneracy, often take the form of prophecy predicting inevitable punishment, by means of impending catastrophe and avenging instruments."

To Von Döllinger even Merlin, the all but sacred Welsh-British bard and seer, appears to be a purely mythical and fanciful creation of the popular mind. Modern scholars, however, show more respect for popular tradition. Where there is a great legend, there is likely to be some heroically human origin and nucleus for it. The Welsh people, or Kymri, constantly pushed back into the western part of the island by the Anglo-Saxons, may have been in dire need of a prophet; but that they wholly invented Merlin scarcely squares with a widespread fame of the prophet in Scotland, in France, in Germany and in many other parts of Europe. By the twelfth century Merlin was known as a prophet to all southern Europe. Geoffrey of Monmouth, in 1152, published abroad in his *Chronicle* the marvelous fame of Merlin, data for which he claimed to have derived from an unknown original British, that is, Welsh, work. In a long prophecy of Merlin's in the *Chronicle*, it was predicted that the German dragon of the Saxons will push back the red dragon of the Britons, but that this would be avenged by the Normans, a people clad in wood and iron. This had already come to pass before the time of the *Chronicle*. Soon after, he predicted, the Welsh race would rise again, conquer its enemies, and revive the crown of Brut, the first fabulous British King, and the island, instead of England, should again be called Britain. This has not altogether worked out—though kings of England for many centuries now pass through the stage of being Princes of Wales, and "Britain," since James I, is almost as common in general use as "England."

Another prophecy, however, attributed to a sixth century bard, Teliesia, foretold the Welsh that "you will keep your language and your forms, but nothing will remain to

you of your old landed possessions except your rough Welsh mountains."

"Still shall they chaunt their Maker's praise,
Still keep their language and their race,
But nought of all their old domain,
Save Wallia's rude and mountain reign." ³

This prophecy, at all events, holds true. With us, thanks to Tennyson, Merlin is chiefly known as the venerable seer and wizard of Arthur's Court, "the most famous man of all those times," who

"Had built the King his havens, ships and halls,
Was also Bard, and knew the starry heavens;"

and once, in a moment of weakness, he allowed the lissome Vivien to play with "the vast and shaggy mantle of his beard," under a hollow oak in the wild woods of Broceliande.

Merlin's prophecy about the return of King Arthur is still believed in by many, especially in Brittany, where, at one time, it was said, anyone who maintained that King Arthur died like any other man, was stoned.

Perhaps it was owing to this Breton sympathy that Merlin loomed so large in the popular tradition of France. At least one of the French Kings, Louis the Fat, is said to have based his entire policy on the predictions of Merlin. In a detailed account cited by Baron de Novaye,⁴ Merlin is shown predicting the Crusades, then (with a great leap) the French Revolution, the end of the temporal rule of the papacy, a German anti-pope, who is yet to come (unless he is already here), a period of trembling from "both joy and fear" for Italy, and a King of the French, who, with his people, will

restore the rightful pope—perhaps the often-predicted future and last King of France.

Similarly, to Saint Cesar (470-542) a contemporary of Merlin's, is attributed a prophecy predicting every great event in French history, including the Great War. And then, alas, the destruction of Paris by fire during a revolution and a war, the destruction of Marseilles and perhaps Bordeaux; thereafter the coming of the Great King and the great pontiff, who together will reform the world. Prophecies of this order, more and often less detailed, are abundant and numerous throughout the Middle Ages. And as to the destruction of Paris by fire, prophets are foretelling it even to this day.

The Irish, strangely, never adopted Merlin. Their own great saints, Patrick and Columba and Adamnan, traditionally foretold numerous events and struggles, the incursions of the Danes, the Anglo-Norman occupation and ravaging of the country, which duly came to pass when, in the twelfth century, Richard of Clare, Earl of Pembroke, known as Strongbow, and John De Courcy, another adventurer, irrupted into Ireland and began her long chain of troubles. As to the Irish prophet Malachi, he deserves, and shall have, a chapter to himself.

Aside from the general prophecies for all Christendom, every land in Europe had especially applicable prophecies of its own. The Eastern Empire of Byzantium, which endured until the fall of Constantinople to the Turks in 1453, was, as we might expect, particularly rich in them.

In the eleventh century at Constantinople were published some alleged prophecies of Methodius, Bishop of Patara, who early in the fourth century had suffered martyrdom under the Emperor Diocletian. Even then it was

already prophesied that the Ishmaelites or Arabs would conquer and subjugate many Christian lands, as a punishment for the sins of laity and clergy. This long-range prediction, at all events, came to pass, some four hundred years later. Another prophecy, that the Turks would yet water their horses in the Rhine, has thus far failed of fulfillment. But the Mongols, Gog and Magog, under Genghiz Khan, did sweep over Asia and Europe in the thirteenth century, as Methodius is also said to have predicted, and watered their horses in various streams, though not quite in the Rhine.

Emperor Leo the Philosopher (886-9) foretold the Moslem Conquest of Byzantium almost six centuries before its occurrence, and shortly before that conquest, in a cloister in Constantinople, was found a tablet ascribed to Leo which showed in correct succession the names of the emperors and patriarchs for six hundred years, to the end. Every name had its own space on the tablet, with the last one empty, showing that Constantine, in whose reign it was found, was to be the last. Constantine was slain by the Turks in their assault on Constantinople and thus he, Constantine Paleologus, was indeed the last of the Emperors of Byzantium.

Oracles never wholly died out in this Greek Empire, orthodox Christian though it was. There were numerous Sibylline prophecies about the reigns of the emperors and the fortunes of the empire, and one of them, well before 1453, announced that owing to the crime and bloodshed of Byzantium, "the enemy will hurl itself against the city, annihilate its splendor and glory, desecrate its sanctuaries and women, give up its buildings to the flames and make its woes resound,"⁵ all of which infallibly happened in the siege and fall of Constantinople.

Fortunately for Leo the Philosopher, he was an emperor,

and, anyhow, most of his prophecies were found long after his death, so that the inconvenience so frequently incidental to prophesying did not trouble him much. But many others it did trouble considerably. Here, for instance, is a typical case of prophesying in face of great difficulties.

In the spring of 1517, a lovely season in Rome, appeared a poor hermit from Siena and, wandering through the main thoroughfares of the Eternal City, he cried out: Woe! Woe!

"Woe to the city devoted to destruction, which must fall a prey to the transalpine nations, owing to the grave sins of pope and prelates!"

Yet here was an opulent city, which had not been attacked for five centuries (since Robert Guiscard), full of rich burghers, citizens, merchants, papal soldiers, priests, guards and prelates filling the streets; Pope Clement VIII was in his palace—it was spring-time—all was right with the world; and a crack-brained hermit dared to cry "woe to the city of destruction!" He was almost immediately arrested by order of the pope and clapped into prison. In a little while he was released and warned to leave the city at once, on pain of being thrown into the Tiber, should he ever return.

With that penchant for courting inconvenience characteristic of prophets, however, the hermit, Bartolomeo Brandano, came back and did precisely the same thing over again, proclaiming the vengeance of a just God on both city and clergy, calling Clement a false pope and making himself generally unpleasant.

Crack-brained or not, that over-zealous hermit was too much for Pope Clement. Into the Tiber he was duly thrown, and, when he failed to drown, he was once again locked up in jail. What happened then? Did the city actually "fall a prey to the transalpine nations"? Just ten years later a rabble

of mercenaries of the Emperor Charles V, under Charles de Bourbon, to the cry of "Blood and the Bourbon!" broke into Rome and sacked and raped and pillaged and murdered until they were drunk with blood. Benvenuto Cellini claims to have been a bombardier against that cut-throat horde. In any case, Clement subsequently signed an ignominious treaty of capitulation with the emperor, and not impossibly made some somber reflections on the hermit Brandano who, incidentally, was released from prison by these conquering imperial soldiers, after several years of paying the price of prophesying.

For more than a thousand years prophecies like the preceding about Rome were numerous. Was there not the eighteenth chapter of Revelation with its graphic description of the burning and destruction of the "woman sitting on seven hills," so that the very sailors at sea cried out at the passing of the city which made all things costly because she was luxurious? The Goths had not wholly destroyed her, nor had Guiscard, so that was still to come. As early as the sixth century St. Benedict of Nursia prophesied it, and today it is still being prophesied. The sacking of the city by Charles de Bourbon was therefore more than expected, but it was taken to be only an installment. As early as the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, even before that event, it was predicted Rome would perish, her very inhabitants rising against her, and all nations would be released from papal authority. At one time the entire order of the Jesuits favored this view, believing that the papal chair would be transferred elsewhere.⁶

The prophecies against the city, however, were aimed at her chiefly insofar as she symbolized the Church and the papacy. These were the targets of a steady fire of vaticina-

tion, not so much from outside the Church as from within it. A large number of not only casual prophets but even of canonized Saints steadily predicted divine wrath and punishment for the sins of simony, impiety, luxury and immorality, of which more than one pope and many an ecclesiastic was held guilty. An entire religious order, the minorites, like the most bigoted of Protestants, held Rome to be the Babylon of the Apocalypse, and were certain that she must inevitably suffer destruction by fire. Prophecy frequently took the form of a prediction that at some time the Roman Church would perpetrate so monstrous and terrible a crime, that many churches would separate and fall away from her: Richard Rolle, of Hampole, an English hermit and religious mystic, author of a famous poem, "The Pricke of Conscience," early in the fourteenth century prophesied a general defection from the Roman Church, a general withdrawal of obedience from her, and the destruction of Rome.

Nicholas of Cusa, similarly, and his friend the German mystic Dionysius Ryckel, called the ecstatic teacher, foretold the meet punishment of the Church, which "was utterly backslidden and perverted; from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot there was no soundness to be found in by far the larger part. As to her leaders, even should they swear to reform, they would but forswear themselves." 7

Both Roger Bacon (1267), the English monk and early scientist, and Dante, as well, believed in a sudden transformation of the Church for the better. And Bacon thus early prophesied a "righteous, true and holy priest," a sort of *papa angelicus* (still believed in today), who would transform the Church. The medieval Germans, similarly, long held the belief that an "Emperor Frederick," another Frederick II, would appear and strip the clergy of ill-gotten riches. For

some centuries it was held that the Emperor Frederick II was still alive and that it was he rather than his grandfather, Barbarossa, who sat asleep in a cave ready to come forth and save the world.

To what extent many of these prophets were influenced by one single prophet, it is difficult to say. But certain it is that one prophetic figure stands out of the period of the Middle Ages like perhaps no one else.

It must have been when Richard the Lion Heart was on his way to the Holy Land, in one of his pious moods, on his Crusade against Saladin, that he paused at Fiore, in Calabria, Italy, to seek counsel from the man reputed to be the greatest prophet since the Apostles. The man was indeed very pious, very simple and very holy. His fame for prophecy was already prevalent throughout Christendom. He was Joachim, a Cistercian monk, who had separated himself from his order and founded a monastery of his own at Fiore. And notwithstanding that he prophesied against the papacy, the popes of his time defended and protected him. He did not claim the gift of prophecy, but only the gift of the "spirit of understanding."

In one of his works Joachim tells how, lost in meditation on an Easter-night, a stream of bright light was all at once poured into his soul, and a divine revelation made all the mysteries of the Scriptures as clear to him as they had been to the Biblical prophets themselves. The contents of the Apocalypse were laid open to him, and the harmony of the Old Testament with the New, so difficult for theologians, became an open book to him. Dutifully he subjected his writings to the papal chair, and it is to the credit of many of the popes, that although much of Joachim's vaticination was against the papacy, three of them, Lucius III, Urban III, and

Clement III urged him not to conceal the revelations vouchsafed him by God. He too, like so many others, prophesied Antichrist, but more amazingly than any, he informed Richard Coeur de Lion and his bishops that Antichrist would soon occupy the papal throne! Yet immediately after Joachim's death (he died in 1202) Pope Honorius III put the seal of authority upon his words by publicly declaring the prophet a good Catholic, and in the churches of Calabria a special service was dedicated to him.

A cult of Joachim developed rapidly throughout Italy. The intelligentsia, or at least the professional classes, attended courses of lectures on his prophecies. They were studied like books of the Bible. According to Joachim, the first great period in the world's history was that of the Father, the pre-Christian era. The second, the epoch of the Son, ran up to 1260 A.D. The third, beginning with 1260, was to be that of the Holy Ghost and included a complete transformation and purification of the Church, foreshadowing many later interpretations. Already Joachim was working with the prophetic period of 2520 years, but not with the same ingenuity as the modern English interpreters of Biblical prophecy.

With the eagerness of humanity for betterment, however, the minorite friars were already stirring up a religious awakening, and bands of people marched from town to town, with increasing numbers, flagellating themselves with whips and rods on bare flesh, in the effort to bring the millennium about at once. Numerous penitents followed in the trains of these flagellants, sometimes a whole town emptying itself and joining the procession. The prophet's difficulty in fixing dates is almost universal and, when the predicted transformations failed to take place, the minorites and other apologists brought forward many explanations for the delay.

"I will henceforth believe only what I see," said some when the flagellant processions failed to bring about the reforms they dreamed of; and some revised the figures, on the grounds that Joachim should have reckoned not from the Nativity but from the Crucifixion, which should bring the transformation in 1293. But still they awaited the fulfillment of the prophecy, so very necessary, indeed imperative.

For, as Joachim saw it, the Church had become sensual, a "den of robbers." The clergy had become despised for its vices; the prelates, avaricious plunderers, sucking its life away. Whoever goes to Rome, he said, on any mission, falls at once among thieves. "Rome, the city destitute of all Christian discipline, is the fountain of all the abominations of Christendom, and upon her must first fall the judgment of God. The chief instruments of the divine retribution were, besides unbelievers, the Saracens, the Germans, the new Chaldeans, and the Roman Empire, with the Emperor. France, the new Egypt, the broken reed upon which the papacy leaned, and which pierced its hand through, must be conquered, and its power broken by the Germans, although it is to subjugate the neighboring countries around. For the Italians, who have so deeply sinned, the German power is to be a scourge."

The emperor was to strip the pope of all temporal dominion, then was to follow the conversion of the nations and the glorification of the true church. Yet Joachim died in the odor of sanctity; but for almost the same prophecy Savonarola was executed.

In actuality the pope was not stripped of all temporal power until 1870, no less than six centuries later! Which shows what difficulty prophets have with their dates. Joachim also predicted the conversion of the Jews, the fall of the

Saracen power, the coming of Antichrist, especially toward "the end of the world's history"—which again seems to link his predictions with the "end of the age" prophecies.

For centuries those prophecies of Joachim cast their influence upon that part of the world's thought which was concerned with religion and its reform and, if we compare the preceding chapter, we see that influence as still, in a measure, persisting. Every now and then a portion of Joachimite prophecy would fulfill itself, as, for instance, when Pope Boniface VIII in 1303 was arrested in his palace at Anagni by order of the French King—"the broken reed which pierced the hand." The French of the period totally rejected Joachim's prophecies of a brilliant future for the Church, and William St. Amour, Rector of the University of Paris, saw, on the contrary, that its best days had gone by, and the advent of its great adversary, the Antichrist, all the future held in store. With the Italians, however, it was otherwise; and Dante, a Joachimite, though he hated Boniface, condemned the French King's crime.

Numerous other prophecies against the Roman Church were in circulation. It is not possible to give them all here but an index to the wide preoccupation with them lies in such energetic expressions as those of Dante and in the declaration of Pico della Mirandola that the severe and bloody punishment of the Church had already begun "and still worse was to follow." Even Machiavelli, the most penetrating observer of his time, predicted that one of two things must come upon the Roman Church, either destruction or "a terrible chastisement."

As to out and out prophets, there was Telesphorus of Cosenza, another Calabrian, about a hundred years after Joachim, who prophesied the glorification of a French Mon-

arch and a French Pope, which French monarchists still believe in today; then there were the prophecies of Cyril, a Greek Carmelite monk, alleged to have been sent to Joachim for interpretation. These prophecies, according to legend, were delivered to Cyril by an angel on two silver tablets; they, too, foretell the fall of the Church and the papal chair. Another was Dolcino, a northern Italian, who predicted a "holy pope" and universal conversion; a militant, he later took to the sword and perished with his followers.

Germany was filled with anti-papal prophecy. Wherever people gathered, they told each other "the clergy is soon to be attacked." The prophecies of Johann Lichtenberger, which may have been a generic name for many prophets, were widely repeated and cited. Universally quoted at the time of the Reformation was a pithy utterance of John Huss when he was about to be burned at the stake: "Today you burn a goose [the Bohemian meaning of Huss], but from my ashes a swan will arise, whom you will not be able to burn." When Luther came he was welcomed as Huss's swan. Europe was at that time immersed in a very ocean of prophecies. Even the poet Petrarch paused long enough in celebrating the wonderful qualities of his lady, Laura, to predict the spread of the Mohammedan dominion over Italy and the rest of Europe!

No one of these later prophets stands out to our own times, however, as does the fifteenth-century Dominican monk, Fra Girolamo Savonarola. Was he a prophet, or was he not? It means much that so thoroughgoing a biographer as Villari declares Savonarola to have been actually possessed of a peculiar gift of divination. It means even more that so steel-cold and acute a mind as that of Machiavelli revered the Frate. That he suffered martyrdom for his faith marks

Savonarola with at least one of the signs of the prophet. But that is not all his qualification. He actually prophesied in great part truthfully and correctly.

He predicted, for instance, the expulsion of the Medici, the ruling family, from Florence, and it came to pass. He predicted the French invasion of Italy under Charles VIII of France, and it happened. He also predicted the entire devastation of Rome by fire and sword, owing to her great wickedness, which did *not* happen, unless we count the sack of Rome twenty-nine years after his death by the "Blood and the Bourbon" horde of mercenaries.

A strange being, this Dominican friar, who seemed to bear in his Etruscan-Semitic face the lineaments of the Old Testament prophets he emulated. He too dreamed of a *pastor angelicus*; he heard voices, he saw visions. On the night of Good Friday, 1492, he saw a vision of two immense crosses. He saw a sword hanging in the heavens over Italy. He saw in a vision the future holy pope, the *papa angelicus*, whose early appearance was to such an extent an article of his zealous faith, that his enemies accused him of wishing himself to be that pope. "Repent!" was his perpetual cry from the pulpit. "The cup of your iniquity is full." The fate of Nineveh, of Jerusalem, was constantly held before the joyous Florentines just tasting of the Renaissance, of the rebirth of pagan culture. Numerous and grievous were to be the visitations upon them, before the Transformation for which he longed, the renovation of the Church. After that renewal was to come a universal conversion of unbelievers.

And he was, in a way, successful. For a time he was virtual dictator of Florence. And had not Christ been declared King of the city? One Carnival, contrary to its usual purpose of gaiety and license, was actually given up to a

"carnival of the vanities," a bonfire of all profane objects. Readers of that somewhat over-learned novel, George Eliot's "Romola," may recall the picture of that scene in the Piazza della Signoria:

"Approaching nearer, she [Romola] paused to look at the multifarious objects ranged in gradation from the base to the summit of the pyramid. There were tapestries and brocades of immodest design, pictures and sculptures held too likely to incite to vice; there were boards and tables for all sorts of games; playing-cards along with the blocks for printing them, dice, and other apparatus for gambling; there were worldly music-books, and musical instruments in all the pretty varieties of lute, drum, cymbal, and trumpet; there were masks and masquerading dresses used in old Carnival Shows; there were handsome copies of Ovid, Boccaccio, Petrarca, Pulci, and other books of vain or impure sort; there were all the implements of feminine vanity,—rouge-pots, false hair, mirrors, perfumes, powders, and transparent veils intended to provoke inquisitive glances; lastly, at the very summit, there was the unflattering effigy of a probably mythical Venetian merchant, who was understood to have offered a heavy sum for this collection of marketable abominations, and, soaring above him in surpassing ugliness, the symbolic figure of the old debauched Carnival."

All this carries the appearance of a prophet wholly triumphant, honored at last in his own country. Yet the cloud of his enemies was rapidly thickening. He was constantly prophesying his own destruction. He longed to return "from the deep sea on which he was afloat to the haven from which he came," the haven of the contemplative life in his monastic cell, where he saw his visions and heard the voices of angels. But his was that dual nature of the clamant mystic, who

both saw and felt irresistibly compelled to cry out. His own sad conclusion was that when the Master Builder who held the hammer had used him, He would cast him away.

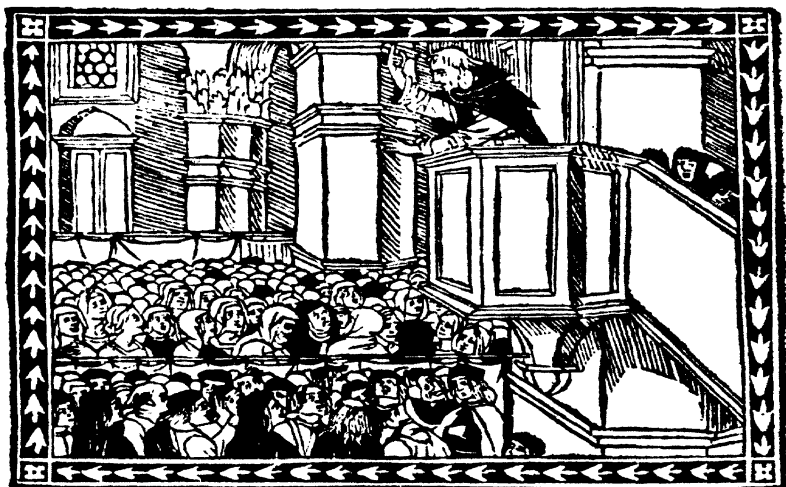
"Rome will not quench these flames," he was still preaching in March, 1498, "and if these be quenched, God will kindle others, and they are already kindled all around, only you do not know it." Yet no more than two months later he was executed. The pope had declared him a heretic. And had not the prophet announced himself ready to be tested by any ordeal, including the Ordeal by Fire? There was the opportunity. Let him go into the fire and come out alive—if he could. Pope Alexander (Borgia) VI was only too eager to grant him martyrdom, to have him out of the way. Some of Savonarola's followers, notably Franciscan friars, were quite ready to go into the fire with him.

And on April 7, 1498, a fire was actually prepared, a great wooden platform in the Piazza della Signoria, a spectacle for both believers and unbelievers. Perhaps a miracle was about to be enacted? Who could tell? The Florentines were ready for anything.

Before anyone could enter the flames, however, even before the fire was lighted, the heavens darkened, a blackness overspread the Piazza and all Florence, a heavy downpour of rain made the lighting of an outdoor fire impossible. Benevolence might have interpreted *that* as a miracle in favor of the Frate. But benevolence toward Savonarola was by this time far from the temper of the ruling powers, both civil and ecclesiastic. To Pope Alexander and to others, imbued with the pagan spirit of the Renaissance, to any connected with the governing of the city, Savonarola, like all prophets, was a trouble maker. He had become intolerably inconvenient. His career was ended.

COMPENDIO DI REVELATIONE DELLO
INVITILE SERVO DI IESV CHRISTO
FRATE HIERONYMO DA FERRA
RA DELLORDINE DE FRA
TI PREDICATORI

IESVS MARIA



BENCHE Lungo tempo in molti modi per
inspiratione Diuina io habbia predecete mol
te chose future: nientedimeno considerando
la sententia del nostro saluatore christo Iesu
che dice. Nolite sanctum dare canibus: nec mittatis mar
garitas uestras ante porcos: ne forte conculcent eas pedi
bus: & cōuersi dirumpant uos: Sono sempre stato scarso
nel dire: & non misono exteso piu che misia parlo essere
necessario alla salute degli huomini: in modo che le con
clusioni nostre sono state poche: aduengha che molte sie

a i

GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA

"Rome Will Not Quench These Flames"

(from the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

Imprisoned and put to the torture, a sort of confession was wrested from him disclaiming prophetic powers. Alexander VI, father of Lucrezia and Caesar Borgia, was all for the removing of a nuisance. Savonarola had spoken of him as *the devil*, and no Borgia ever forgave an enemy. The mockery of a trial was given him based on the confession under torture. Even if he were a second John the Baptist, had decreed the pope, he must die. And on May 23, 1498, in the presence of two papal Commissaries, especially sent by Pope Alexander, Savonarola was publicly stripped of his Dominican habit, and on him, together with two of his close followers, was pronounced sentence. All three were hanged and their bodies burned with the scaffold. Yet, to many, including Sts. Philip Neri and Catherine Ricci, and even for certain persons today, he is accounted a holy martyr and a prophet. The very morning of his execution he prophesied dire calamities for Florence, "in the reign of a pope named Clement." The prophecy was noted—and inevitably fulfilled by the siege of 1529.

Not many have greatly loved Savonarola, but for more than four hundred years great numbers have respected him.

CHAPTER VII

ASTROLOGERS AND SAINTS

A SLANT-EYED, brown-skinned chieftain of nomadic tribes to the north and west of China, early in the thirteenth century, threw the world into consternation. With a drive unprecedented in history, with incredible swiftness, he swept clear across Asia, captured the Grand Duke of Kieff in Russia and, as they loved to phrase it in those days, watered his horses in the Dnieper River.

The name of this chieftain was Genghiz Khan. He had never been heard of before. He broke upon the world like a tempest, a calamity, a cataclysm. Just as the early Anglo-Saxons used to pray, "and from the incursions of the Northmen good Lord deliver us," so, no doubt, all Europe prayerfully hoped that the Lord would defend it from that scourge of God, Genghiz Khan. By the time he was forty-one years old, a young man still, his empire extended from the Pacific Ocean to where Mr. Stalin has recently built his great dam, the Dnieprostroy.

And what, the reader may ask, has all this to do with prophecy? We shall, as lawyers say of far-fetched evidence, connect it in a moment.

As early as the year 1179 many astrologers felt bound in virtue of their superior knowledge to send letters to all lands announcing a great cataclysm, the end of the world, the destruction of mankind—seven years hence, in 1186. It is not surprising if the populations of Europe "viewed with alarm" the impending future. And that this alarm was not

confined to Europe may be inferred from a prophecy known to have been uttered by the Persian poet and astrologer Anwari, predicting "a great tempest" for September 16, 1186 A.D. The conjunction of five major planets in the sign of the Balance, or Libra, on that night, was what prompted Anwari to his portentous prediction. As it turned out, however, "the night happened to be exceptionally calm, and Anwari was overwhelmed with ridicule for his forecast; but it was afterward noted that Genghiz Khan, the chief of the devastating Tartars, was born on that night, and it was considered that Anwari foresaw a great storm, but misunderstood its nature."¹

The sun, moon, Saturn, Jupiter and Mars, all in the sign of that one Mongol's birth date, was quite enough, declare astrologers, to signalize a major event, even a cataclysm. And to this day the advent of Genghiz Khan is still accounted one of the phenomenal events in human annals.

Astrology, which has a history of thousands of years, and flourished in Chaldea, Babylon, India, Egypt, China, Greece and Rome, had almost died out in Europe with the advent of Christianity. The irruption of the Arabs into Europe, in the ninth and tenth centuries, however, brought it back again and, by Dante's time, it was considered one of the noblest of the sciences. Not only Frederick II at Palermo, but nearly every king, prince, duke, nobleman, had his favorite astrologer. Michael Scoto, astrologer to the Emperor Frederick, was famous enough to be damned by Dante. Some of the popes themselves were astrologers, including Popes Sylvestre, John XX, John XXI, Julius II, Clement VIII, and others. Marsillio Ficino, astrologer to Lorenzo the Magnificent at Florence, predicted that one of Lorenzo's children, Giovanni de' Medici, would become a pope, and when

Giovanni ascended the papal throne as Leo X, he became a warm patron of astrology. Even so great a Christian theologian as the Divine Doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas, declared that "the celestial bodies are the cause of all that takes place in this sublunar world."²

Virtually everybody believed in astrology in those days, regardless of the errors often made by astrologers. The early astronomers, Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, Kepler, even the great Isaac Newton, the discoverer of the law of gravitation, all were ardent students of the "ancient science." When he matriculated at Cambridge University at the age of seventeen, in 1660, Newton was asked what he desired to study.

"Mathematics," was the prompt reply, "because I wish to test judicial astrology."

Sir Francis Bacon, the father of modern scientists, was opposed to it, because, he said, "men mark when they hit, and never mark when they miss." Yet even Bacon in his essay "Of Prophecies," cites a number that came true, as for example one by Seneca predicting the discovery of America, and another by Regiomontanus, "*octogesimus octavus mirabilis annus*," eighty-eight will be a wondrous year—it saw the defeat of the Spanish Armada!

Divines and churchmen resorted to astrology no less eagerly than laymen.

"The Archbishop of St. Andrews, having a disease which baffled the physicians of England, sent to the Continent in 1552, begging assistance of the mathematician-astrologer, Jerome Cardan. After erecting the horoscope of the prelate, by which the disease was discovered and cured, Cardan took his leave in these words: 'I have been able to cure you of your sickness, but cannot change your destiny, nor prevent you from being hung.' Eighteen years later this church-

man was hung by order of the commissioners appointed by Mary Queen Regent of Scotland.”³

Yet the errors made by even the greatest astrologers have been numerous and at times egregious. The predictions that set people building arks in anticipation of a neo-Deluge was one of the most notable of their errors. But if they had at least the excuse of Genghiz Khan’s birth, what of Cyprianus Leovitius, court mathematician and astrologer to Prince Henry of the Palatinate, who sent out a warning to the world that the stars indicated its destruction in 1584? Even the greatest of astrologers, and of astronomers as well, Kepler, set up a horoscope in 1609 for his celebrated patron, General Wallenstein, promising that the soldier would live to his seventieth year. Actually Wallenstein died some nineteen years earlier.

Yet that countless others were correct in their predictions is equally certain. Pico della Mirandola, one of the most learned men in Renaissance Italy, had so violent a hatred for astrology that he was known as its “scourge.” Three different astrologers predicted his death in his thirty-third year, thereby, as he believed, delivering themselves into his hands. But, “on the very day—yes, the very hour—that had been predicted, Mirandola died, thus championing the very cause he had sought to undo.”⁴

It was by means of astrology that Pierre d’Ailly had foretold, nearly four hundred years in advance, the grim period that began for France in 1789.

An Italian, Giuliano del Carmine, set up a horoscope for Alessandro de’ Medici, first Duke of Florence. To his consternation he saw that Alessandro was to be murdered, indeed that his throat would be cut, and by his own cousin, Lorenzaccio. He felt it his duty to notify the Duke imme-

diately, who, however, only laughed at him for his pains. All the populace of Florence was concerned about the Duke. Not only had he chosen the 13th of the month for his wedding day to Margaret of Parma, but an astrologically unlucky date, that of an eclipse of the sun. Also, a soldier of his bodyguard, so it was said, had dreamed that he saw the Duke being murdered by a small weak man, whose malign appearance made an indelible picture upon his mind. He told his dream to his master that morning and, while he was recounting it, the cousin, Lorenzaccio, came by. "There he is!" cried the soldier. "That is the man!" With a sharp reprimand Alessandro sent the guard away. That day upon the steps of the church Alessandro was murdered, as had been predicted, by his cousin, Lorenzaccio.

Cardan, or Cardanus, who had boldly and correctly predicted hanging for the Archbishop of St. Andrews, published at Nuremberg in 1543 a book containing sixty-seven horoscopes of noted men of all times. Of Martin Luther, then still living, he wrote:

"Incredible is the vast number of followers which this doctrine [Luther's] has in a brief space achieved. Already the world is on fire with the wild struggle over this madness, which, owing to the position of Mars, must ultimately break up of itself. Countless are the heads which desire to reign in it and if nothing else could convince us of its futility, then at least the number of its diverse interpretations must convince us, since the truth is but one and all the numerous aspects must be errors. Nevertheless, the Sun and Saturn in the position of their future great conjunction indicate both the strength and the long duration of this heresy."

Only recently, the effort at a reinstatement of Wotan-worship has seriously challenged this "heresy" in its homeland.

We can hardly realize today what a tremendous role the legend of the great Swede, Gustavus Adolphus, played in the European consciousness. He was the Lion of the North of the Thirty Years' War, the defender of Protestantism, for a great part of Europe the hero providentially sent from the mists and snows of the North to defend the world against being re-engulfed by all that the Lutheran reform had shaken off. Central Europe was reduced almost to complete ruin in that so-called religious war. Generals Tilly and Wallenstein were the great Hapsburg generals on the Catholic side, and the champion against them was that youthful King of Sweden (he was only thirty-eight when he died), Gustavus Adolphus.

As early as 1460, nearly two centuries in advance, John Capistrano published a book entitled "Astronomy," in which he announced the following prophecy for the year 1622:

"The great Lion of the Midnight goes forth and returns no more to his home, but he will have accomplished that which was ordained. Many of those who deem themselves wise will declare, 'he cannot'; others will say, 'have I not told you so in advance?' Those who will suffer most severely, however, will be blind and will take the Lion for a rooster, whom no eagle may fear. Nevertheless, in the year 1622 that Lion will roar so loudly that all earth will shudder and all mankind be terrified."

His prophecy is a few years out of reckoning, since Gustavus did not decisively beat Wallenstein until 1632; it is nonetheless remarkable, "since in 1460 neither Sweden nor any other Scandinavian country had any significance whatever in European affairs."⁵

The greatest of the astronomers were also the most famous astrologers. Tycho Brahe (1546-1601) is a salient

example. In his fourteenth year he was already devoting himself to astrology, and to him, as to so many others in that era, astronomy and astrology were virtually one. He was obliged to pursue his studies secretly, for his parents desired him to be a lawyer. Yet when he was still a young man, in 1577, he disproved once for all, by a study of the comet of that year, the long held Aristotelian theory that the heavens were enclosed and surrounded by a solid sphere. He was even younger, only seventeen, when he foretold, in 1563, the Great Plague which swept Europe in 1665-6. It must come, he said, "because it took place in the beginning of Leo and not far from the nebulous stars of Cancer, two of the zodiacal signs which are reckoned by Ptolemy 'suffocating and pestilent.'" Sir David Brewster, a nineteenth century scientist, in his monograph upon Tycho Brahe, can hardly bring himself to quote such words, which to him were doubtless "arrant astrological jargon." Yet Sir David feels bound to conclude:

"As a practical astronomer, Tycho has not been surpassed as an observer of ancient or of modern times."

In common with others of his day, Tycho also predicted the advent of Gustavus Adolphus. While observing a new star which had arisen in the constellation Cassiopeia in 1572, the first nova ever discovered by a modern astronomer, he announced the impending birth of a "valorous prince, whose arms would dazzle Germany but who himself would disappear in 1632." Gustavus was, as we know, not born until 1594, but he did "disappear" in 1632, when he was killed at the battle of Lützen. The latest nova at this writing is that of Lacerta, discovered in 1936. Does that herald another "valorous prince"?

John Dee, Queen Elizabeth's court astrologer, was sent



TYCHO BRAHE

Astrologer and One of the World's Greatest Astronomers

(from the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

for in hot haste because "Her Majestie" had to know what it was all about. A young astrologer, Andreas Goldmayer, specified that Gustavus would lose his life at Lützen in 1632. This was too much for the good burghers at Strasbourg, where the young man was then living. Fervent enough was their hope that the Swede would die, but Goldmayer was a little too exact in his specifications. Was he playing with their fears and worries? They expelled him from the city. When Gustavus, however, did die in 1632, and of a violent death, and at Lützen, the young astrologer became famous and was handsomely rewarded by King Ferdinand III.⁶

It is scarcely to be wondered at that even the hardy spirits among the kings and princelings of the period, who publicly scoffed at the "heavenly science," frequently kept astrologers as part of their intimate entourage and privately consulted them upon every move of importance. Rudolph II, of Hapsburg, Emperor of Austria, was so eagerly desirous of having Tycho Brahe as his official astrologer, that he gave him a large pension, a country estate, and built and fitted out an observatory for him. Rudolph was proud to have the Rudolphian Tables, then much in use by astronomers and astrologers and constructed by Tycho, bear his royal name; and he even gave the astronomer permission to employ as his assistant Kepler, who subsequently far outshone his master.

Johann Kepler (1571-1630), one of the foremost astronomers of all times, was also one of the greatest astrologers. True, he predicted Wallenstein's death incorrectly. But as an astronomer he framed Kepler's Laws, which subsequently enabled Sir Isaac Newton to deduce the Law of Gravitation. And even in astrology he was seldom wrong. In his astrological "Practice" for the year 1619, he announced that the Emperor Matthias would die in the month of March

of that year. It was known as the prophecy of the six M's; *Magnus Monarcha Mathias Mense Martis Morietur*—The great Monarch Matthias will die in the month of March. Matthias did die on March 20th.

To have a horoscope or a nativity cast by Kepler was like having one's portrait painted by Rembrandt. Without having seen the Duchess of Friedland (Wallenstein's wife) Kepler, after setting up her horoscope, gave a full description of the lady's appearance, temperament and characteristics, to so high a degree accurate, that Wallenstein made Kepler his official astrologer. That meant something in those times. It meant, at least, an adequate pension and a fine residence at Sagan, in Silesia. Unfortunately, this stroke of luck came late in Kepler's life, less than two years before his death.

Prior to that, whether owing to a malign Saturn, or some other malefic planet, he was in constant need of money. Like a too faithful friend, want dogged his footsteps.

"In order," he said, "to defray the expense of the Ephemeris for two years, I have been obliged to compose a vile prophesying Almanac, which is scarcely more respectable than begging, unless it is saving the Emperor's credit, who abandons me entirely, and would suffer me to perish with hunger."

Yet foreign princes and potentates were wishing they had a Kepler. What was life without a good astrologer? In 1620 Sir Henry Wotton, an ambassador of King James I of Britain, presented himself to Kepler and made him a flattering proposal. It amounted to this: Come to England and live there under the very highest patronage. Everyone knows to what an extent James Stuart was absorbed in all curious and occult lore and learning. Kepler might have prospered there. But he declined. Poverty was better than a tongue and scene

wholly alien to him. As a reader of the stars he probably felt he knew at the very least upon which side his bread was buttered.

But though Kepler declined, England was already growing her own popular astrologer. The very year Sir Henry Wotton was interviewing Kepler, there came up from Ashby-de-la-Zouche to London a sturdy lad of eighteen, not without some grammar-school Latin and Greek, but of yeoman stock, and compelled by necessity to engage in the humble calling of general servant—a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. A chance meeting with one Dr. Simon Forman, “a practitioner of the abstruse sciences,” led young Lilly to interest himself in astrology. And, as he had married his master’s young widow, a woman with a fair portion, he could even afford to take lessons in the one abstruse science so generally in demand, from a certain Evans, “a Welshman in holy orders.”

By 1641 he was a practicing and prosperous astrologer and soon began publishing an almanac, *Merlinus Anglicanus Junior*, and other prognosticating works. Many of his more learned contemporaries laughed at him, yet he was universally heeded and quoted. He was more than once arrested in both Charles I’s and Cromwell’s time and in his autobiography,⁷ he suggests with characteristic modesty that had King Charles heeded his advice about a hiding place, he would not have been captured and beheaded, and the course of English history might have been altered.

Later Oliver Cromwell, he declares, was a student of his books and he describes him as quoting from one of them to his Ironsides: “Lo, hear what Lilly saith; you are in this month promised victory; fight it out, brave boys.” That

occurrence is likely, since Lilly was at one time in Cromwell's service.⁸

One reason for Lilly's persisting reputation is, that to him is attributed the correct prediction of both the Great Plague and the London fire. The grounds for this credit which Lilly has received for three centuries are considerable. In his "Astrological Predictions" for 1648 occurs the following passage:

"In the year 1656 the Aphelium of Mars, who is the general signification of England, will be in Virgo, which is assuredly the ascendant of the English monarchy, but Aries of the Kingdom. When this absis therefore, of Mars, shall appear in Virgo, who shall expect less than a strange catastrophe of human affairs in the commonwealth, monarchy, and Kingdom of England? There will then, either in or about these times, or near that year, or within ten years more or less of that time, appear in this kingdom so strange a revolution of fate, so grand a catastrophe and great mutation unto this monarchy and government, as never yet appeared; of which as the times now stand, I have no liberty or encouragement to deliver my opinion,—*only, it will be ominous to London, unto her merchants at sea, to her traffique on land, to her poor, to all sorts of people inhabiting in her or her liberties, by reason of sundry fires and a consuming plague.*"

In his autobiography he also tells that in the year 1651, he published a book or pamphlet, "Monarchy or no Monarchy," within which he had "framed an hieroglyphic . . . representing a great sickness and mortality; wherein you may see the representation of people in their winding-sheets, persons digging graves and sepulchres, coffins, etc." On the next page "after the coffins and pickaxes, there is a representation of a great city all in flames of fire."

When Parliament was enquiring into the causes of London's great fire of 1666, the members of the Commission sent for Lilly and demanded to know whether his "hieroglyphic" represented purely astrological knowledge, or guilty knowledge. Had he come by information of any conspiracy to set London on fire? Lilly was able to satisfy the Commission that his predictions were based wholly upon astrological calculations.

He gives a picture of the merry monarch, Charles II, and the beaux of his court, perhaps the most disillusioned and cynical court of Europe at that time, laughingly asking each other, "What doth Lilly say?"—on this or that prospect or topic. Lilly was not displeased with himself, and he had much to say on many topics. His almanacs and annual predictions enjoyed a wide popularity, and, in the main, he had a prosperous life and a long one. He lived to the age of nearly eighty.

It is a tenet of those who believe in prophecy that every great event in human history has been specifically, and often amply, foretold.

The French prophet and astrologer, Nostradamus, for instance, predicted the burning of London about a hundred years before Lilly. In an edition of his "Centuries" published in 1577 (Nostradamus died in 1566), appears a quatrain definitely announcing that London would be burned in 1666.⁹ The Puritan, Thomas Reeve, and a number of Quakers, including Humphrey Smith, Thomas Elwood and George Fox, likewise predicted both fire and plague for London.

In his book, "God's Plea for Nineveh," in 1657, Reeve wrote: "Methinks I see you bring pick-axes to dig downe your own walls, and kindling sparks that will set all in a

flame from one end of the city to another." And speaking of a plague that was to come he said:

"It will chase men out of their houses, as if there was some fierce enemy pursuing them, and shut up shop doors as if execution after judgment was served upon the merchants; there will then be no other music to be heard but doleful knells, nor no other wares to be borne up or down but dead corpses."

All this was accomplished nine years later. These prophets, however, were not astrologers. They prophesied either from mystical visions or by intuitive clairvoyance, somewhat after the manner of the saints.

Saints, and in especial female saints, generally had a far easier time with their prophesying. Perhaps it was because females could never aspire to the papal chair; possibly because Sibylline utterance is natural to women; or it may be for reasons of chivalry. In any case, women, with some notable exceptions, were universally welcomed as prophets, and usually received the recognition and respect of the highest authority of the Church.

Saints such as Hildegarde, of Bingen, in the twelfth century, St. Mechtild of Magdeburg in the thirteenth, and Sts. Catherine and Birgitta in the fourteenth, were not only listened to, but received high homage and profound deference during their lifetimes, and that naturally made the way to later canonization comparatively easy for them.

Of Hildegarde it is recounted that even as a child she "saw future things as if they were present." At the age of forty (in 1138) she was commanded by her inner voice to publish what she had seen and heard. And though she predicted, among other things, the coming of Protestantism, the

fall of the Holy Roman Empire, the shrinking of both spiritual and temporal powers of the Holy See, and a universal secularization of Church property, the Bishop of Mainz, and even Pope Eugene II, pronounced her utterances as the voice of God.

Hers was one of the most spiritual of temperaments. The sun, moon and stars, all the planets, the earth and all that is upon it, were to her an expression of spirit. She, like many another, predicted the coming of the Antichrist "in the last days," and in many respects she attributes to him the knowledge and miracles of modern science.

"He will," she says, "appear to move in the air, to bring down fire from heaven, to produce lightning, thunder and hail, to level mountains, dry up streams, drain the verdure of trees and forests and then restore it. He will also seemingly be able to make men sick or well at will, to exorcise demons, at times even to revive the dead, galvanizing corpses. But that kind of resurrection will never endure beyond a little hour." Later, however, after the coming of Enoch and Elias, the Antichrist will be destroyed, and the Church will shine forth with unprecedented glory, and the victims of the great error will throng to return to the fold.

"As to the day, after the fall of Antichrist, when the world will end, man must not seek to know it, for he can never learn it. That secret the Father has reserved for himself."

She even produced 900 words of an unknown language which, she said, had been communicated to her, and she gave counsel to all who came, cleric and layman alike. No less than three popes, two emperors, many bishops and abbots came to ask her advice. Yet she was so widely noted for her opin-

ions on the corruption of the clergy, that a fifteenth century poem said:

“How sadly their course hath marred,
From Bingen, saith St. Hildegarde,
Within her book of wit and taste
Who reads, hath well the truth embraced.”

Mechtild of Magdeburg had a vision of Hell which she put in a definition that is still unsurpassed today; its name, she said, is Eternal Hatred. And St. Birgitta, or Bridget, a little later, somewhat like Hildegarde, announced a mighty collapse of the Church as impending. “She painted a picture of the breaches in the walls, the columns leveled to the earth, the great gaps in the pavement, etc.”¹⁰ The Roman Curia, or papacy, she limned in the blackest colors, its general corruption, its simony, its traffic in sacred things: she presented repulsive pictures of the degeneracy of the clergy and the spiritual orders. All these charges she put directly into the mouth of God.

Yet, though born in Sweden and bound by the responsibilities of a wife and a mother of eight children, she spent much time in Rome and was highly influential. She was called the Jeremiah of the Church. She predicted the coming of a great churchman who would appear with many followers to propagate the faith, generally interpreted to signify Ignatius Loyola and his Jesuits. She, too, prophesied the Antichrist “in the times that are known to me, when iniquity will be boundless and impiety will have assumed a vast development.” She had a share, with St. Catherine of Siena, in restoring the popes to Rome after “the captivity” of Avignon, and ranked with Joachim as one of the two leading prophetic authorities.

Catherine of Siena, regarded as one of the greatest saints

of all time, was universally accorded the right to prophesy. The prestige she enjoyed was enormous, and yet she died young, at the age of thirty-three. A great mystic, she was universally honored in every other capacity, including the prophetic. Three years she passed in solitude in her room, "within her own house she found the desert," until she experienced the "mystic marriage." Then she abandoned her solitude, "joined in the family life, went out into the city to serve the poor and the sick, attracted and taught disciples, converted sinners, and began that career of varied and boundless activity which has made her name one of the greatest in the history of the fourteenth century."¹¹

An exceptional force for ruling and influencing men was hers, and always she spoke with the voice of authority. Particularly in Italy was her voice all powerful, and not only popes, but princes and cities came to her for counsel. Her prophecy of a great and general crusade and the conquest of Palestine, as earlier pointed out, did not come off. But she also announced a vast and thoroughgoing reformation of the Church:

"The Bride now all deformed and clothed in rags, will then gleam with beauty and jewels and be crowned with the diadem of virtue. All believing nations will rejoice to have such excellent and holy shepherds; and the unbelieving world, attracted by the glory of the Church, will be converted to her."

The reform, as she saw it, would be so perfect, the renewal of the holy shepherds so happy, "that in thinking of it all my spirit trembles in the Lord." In any case, a reformation came—with Luther. It remains notable that all of these saints, Hildegarde, Birgitta, Catherine, St. Vincent Ferrer,

inveighed against the corruption of the Church in their time, yet every one of them was canonized.

Even Joan of Arc, burned at the stake, received canonization—though it waited five hundred years. And Joan was unquestionably one of the most remarkable prophets of all time. Her prophecies had nothing to do with the coming of Antichrist, with assaults upon the clergy, with charges of corruption, or Church reforms, or millennial promises. Hers was too simple a soul for such complex enterprises. An untutored peasant child, she was overwhelmed and frightened by the strange gift which came to her in childhood, in her fourteenth year. She was only nineteen when she died.

But for more than five years, she lived the life of one prophetically gifted, and for a little over a year she behaved as only the greatest among the prophets of all time could behave, as a prophet militant, with an undeferable mission, and the certain knowledge of death at its ending. And it is notable that recent scholarship, aided by new documents come to light in the past hundred years, restore the Maid more and more completely to her true colors and glory.

"She came," observes one of the most recent, and perhaps most thorough of the investigators,¹² "she came, with powers and with genius which should be the marvel of the world while the world stands. She redeemed a nation, she wrought such works as seemed to her people, and well might seem, miraculous. Yet even among her own people, even now, her glory is not uncontested.

"She came to her own, and her own received her not."

Long before her birth (1412) was current a prophecy attributed, like so many, to Merlin, that in a grove of oaks of that region, should be born a Maid who should do great deeds—"a marvelous Maid will come from the *Nemus*

Canutum, for the healing of the nations." That *Nemus Canutum*, or oak grove, was identified with the Bois Chesnu, which, later Joan testified, she could see from her father's door at Domremy. And at least a generation before Joan's birth, a seeress named Marie d'Avignon had dreamed a dream of arms and armor and was told they were not for her, but "for a maid who should restore France." The time of Joan's appearance was one of the worst in the history of France, distraught by civil strife, by an English invasion, by endless internecine struggle. But "she had the faith that can move mountains, and never lost courage, though she knew that she 'would last but a year or little more.'"¹³ And in that time she must set things right!

Such a statement made of a great queen would be remarkable. But of a peasant's daughter, who drove her father's sheep to pasture, it has a truly miraculous sound. And, indeed, all her brief life was in a way miraculous. Her story is too well known to need even recapitulation, nor is it necessary. Only her singular prophetic gifts can here be touched upon, the few simple facts concerning them that came out before her judges.

One morning, when she was thirteen, she, together with some other girls watching sheep, ran a footrace for a bunch of flowers or some similar prize. When the race was over and Joan was resting and recovering her breath, a youth whom she did not identify appeared near her and said, "Joan, go home, for your mother needs you." She ran home, but her mother only scolded her for leaving the sheep. She had not sent for her. Joan concluded some boy had played a trick upon her and went out by way of the garden, when a voice called her three times by her Christian name, though no living soul was in sight. "The voice," said Joan, "was clear and

pleasant and quite distinct." A blaze of light accompanied it. "Joan," it commanded, "go to France where there is a great pity." Domremy was considered part of Lorraine. She was informed "that she must change her course of life, and do marvelous deeds, for the King of Heaven had chosen her to aid the King of France. She must wear man's dress, take up arms, be a captain in the war, and all would be ordered by her advice." She believed the voice to be that of St. Michael. Two other voices that spoke to her, she said, were those of St. Catherine of Alexandria and St. Margaret of Antioch. Both of them had suffered martyrdom at about the age of Joan herself. "Their heads," she said, "were crowned with fair crowns, richly and precious. To speak of this I have leave from the Lord."¹⁴

She was, according to the best authorities, exactly seventeen when she set out on her incredible mission to reach the Dauphin, to raise the siege of Orléans by the English army, and to crown the Dauphin in the Cathedral at Reims, thus uniting the troubled country of France—a task that would have made some great soldier-statesman famous forevermore. She addressed herself to a certain captain, Baudricourt, who held the town of Vaucouleurs for the Dauphin. Baudricourt can hardly be blamed for not immediately accepting the child at her own valuation of herself.

"In God's name," she protested, "you are too slow in sending me; for this day, near Orléans, a great disaster has befallen the gentle Dauphin, and worse fortune you will have unless you send me to him."

How could she know? It took six days for the news to reach Vaucouleurs, and when it did arrive, it squarely confirmed Joan's utterance. There was nothing hysterical about

Joan. The conviction of her visions and voices were as clear to her as her own pellucid soul. She had clairvoyance in space, at a distance, and also clairvoyance in time. She knew she had but "a year and a little more" for her task. She was a prophet.

When she reached the Dauphin at last, he was as skeptical as had been Baudricourt. He sent her to learned doctors at Poitiers so that she might be tested, and they, honest men, found her honest, simple and pious, and they commended her guardedly to the Dauphin. She was then given armor, a horse, a household and a standard, and the simple peasant girl became a great soldier, a statesman, a hero, all in one. Two princesses were appointed her mentors, and they were enchanted with her. The peasant girl was in her own manner a princess. Whatever she announced in her unequivocal ways as about to happen, invariably happened. With superhuman ability she proceeded to raise the siege of Orléans, to beat the best of English troops, and to cause the Dauphin to be crowned at Reims, precisely as she had promised.

"When the Dauphin had been crowned and consecrated, the Maid, kneeling, embraced his knees, weeping for joy, and saying these words: 'Gentle King, now is accomplished the Will of God, who decreed that I should raise the siege of Orléans and bring you to the city of Reims to receive your solemn sacring, thereby showing that you are the true King, and that France should be yours.'

"And right great pity came upon all those who saw her, and many wept."¹⁵

How she was subsequently captured, betrayed, handed over to the English, and tried by a tribunal under Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, who has been execrated by

posterity, is no part of this story. She died at the stake in the market-place of Rouen on June 7, 1431, "in a year and little more" since the beginning of her mission, as she had prophesied. Of all prophetic saints, she is, in the opinion of many, the most appealing, and the most illustrious.

CHAPTER VIII

PROPHECIES CONCERNING THE POPES

ONLY seven popes are to come. Then no more. That is the burden of a famous prophecy reputed to be nearly eight hundred years old.

Among the numerous prophecies going back to medieval times which are still discussed and written about today, one of the most salient is that attributed to the Irish saint, Malachi, concerning every individual pope from the twelfth century to the present time, and even beyond—to the very end of the papacy!

Not a Protestant, not an infidel, but one of the saintliest of Catholic saints has predicted that after the present pontiff, Pius XI, only seven more popes will reign in Rome and then—the end.

Anything so extraordinary and so ominous is, clearly, bound to be the seed of controversy, comment and speculation, both in and out of the Church. And all this has, in effect, been the lot of the Malachi prophecy during the more than three centuries since its publication in 1595.

The oracle at Delphi predicted its own extinction. The Hebrew prophets did not hesitate to prophesy the destruction of Jerusalem and the dispersal of their nation. Yet, somehow it appears strange to find members of an ancient institution, like the Catholic Church, still powerful and active in the world today, predicting its end, at least in its present form, practically in our own times. And many a pious Catholic accepts it.

The very date of publication has been held an argument against its authenticity. St. Malachi lived in the twelfth century. Why was not his prophecy published at that time? St. Bernard of Clairvaux was the prophet's intimate friend; St. Malachi died in his arms. Why did St. Bernard never refer to the prophecy? Why did it need to wait until a French monk, Arnold Wion, of Douai, who ended his days in Italy, should first publish it abroad?

It might be argued that publication became easier after the invention of printing than it had been before. That a prophecy of such grave and fateful character was not lightly bandied about. And many equally good reasons. It is quite true, however, that dynastic prophecies were frequent in the sixteenth century. Kings, queens, statesmen, prelates, were not above causing a prophecy to be uttered and circulated favorable to their needs or designs. This prophecy of the popes, it has been alleged, was composed in 1590 in order to promote the election of Cardinal Simoncelli, of Orvietto. Orvietto is assumed to be a contraction of two Latin words, *Urbs Vetus*, the ancient city. The descriptive phrase, attributed to the Malachi prophecy and applicable to the pope then to be elected, is *Ex antiquitate urbis*, from the ancient city—obviously suitable to Cardinal Simoncelli. Simoncelli, however, was not elected and Cardinal Nicholas Sfondrate, who was elected as Gregory XIV, was found to square with the Malachi phrase owing to his great love for Christian antiquities in Rome.

Throughout the three and a half centuries, however, since the publication of the prophecy, to say nothing of the more than four centuries preceding publication, the series includes numerous startlingly accurate designations. More remarkable still, it coincides with other prophetic utterances

in bringing the papacy to an end at a time for which many and tremendous changes are widely predicted, that is, the end of the present century.

St. Malachi, the reputed author of the papal prophecy, was born in Ireland in 1094, in the town of Armagh, Ulster. His was a lovable nature, pious from early youth; he soon surpassed his teachers in both knowledge and saintliness. While still a boy he attached himself to the hermit Ismar and, many youths following his example, established at Armagh a kind of small religious community, centering in the cell of the hermit. Celsius, Bishop of Armagh, struck by these early indications of holiness, ordained Malachi a priest and a deacon, and thus, at the age of twenty-five, he was already catechizing and enhancing the piety of his people. Soon, thereafter, he became the Abbot of Bencor, or Bangor, a somewhat neglected monastery, which, under his guidance, was rapidly transformed into a shining example of perfection. It was then, we are told, "that God conferred upon him the dual gift of miracle and prophecy."

In the year 1139, by which time he had already played a great part in Irish ecclesiastical reform, he undertook a journey to Rome to visit Pope Innocent III, and on the way, in France, he formed a warm friendship with St. Bernard at Clairvaux. And it was then, tradition has it, that he wrote down his famous prophecy concerning the popes. On a subsequent journey, some nine years later, when Malachi was on the way to Rome to meet Pope Eugene III, he fell ill at Clairvaux and died near to his friend, St. Bernard.

Since the publication of the prophecy, in 1595, numerous writers and historians of the papacy have both extolled and attacked it. Why did St. Bernard never mention the prophecy, though he mentioned others? A Jesuit, Engel-

grave, in 1658, speaks of it as a "memorable monument" and pays homage to its "obscure symbols" illuminated by the events as they occur.¹ Other writers, however, and notably the Jesuit Father Ménestrier, of Lyons, take exception to the prophecy on the ground that the "devices" or descriptive phrases are vague and were doubtless forged in the interest of Cardinal Simoncelli. The controversy has continued ever since. A commentary on the prophecy which appeared in Toulouse was suppressed by the municipality on the ground that were such a prediction accepted, "it would paralyze human activity and slow up the march of social progress." German critics like Harnack, a Protestant, and Von Döllinger, declared against the authenticity of the document. In the present century, however, in 1902 and 1903, a learned Catholic divine, the Abbé Joseph Maître, in two well-documented and exhaustive volumes, "La Prophétie des Papes, attribuée a St. Malachie" and "Les Papes et la Papauté" has traversed all the arguments of the objectors and established as nearly as very able scholarship can establish, the authenticity of the celebrated prophecy.

The monk Arnold Wion in his work, "Lignum Vitae," presents the prophecy with this short preamble: "It is said that he [St. Malachi] has himself written some small works, which I have not seen, excepting only a certain prophecy concerning the Sovereign Pontiffs; as it is brief, and has not yet, so far as I know, been printed, and since many desire to be acquainted with it, we have reproduced it here."

It occupies in all only some seven printed pages of ordinary size and presents 111 devices or phrases in Latin applicable, presumably, to the 111 popes beginning with Celestin II, elected in 1143, to the one who must answer to the description *de gloria olivae* some time in future. But he

is to be only the penultimate pope. For the final one the prophecy gives far more data than for any of his 111 predecessors. The Latin text declares:

"During the final persecution of the Holy Roman Church, there will sit upon the throne Peter the Roman, who will pasture his flock in the midst of many tribulations; with these passed, the city of the seven hills will be destroyed; and the awful Judge will then judge the peoples."

The devices run like this: 1. *Ex castro Tiberis*. 2. *Inimicus Expulsus*. 3. *Ex magnitudine montis*. 4. *Abbas Suburranus*. 5. *De rure albo*—which, for illustration, applies to Adrian IV, the English Pope, who had been born at St. Albans.

These descriptive phrases seldom consist of more than two or three words. *De rure Bovensi*, applying to Celestin III, merely states the fact that his family name was Bovensi. Alexander IV, whose corresponding device is *signum Ostiense*, was before his election to the papacy Cardinal of Ostia. Most of the designations refer either to place of origin, family name, coat of arms, or office held just prior to election.

Now, if the prophecy was a forgery, not composed until 1590, it is naturally in no wise remarkable that popes between the twelfth century and 1590 should be fairly well described by the devices or phrases devoted to them. It is the phrases descriptive of subsequent popes, however, and notably some of those in our own times, that frequently startle one by their aptness. *Rosa Umbriae* (94), for instance, applies to Clement XIII, who reigned from 1758 to 1769. Before his election he had been governor of Rieti, in Umbria, whose symbol is the rose. The following one, *ursus velox*, the nimble bear, applies to Lorenzo Gagnanelli, who as Clement

XIV was pope from 1769 to 1774. The family coat-of-arms of the Gagnanelli has a bear running in full course.

To fit the phrase *aquila rapax*, however, the rapacious eagle, to Pope Pius VII (1800-1823), in Napoleon's time, puts the favorable commentators in something of a difficulty. For not only did Napoleon Bonaparte strip this pope of his pontifical territories, but he seized his person and carried him captive first to Savona in Italy and then to Fontainebleau in France. Apply the *rapacious eagle* to Napoleon, however, and all becomes clear, at least to the commentators.

To Gregory XVI (1831-1846), on the other hand, the prophecy applies the rubric, *de Balneis Etruriae*, that is, from Balnea in Etruria. Now, that is sufficiently precise to be arresting, whether the prophecy dates from 1139 or from 1590. For Mauro Capellari, who became Gregory XVI, was a member at the time of his election of the religious order of the Camaldoli, whose seat is at Balnea in the Etruscan country near Florence. As pope he was interested in Etruscan archaeological research and even founded a museum devoted to his hobby.

But perhaps one of the most striking cases of the prophecy's aptness is the legend of the 102d pope in the series, Leo XIII. *Lumen in coelo* is the phrase—a light in the heavens. The coat of arms of his family, the Pecci, bears prominently a shooting star or comet. The quarter century of his reign (1878-1903), was a time of perhaps the greatest religious skepticism in recent history. Yet many still living remember the profound respect inspired by Leo XIII even in non-Catholics. A high spiritual quality characterized all his acts and utterances, and those who saw him still recall the radiance, a positive luminosity, that appeared to emanate from his features. Even without the prophecy of three and a half

centuries earlier *lumen in coelo* would be a happy description of Leo XIII.

No wonder the Monk of Padua, a later prophet, whose predictions first became known about the middle of the eighteenth century and actually *name in sequence*, the last twenty popes, including those yet to come, turns lyrical when he comes to Leo: "Dawn returns. Hail, light in the sky!—Long Live Leo XIII"—this more than a hundred years before there was any Leo XIII.

For the War pope, Benedict XV (1914-1922), the Malachi prophecy gives the phrase *religio depopulata*, that is Christianity depopulated. As one commentator, M. Élie Daniel, points out: "Never had history known such a hecatomb; victims were sacrificed by the million! What device could better symbolize this carnage? Benedict XV survived but for a short time this immolation of the human species. During the entire extent of his pontificate he saw religion verily depopulated and his best intentions come to naught."

Intrepid faith, *fides intrepida*, that is the phrase Malachi assigns to the reigning pope, Pius XI. One of the vaguer indications. Yet, as commentators point out, the experiences of the Catholic Church in Spain, in Mexico, in Germany, and elsewhere, and the constant struggle against these difficulties on the part of both church and pope, are all these not a sufficient justification of this phrase, *fides intrepida*? Surely, never had a Catholic pontiff need of more intrepidity in his faith.

M. Élie Daniel, in a recent book,² goes so far as to maintain that none of these legends could have been substituted one for the other, and that they are almost perfectly descriptive. Certain details in them, he holds, are presented with a precision bearing upon coats-of-arms, upon family or place

of origin, which appears extraordinary. He even sees in them a combination of material and spiritual details which strikes him as awe-inspiring. As in the case of Leo XIII, *lumen in coelo*, which describes both the character of the man and his coat-of-arms, flashes out as miraculous. Not even a man of genius attempting to forge such a series of prophetic descriptions could possibly have been successful.

The prophecy of the "Monk of Padua," which already existed in manuscript before 1740, but was not printed in France until 1889, relates to the last twenty popes including the seven which, according to the Malachi prophecy, are still to follow Pius XI. It goes into far greater detail about each one, and actually corrects, or at any rate explains, some of the briefer phrases of the earlier prophecy. So that, for example, in the case of Pius VII, whom Napoleon carried captive, and to whom is applied the phrase, *aquila rapax*, the rapacious eagle, so apparently inappropriate to the pope in question, he explains by the phrase *l'aigle est vaincu*, the eagle is conquered, which is made to bear upon Bonaparte rather than on the pope.

Much is made of the fact that the Monk of Padua actually gives the names, with only one error thus far, under which every pope from 1740 until the end of the papacy is going to reign. The error is in the case of Benedict XV, the war pope, who according to the Monk of Padua was to have been called Paul VI. This hint, however, he declined and took Benedict XV for his name.

The phrase used by the Monk of Padua, relating to the thirteenth in his series, the present pope, Pius XI, is, "Here is the faith intrepid and a terrible immolation." The intrepid faith, according to M. Daniel, has already been realized. But the immolation, unless it be purely spiritual, is still in

the future. It refers, as he interprets it, to the "great events" announced by numerous prophecies which will translate themselves for France in a sudden revolution, terrible and abrupt, and in a brief war, in the course of which Paris will doubtless suffer one of its many assaults or predicted destructions. All of this is to lead up to the subsequent pope, who is to be the Pastor Angelicus, heralded by so many prophecies since medieval times.

After the "immolation" of the present pope, however, the Monk of Padua promises, "victory is very certain." This victory will be double, it will refer at once to both France and the Catholic Church. The revolution and the predicted war will aim at the destruction of both. The enemies will be stricken with confusion. By a miraculous intervention the foes will be incontinently scattered. A real resurrection will ensue for both France and the Church, followed by a brilliant renaissance, presided over by the Angelic Shepherd. M. Élie Daniel makes much of this prophecy touching Pius XI, because it also contains the phrase, "Roi en Italie," that is, that the present pope will actually be a king in Italy. For the first time in many years, he points out, the popes have ceased to be prisoners in the Vatican, and by the agreement with Mussolini have become once again rulers of the small pontifical domain, the City of the Vatican. The bloody revolution, however, and the sudden war assumed to be implicit in the "horrible immolation" are still to come. Then will follow the advent of that much-expected and yearningly prophesied Pastor Angelicus.

The Monk of Padua quite pardonably bursts into lyrical exultation over this Angelic Shepherd: "Thou art the Angelic Pastor of Rome, O benevolent doctor, O most indulgent

Father.—Hail, Gregory XVII, most Holy Father, necessary shepherd.”

It will be observed that the monk does not fail to give the next pontiff the name under which he is going to reign—that is, if the Holy Father agrees to take that name.

In the times of Joan of Arc, it is recalled, many revelations and prophecies announced that France should be saved by a “virgin of Lorraine.” Some people, notwithstanding much skepticism, awaited this promised messenger of the Lord, because they felt optimistically certain that at the last moment, when all seemed lost, the miraculous and providential intervention has a habit of appearing. The same thing, it is believed, will happen in our day. Skepticism is rampant; there is an almost satanic pleasure in attacking anything supernatural or supernormal, and yet, the prophecy, so hold the hopeful, will certainly be realized.

Among the many predictions bearing on the Pastor Angelicus, certain ones promise his election to be of an almost miraculous nature. It will take place very soon after “the great events,” that is, after the revolution and the war that are to come ere long. When the present pope will have passed away the Sacred College will assemble under conditions especially difficult, and only after a long electoral struggle will the Cardinals be finally moved to designate the rightful candidate. Some prophets actually foresee the influence in this election of the Apostles, Peter and Paul, and many angels. Indeed it is owing partly to this miraculous intervention that the pontiff is denominated the Pastor Angelicus.

The fact that the prophecy calls him Pastor Angelicus of Rome moves some to predicate that after the “great events” the temporal power of the pope will be established on a far more solid basis than that of the present accord with

the Italian government. The future pope will probably be not only the monarch of the city of the Vatican, but the effective ruler of Rome itself, the Eternal City, age-long seat of the Church. And there are those who predict that this Gregory XVII is to be a French pope.

According to some of the many prophecies clustering about his name for centuries, the Pastor Angelicus is destined to be the pope of Unity. Under his reign will take place the conversion of all heretics and schismatics. Perhaps England and Germany and Russia will be converted—surely the triumph of hope over experience. As one prophecy, that of Prémol, joyfully announces, “he will call the Samaritans and the Gentiles, and they will be converted at his bidding.” Possibly the Greek church will again unite with the western Catholicism? Nothing will resist the pastoral influence of that pope. He will travel widely about among his vast flock and ever study their needs. Intractable enemies he will doubtless have, but his Christian charity will conquer all. He will be a shining light in the darkness, dowered with the gifts of miracle and prophecy, and his reign will abound with acts the most far-reaching and extraordinary. A great reformer, a restorer of order within the Church and sanctity—that is to be his role. His will be the task of preparing the Church for the terrific struggle that awaits it at that fateful time, the End of the Age. After him, the purple line grows thinner; there are to be only six more popes.

More or less simultaneously with the advent of this Pastor Angelicus is to appear the “Grand Monarque,” sometimes also called the “Grand Celtique,” who will do much to establish order out of the world chaos preceding the Pastor Angelicus. Many prophecies proclaim this “Grand Monarque,” who, naturally, is especially yearned for by the

French monarchists. For he is to be a Frenchman, destined to close the long line of French kings, temporarily interrupted, but promised to end in a burst of magnificence with this predestined monarch. How glorious will be his reign! Both as soldier and statesman this most Christian monarch will surpass Clovis, Charlemagne, St. Louis, Henry IV and Louis XIV in splendor and magnificence.

He will, in effect, be an emperor of the west, as well as of the east, and in Jerusalem he will lay his crown upon the tomb of Jesus Christ in homage to Him from whom he will humbly and devoutly hold his power. Great will be his piety and his reign is to last more than fifty years. He will ascend his throne at an early age and so zealously and constantly will he work for the establishment of a reign of light upon the earth, that it is no wonder numerous prophecies both early and more recent have been longingly announcing him.

The chief interest, however, in these prophecies concerning the popes centers naturally upon the pontiffs yet to come. Six more, to follow the Pastor Angelicus. First of those six, according to St. Malachi, will be *Pastor Nautaque*, shepherd and pilot. He will reign under the title of Paul VI. (Actually, the Paduan prophecy calls him Paul VII, but since he who had been predicted to be Paul VI took instead the title of Benedict XV, any future Paul thereafter could only be Paul VI.)

The Monk's prophecy thus apostrophizes this pontiff: "Hail, O wise shepherd and pilot, most prudent of the Roman people.—Our very holy Father, Paul VII. Behold, perfect peace returned!"

The title of Pastor Nautaque suggests to some of the commentators that this pope will be noted for statesmanship

and for guiding the affairs of State of the Holy See. He will spread spirituality on all continents. He will have a potent influence on peace, extending the work of the Pastor Angelicus, and co-operating with the Grand Monarque in establishing the peace of the world.

The next pope, the 108th in the series designated by St. Malachi, is labeled with the phrase, *Flos Florum*, the flower of flowers. The Paduan welcomes him under the title of Clement XV:

"Behold the flower of flowers, behold the lily crowning the virtues of his native land and the most holy acts predicted by the Lord.—Our most Holy Father, Clement XV. Thou, Rome, his daughter, venerate this king of Peace."

Still the collaborator of the Grand Monarque, the ultimate king of France, his reign will make all Christendom fragrant as a garden in peace and happiness. Is he not the flower of flowers? St. Hildegarde of Bingen, also prophesying concerning this period, declares that under this pope's reign, the blessings of God will extend over the entire earth; and another prophet, the venerable Holzhauser, calls this epoch the "sixth age" of the world, the age of "Consolation." It will follow the fifth age, which will end with the death of the present pope, Pius XI, our chaotic age of "Affliction." * It will precede the seventh age which will be known as the age of "Desolation," alas, the End of the Age.

"The Church," observes M. Élie Daniel,⁸ "even as the sun, before it sinks beneath the horizon, will direct its last fires in a sort of apotheosis the whole world will admire. But soon will come the twilight with the last persecutions, with the arrival of Enoch and Elias upon the earth in order

* The "tribulation" of Pyramid prophecy.

to combat the Antichrist. Thus, before the last period of 'Desolation,' preceding the second coming of Christ at the end of the age, there will be a lull as in the time of Augustus, which preceded His first appearance on earth. Flos Florum will be the happy witness of that magnificent sunset from the spiritual point of view."

The next in the dwindling series, designated by St. Malachi as *De Medietate Lunae*, of the half moon, is announced by the Monk of Padua as Pius the XII. He goes on—

"From the half moon proceeds this pope sent to Rome by the Divine Doctor. Hail, O our well-beloved Father, Pius XII, most Holy Mediator, future victim!"

Since the word *lunae* figures in the appellations of anti-popes and schismatics such as Benedict XIII (*Luna cosmédina*) and of Nicholas V (*De Modicitate Lunae*), it has been interpreted by some as a likelihood that this pope will bring schism and division into the Church. Others believe it may refer to a possible Turkish origin for Pius XII and perhaps the evangelization of the intransigent Mohammedans. For notwithstanding that the great persecutions will already have begun, the Catholic Church will still be endeavoring to extend her spiritual empire over the world. The persecution will rage especially in the old Catholic countries. Yet at the same time this pope, coming perhaps from a Mohammedan land, will be at great pains to convert his people. Nevertheless that zealous pontiff is destined to succumb under the blows of his enemies. He will be a victim of his very zeal.

De Labore Solis, of the work of the sun, is the phrase applied by Malachi to the following pope, yet, disregarding the colorful label, the Monk of Padua supplies a somewhat colorless legend for this shepherd:

"Thanks to an excellent work of the sun, the earth has

nourished the devoted flock of a most holy shepherd.—Our very Holy Father Gregory XVIII, a priest altogether admirable.”

According to M. Daniel this means that notwithstanding persecution already in progress, the pagans will join the Church *en masse*. They will fall upon its bosom with joy and will work with ardor for the sanctification of their souls. The planet will show an advanced state of spiritual perfection and bear marvelous fruit. This period, in the midst of growing persecution, will appear as a sort of lull and will be a witness to the recrudescence of evangelistic ardor.

The crepuscular shadows are closing. *De Gloria Olivae*, of the glory of the Olive,—thus is designated he who according to the Paduan Monk is to reign as Leo XIV. He is the second last pope, and the last to have a title with any numeral in it. Of him says the Monk:

“Oh, what a messenger of peace of the glory of the olive tree, of the Lord, oh, what a protector, all filled with goodness!—the pope, Leo XIV, energetic monarch, a glorious reign. (This pope by reason of the allusion to the olive tree—is he to be of the Jewish race?)”

According to the commentators, the olive in the Scriptures is always held to be symbolic of the Jewish people. It is believed that this penultimate pope, Leo XIV, will be not only himself of Jewish origin, but that all his people will also be converted to Christianity, even as St. Paul was converted upon the road to Damascus. That will take place immediately before the final catastrophe. Hence, the exclamation of the Monk of Padua, “Oh, what a messenger of peace of the glory of the olive tree of the Lord.” This pope is to achieve the final unity of humanity in the belief in Christ. He will achieve it by kindness, benevolence and goodness.

The prophecy of St. Malachi regarding the last of all the popes is more explicit than most; Peter, the Roman, will lead his sheep to pasture in the midst of numerous tribulations; the City of the Seven Hills will be destroyed. The twilight settles—indeed, the depth of night—before the promised dawn!

The End of the Age will be upon the world and the last persecution, the most terrible of all, will afflict the Church. The tribulations will be as great as those which overtook the Jews at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus. So devastating indeed will they be, that, in the words of St. Matthew: "And except those days should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved; but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened."

But not Peter the Roman, nor any number of just men, will avail to save the Eternal City!

Many commentators do not like to believe, in spite of the prophecies, that this Peter is actually to mark the end of the papacy. They believe that only a sort of hiatus will ensue, and then a glorious recrudescence. Mostly, however, this prophecy is taken literally, in common with all others bearing upon the predecessors of Peter the Roman. And that being so, does it mean that the End of the Age, as prophesied in the Gospels and in many other places, is actually at hand?

With only seven more popes after the present one that dreadful period looms ominously near. St. Malachi's prophecy begins with Pope Celestin II in the 12th century. Since then in a period of 779 years there have been 94 popes up to Pius XI, giving an average of eight years for the reign of each pope. Even if we increase the average to, say, nine years, owing to greater statistical expectation of life in more recent times, only sixty-three years of the Papacy would

remain after the present pope. We know, of course, that some popes have had long reigns. Pope Leo XIII, for example, sat in the Vatican for a quarter of a century, and Pius IX ruled for thirty-two years. We are now, however, considering averages. Sixty-three years is the equivalent of but two generations. One generation of this century has already more than passed. Two more generations bring the time to the end of the century, or roughly to about the year 2000.

The Pyramid dating does not run beyond the year 2001. Nostradamus, as we shall see, fixes the year 1999 as the time for an attack and one of the terrible destructions of the city of Paris, by a strange people coming from the North, perhaps from Asia. St. Malachi and the Monk of Padua predict the burning of Rome at the end of the papacy, which seems to fall at about the same period. Many other prophecies point to the "End of the Age" as falling within the present century. One cannot but recall the words of the Gospel according to St. Mark, "Verily I say unto you that this generation shall not pass, till all these things be done."

CHAPTER IX

THE PROPHECIES OF NOSTRADAMUS

THE most celebrated prophet who has ever appeared in Europe, possibly the most celebrated outside the Bible, was Michel Nostradamus. Faust, in his high-vaulted chamber, with the secret-laden book of Nostradamus in his hands, is made by Goethe to exclaim:

“Was it then a god who penned these signs?”

In the sixteenth century, that most dazzling century of the Renaissance, perhaps no single human being occupied a more remarkable place than did Nostradamus. It is safe to say that in all European history there was no one who stands out more for the unusual and abnormal gifts of clairvoyance than does this Provençal physician and seer, of Jewish descent, a man who could conquer the great plagues of his time, yet was a humble worshiper of God, and also the greatest prophet of his age and all subsequent ages.

So swiftly and amazingly did his fame spread, that in the brief space of some fifteen years all Europe was interested in and curious about him, and kings and queens, to say nothing of lesser personages, both sent for him and made long journeys to his little Provençal town of Salon for a taste of his gifts.

Catherine de' Medici, notwithstanding that she came from the very bosom of the skeptical Renaissance, her native Florence, was, like most women of the period, steeped in astrology, omens and fortune telling. But even her husband, Henry the Second of France, a more doubting person, was



FORTUNA

Like Most Italian Women, Catherine de' Medici Ardently Believed in Prognostications, Horoscopes and *fortuna*

(from the Painting by Giovanni Bellini, The Academia, Venice)

struck by all that he had heard about Nostradamus. He had read the thirty-fifth quatrain of the First Century of Nostradamus, dedicated to himself, in which was prophesied that he, the king, would be blinded in a duel "in a golden cage," and would subsequently die by a cruel death. Skeptical or not, such a prophecy about oneself makes an impression. But when he recalled that some years earlier another seer, one Luc Gauric, the Court prophet, had counseled him to avoid any sort of single combat, and especially in his forty-first year, "because at that period of his life he was threatened with a wound in the head which might bring about blindness or death," he naturally grew thoughtful and desired to know Nostradamus. The queen, Catherine, was even more eager for personal acquaintance with the prophet. Accordingly, Claude de Savoie, governor of Provence, was instructed to arrange a visit of Nostradamus to Paris.

Catherine had three sons. She was inordinately ambitious for them. Shrewd, subtle, full of guile and trickery, she nevertheless, like most Italian women, ardently believed in prognostications, horoscopes and *fortuna*. She must know the future as she knew all that was going on about her! She must meet this famous seer from the South and hear what he had to say about the future of her boys.

It was arranged that Michel Nostradamus, now an ageing man of fifty-three, should take horses of the royal post, since he was a distinguished personage and traveled at the invitation of the king, and he arrived in Paris after a month's hard journeying, on August 15, 1556. He had hardly set foot in his Inn of Saint-Michel, near Nôtre Dame Cathedral, when the Constable of France was already there to inform him how impatiently the king and queen were awaiting his arrival. All the court, all the nobles and ladies-in-waiting,

all the perfumed and painted pages, crowded forward for a mere sight of the great man. The royal couple, however, the skeptical Henry, and Catherine the queen, herself the niece of a pope, Clement the Seventh, would allow no one else to detain him and he was immediately ushered into the royal apartments.

They must hear the future of their three boys. Nostradamus made his way to Blois, where the boys were enjoying country life, saw the young princes and, upon his return, could not bring himself to inform the royal couple of all the calamities that menaced their three sons. He told Catherine and Henry, however, that all three would ascend a throne. The ambitious mother, who doubtless saw visions of peopling the thrones of Europe with her progeny, luckily failed to understand that each of her first two offspring was destined to die and to be succeeded by the next one—which infallibly came to pass.

During his brief sojourn in Paris, Nostradamus was beset by courtiers and princes who overwhelmed him with gifts and attentions, in the hope that he would give them a glimpse of their future destiny. The great poet Ronsard celebrated him in a noted stanza and upbraided the skeptical for "mocking the prophets of God chosen from among thy children and making them appear in your midst, in order to foretell your misfortunes to come; but you only laugh thereat." There were indeed those who laughed and mocked, or the period would hardly have been that of the Renaissance. The poet Jodelle made the following stinging couplet upon the Seer of Salon:

*"Nostra damus cum falsa damus, nam fallere nostrum est,
Et cum falsa damus, nil nisi nostra damus."*

Which, taking account of the pun upon the prophet's name, means: "We only give our own when we give lies, for to cheat is our business; and when we give out what is false, we give only what is our own."

For all that, the legend of Nostradamus grew and grew. When a royal page of the family of Beauveau had lost a valuable hound and with the insolence of youth came late at night thundering at the door of the prophet's lodging for intelligence concerning his loss, Nostradamus, before even receiving a word of information from the page and without opening the door, cried out:

"What is it you want, O page of the king? You make a deal of noise for a lost dog! Go upon the road toward Orléans, and you will find him led in a leash." The page, overawed and delighted, made haste to follow the indication and there he saw a servant leading his dog towards him. Episodes like this tended to spread abroad the fame of Nostradamus. But it is the more serious aspects of the prophecies that have interested students and commentators for the past four centuries. And those students were not mere cranks. They included such writers as Victor Hugo and Dumas, and scholars so erudite and meticulous as Ernest Renan.

Of the thousand or so of quatrains (Ten Centuries) not nearly all have been deciphered and interpreted, and only a few specimens can here be cited. The prophecy concerning Henry II, his blinding and death, was only one of many as precise. For the brief space that Henry survived after receiving his mortal wound, he was a one-eyed King ruling France. It was the only time in all French history when a one-eyed man reigned as its King. Now, the fifty-fifth quatrain of the Third Century voices the following prophecy:

"En l'an qu'un oeil en France regnera
La Cour sera en un bien fascheux trouble:
Le Grand de Blois son amy tuera;
Le regne mis en mal et doute double."

Le Pelletier, the most famous of the interpreters of Nostradamus, renders this stanza:

"In the year when a one-eyed man shall reign in France, the court will enter upon very serious difficulties. The Great One at Blois will slay his friend, and the Kingdom, put in tribulation, will be split."

Now, certainly, troubles and travail began for France with that blinding of Henry II, in 1559. Very soon Henry himself died. Under his immediate successor, Francis II, only sixteen years old and a weakling, the Huguenots became formidable and, besides, the boy fell into a swoon on the 17th of November, 1560, and died the following December 5th. The then Venetian Ambassador at Paris wrote to the Doge Micheli:

"Every courtier recalls Quatrain thirty-nine of Century Ten of Nostradamus and comments upon it under his breath." Not all the fasts and prayers and wishful predictions prevented the boy from expiring.

The ten-year-old child, Charles IX, ascended the throne under the regency of his mother Catherine de' Medici. The bloody St. Bartholomew's Eve massacre was this prince's (and his mother's) contribution to the annals of France. He too died in early youth, at twenty-four, and the third of Catherine's boys, Henry III, "ascended a throne," as Nostradamus had prophesied,—the same throne. How the wily, ambitious Catherine must have pondered the prophecy! This young chip of Catherine's subsequently summoned the States Gen-

eral to Blois and there treacherously murdered his friend the Duke de Guise. That precipitated virtually a civil war between the Royalists and the Legitimists. Paris was in revolt and when Henry attempted to surround the city in 1589, he was assassinated.

Very literally the reign of the one-eyed King had ushered in a season of grave troubles for France, as Nostradamus had foretold four years before the beginning of the events. But, four years or four centuries, as we shall presently see, makes little difference to the prophet. His predictions, first published in 1555, run, according to his own statement in the preface, to the year 3797! Would that they were clearer! Clear, however, many of them are, and some to a singular degree, especially after the event.

A German student, Dr. Max Kemmerich, is struck with admiration for this remarkable prognosis:

“Le Roy-Roy n'estre, du Doux la pernicie,
L'an pestilent, les esmeus nubileux.
Tien'qui tiendra, des grands non letitie:
Et passera terme de cavilleux.”

Here is a puzzle, seemingly.

*“The King-King will be no more, of the Gentle one destroyed,
In that pestilent year, when the trouble-makers are anxious.
Let him who holds, hold on, to the non-rejoicing of the great;
And he will pass the point determined for him by mockers.”*

Not very clear, surely. And yet—Henry III, before assuming the Crown of France had been King of Poland, hence

the King-King, or twice King. He was murdered by the "Gentle" or "Sweet" one—actually by a man named Clement. Clement, gentle and sweet are synonyms and mean approximately the same. There are occasions elsewhere in the Prophecies when actual historic personages and places are named, as in the quatrains concerning the French Revolution, which took place nearly two and a half centuries after the prophet's death. In any case, Henry III, the twice-crowned, was slain by Clement during a period of civil and religious wars, and his enemies were much troubled, owing to the fact that the monarch had gone from Paris, out of reach. Eventually, however, he was successfully eliminated.

The one who is advised to hold on was none other than Henry, King of Navarre, who afterwards became Henry IV, King of France. To Philip II, to the Duc d'Aumale and other Catholic protagonists, Henry the Calvinist of little Navarre was no cause for joy. But he passed the point of mockery, decided gaily that Paris was worth a Mass and became both a Catholic and King of France!

And all this, let us remember, happened toward the close of the century, some thirty years at least, after the prophet's death! This Henry was a prime favorite with the vaticinating Nostradamus. In another quatrain we are told—

"Au chef du monde le grand Chyren sera
Plus outré apres aymé, criant, redouté:
Son bruit et los les cieux surpassera
Et du seul titre victeur fort contente."

Chyren is an anagram the seer is fond of using in place of Henryc, the then form of Henry. Henry the Great, he tells us, will ascend the greatest throne in the world and then

he will be loved, decried and feared. His fame and glory will mount to the skies and he will be called the victorious.

When this Henry was only ten years old, Nostradamus saw him and asked his tutor to undress him, that he might examine him the better. The future King of Navarre obstinately refused to be undressed, overawed, as he later confessed, by the long beard of the prophet and fearful lest there was an intention to whip him. The following morning when the Prince was rising from sleep, the tutor, before giving the boy his shirt, introduced Nostradamus into the bedchamber, enabling him to see the boy nude. Finally, turning to the tutor, the seer announced,

"If God will spare you until that date you will have for master one who is King of both France and Navarre"—a fact at that time incredible.

Infrequently though Nostradamus uses names and dates, both occur in the Centuries. The eighteenth quatrain of Century Nine runs like this:

"Le Lys Dauffois portera dans Nanci
Jusques en Flandres electeur de l'Empire,
Neusves obturée au grand Montmorency
Hors Lieux prouvés delivré à clere peyne."

*"The lily of the Dauphin will come to Nancy
And carry aid in Flanders to an Elector of the Empire:
A new prison for the great Montmorency,
Away from the usual place, delivered to Clere peyne (or to
a notable punishment)."*

Now, what facts fit this particular prediction? The title of Dauphin for the French heir apparent had lapsed with disuse and Louis XIII was the first French monarch in a

hundred years to make use of the title before his ascent to the throne—more than half a century after Nostradamus' death. So that he was very much "The Dauphin."

On the 24th of September, 1633, Louis's troops entered Nancy, capital of Lorraine, not then a French province, because Lorraine supported French rebels. He marched two years later into Flanders in aid of the Elector of Trier who had been cast into a Spanish prison in Brussels. In protest of this Louis invested Louvain in Flanders.

At about the same period, in 1632, Henry Montmorency, owing to rebellion against his overlord, Louis XIII, was incarcerated in a newly completed prison at Toulouse. He was turned over to a soldier named Clerepeyne who beheaded him on October thirtieth, not in the usual, or approved, place, the public square of Toulouse, but at the foot of the statue of Henry IV, Montmorency's godfather.

Here appears not only the name of Montmorency, universally known as "the great" (for at seventeen he was already an admiral of the fleet) but even the name of Montmorency's executioner, a soldier named Clerepeyne!

Such instances occur again and again in the Centuries. There are those who believe that had Nostradamus desired he could have named every place and every person in his prophesied events for all the ages to come until 3797, and in the preface addressed to Henry II he himself declares that he could specify all the dates. A quatrain added to the tenth of his Centuries posthumously, from his literary remains, in 1605, reads—

"Quand le fourchu sera soustenu de deux paux;
Avec six demy corps, et six ciseaux ouverts:

Le très puissant seigneur, héritier des crapaux,
Alors subjuguera sous soy tout l'Univers."

*"When the fork is supported by two pillars,
With six half-horns* and six open scissors:
The very potent Lord, heir of the toads,
Will then subjugate to himself the entire world."*

This sounds like arrant nonsense. But let us see what investigators have made of it: The first two lines indicate a date. When the fork V is sustained by two pillars they make an M, the Roman numeral for one thousand. Six half-horns are CCCCCC, the numeral six hundred; six open scissors XXXXXX make sixty. In other words, in 1660 that great Lord of France, heir of the Merovingians—whose device was the toad, as the lilies were of the House of Capet and bees of Bonaparte—will be the greatest monarch in the world. These chronograms were quite common and like anagrams were the crossword puzzles of that period. Now as to the facts:

In 1660 Louis XIV married Maria Theresa of Spain after having signed the Peace of the Pyrenees late in 1659. Early in 1661, Cardinal Mazarin died and Louis, at twenty-two, became virtual autocrat of France, the Grand Monarque of the civilized world.

Most of the prophecies of Nostradamus relate to France and the Latin world. Predictions touching England and other nations, however, are not lacking. Let us take for example the one hundredth quatrain of Century Ten:

"Le grand empire sera par Angleterre
Le pempotam des ans plus de trois cens:

* Corps should be cors.

Grandes copies passer par mer et terre,
Les Lusitains n'en seront pas contents."

*"The great empire of England
Will be all powerful for more than three centuries:
Great armies (or great wealth) will traverse land and sea,
The Portuguese will not rejoice thereat."*

England at the time of Nostradamus was one of the lesser countries of Europe. The destruction of the Spanish Armada, which established England's sea power, took place in 1588, twenty-two years after Nostradamus' death. And, certainly, both great armies and great wealth have passed over land and sea in England's imperial history. Not so long ago a former colony of Britain's sent two million men overseas. That the Portuguese (and the Spaniards, too) were displeased at Britain's development goes without saying. There was a time when the Portuguese were the dominant Europeans in India, to say nothing of many other outposts.

A French commentator, Charles Nicoullaud,¹ is not content with the unprecise indication of "more than three hundred years." The English Navigation Act, he points out, forbidding foreign ships to import into England goods originating in countries other than their own, was what gave its greatest stimulus to the English merchant marine, and was passed in 1651. Adding about three hundred years to that date he foresees the end of England's imperial power somewhere between 1941 and 1951. We shall see. M. Nicoullaud, however, is not Nostradamus.

The same commentator calls attention to the prophet's singular flair for revolutions. He foretold not only the French Revolution, but also the English Revolution of 1648, nearly a century after his own death. A number of the quatrains

deal with that troubled period of English history. Quatrain twenty-two of Century Ten declares that—

“The King of the isles will be banished by fortune
But in his room will be one with never a trace of royalty,”

and in another place he announces roundly that—

“Senat de Londres mettront a mort leur Roy.”

“The London Senate will put to death its King.”

And, ardent royalist as the prophet was, he had no good word to say of Charles the First’s successor, Oliver Cromwell:

“Plus Macelin que Roy en Angleterre,
Lieu obscur n’ay par force aura l’empire:
Lasche sans foy, sans loy saignera terre,
Son tempe s’approche si prés que je soupire.”

Macellinus was a Roman emperor who had massacred his slaves. Such a man, more Macellinus than King, prophesied Nostradamus, will come from obscurity to rule over England: “cowardly, without faith, without law,” he will bleed the land. “His time draws so near that I sigh.”

“Le vieux frustré du principal espoir,
Il parviendra au chef de son empire:
Vingt mois tiendra le regne à grand pouvoir.
Tiran, cruel en delaissant un pire.”

CENT. VIII. Quatr. 65.

*“The old one frustrated in his chief hope,
Will attain the pinnacle of his realm:
Twenty months he will hold the Kingdom in absolute power.
A tyrant, cruel in leaving a worse behind him.”*

For twenty months Cromwell, after dismissing Parliament in 1655, ruled as a dictator. The new Parliament in 1657 offered him the crown, which he refused, hoping, as Nicoullaud interprets it, to accept it later. He died the following year, however, leaving the reins of government to his son, the weaker Richard.

The decline of the French monarchy beginning with Louis XV, the "commun advenement," that is, the rise of the common people, the appearance of Napoleon Bonaparte and the attacks upon the papacy and the church gave Nostradamus material for a series of prophecies of the greatest import and, some of them, of an astonishing lucidity.

Quatrain fifteen of Century Three is accepted by virtually all interpreters as a picture of Louis XV, so different in force and capacity from his predecessor.

"Coeur, vigueur, gloire, le regne changera.
De tous points contre ayant son adversaire:
Lors France enfance par mort subjuguera,
Un grand Regent sera lors plus contraire."

That is: France will be subjugated by a child, namely Louis XV, who succeeded to the throne at the age of five after the death of his grandfather and father, the Dauphin and the Duke of Burgundy. That royal infant so captivated the nation that he was called Louis the Well-Beloved. As Regent, Philip of Orléans was appointed by the Parliament, which recovered its rights of remonstrance, the first rift in the hitherto absolute power of the rulers of France. "The glory, the vigor, the very heart of the realm will undergo a change."

The steps toward the decay of the monarchy are indi-

cated by one of the most lucid of the stanzas in Century Five:

“Ce grand monarque qu’au mort succedera
Donnera vie illicite lubrique;
Par nonchalance à tous concedera,
Qu’à la parfin faudra la loy Salique.”

CENT. V. Quatr. 38.

This great monarch who will succeed the deceased, will give an example of an immoral and adulterous life. By his carelessness he will yield in everything (to his favorites), so that in the end women will be the rulers (loy Salique). Those were the days of Madame de Pompadour and the Du Barry, to say nothing of their predecessors. No French ruler had led a more scandalous life than that of Louis XV. Of his successor, Louis XVI, the seer’s picture is no less startlingly clear and convincing:

“Le trop bon temps de bonté royale,
Fais et deffais prompt subit negligence.
Legier croira faux d’espouse loyable
Luy mis à mort par benevolence.”

CENT. X. Quatr. 42.

*“Too good the times, too easy-going the King,
He does and undoes, too negligent and sudden;
He will follow the false ideas of his light but loyal wife,
By his very good will he will be put to death.”*²

Somehow the picture reminds us of our own world before the Great War. Chancellor Pasquier in his *Mémoires*, published in the nineteenth century, writes of this period:

“I firmly believe that at no time, since the beginning of the monarchy, had France been so happy as at this period”—

aristocratic France, no doubt. He enumerates some of Louis's good deeds and adds:

"I have seen the magnificence during the Empire. I see every day, since the Restoration, new fortunes established and rising, but nothing has yet equaled to my view the splendors of Paris in the years between 1783 and 1789." *La maladie du bonheur les gagne*, was a phrase coined by Rivarol of people in similar circumstances—they are attacked by the disease of good fortune. And Nostradamus' *le trop bon temps*, foreseen more than two hundred years earlier, conveys the same impression and paints the same picture. It needed courage to foretell, even centuries ahead, the execution of a French King, though that King was put to death in virtue of his very good nature. But the prophet went further. He gave the particulars of Louis's flight, of the man who would betray him and the place of his capture!

"De nuict viendra dans le forest de Reines
Deux pars vaultorte Hene la pierre blanche:
Le moyne noir en gris dedans Varennes,
Esleu cap cause tempeste, feu, sang, tranche."

CENT. IX. Quatr. 20.

A variety of renderings are given for this stanza by different commentators, but all agree it means that Louis XVI and his queen would flee at night, arrive at Varennes (where they were detained and captured) and that this flight would cause tempest and fury which ultimately would lead to execution and the cutting off of the royal blood—the historical facts.

Even more precise, however, and possibly more astonishing, is a further quatrain concerning the tribulations of the unfortunate Louis:

“Le part soluz mary sera mitré
Retour: conflict passera sur la thuille
Par cinq cens: un trahyr sera tiltré
Narbon: et Saulce par coutaux avous d’huile.”

CENT. IX. Quatr. 34.

The most painstaking of editors and commentators upon the “Centuries,” Le Pelletier, provides a gloss for the old French terms and gives the rendering: After the return (from Varennes) the husband will be decorated with the miter, or cockade. An attack will be made upon the Tuileries by five hundred. A titled traitor will be Narbon, and another Sauce, watcher of his ancestral oil-kegs.

To admit the darkness of this saying requires no effort, since most sayings of Nostradamus are avowedly and of set purpose dark.

The obscurity, however, once penetrated, presents a momentous section of French history and world history, too—all in four lines.

A fateful date of the French Revolution was June twentieth.⁸ On June 20, 1789, occurred the oath of the Tennis Court, when the delegates of the Third Estate swore not to separate. On June 20, 1791, occurred the flight of Louis and Marie Antoinette, leading to their arrest at Varennes and return to Paris. On the twentieth of June, 1792, came the mass demonstration of the Jacobins, the storming of the Tuileries and the thrusting upon the King’s head of the red cap of the Jacobins. According to some reports he placed the thing upon his head with his own hands. Bishop’s miters were often of red silk, so that the French word *mitré* has here an especial and ironical significance. The actual attack by the five hundred occurred some two months later, on the night

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of August 9-10, 1792, resulting in the capture of the King and the end of the monarchy.

Insofar as concerns the "mitering" of Louis, *soluz mary*, he was actually alone at that moment in the Hall of the Oeil de Boeuf, separated from Marie Antoinette who, with the Dauphin, was at that hour in the Ministers' council Hall, undergoing similar experiences.

The very mention of the Tuileries (Thuille) as the point of attack is extraordinary. In Nostradamus' day the Tuileries as a royal residence did not yet exist. Catherine de' Medici began the construction of a palace upon the site of some tile works, *tuileries*, in 1564, long after the first publication of the Centuries. The normal residence of French Kings was the palace at Versailles. The oldest palace in Paris was the Louvre. It was on the fifth of October, 1789, that the people compelled the royal couple to remove from Versailles to the Tuileries! The five hundred attackers were, of course, the *fédérés marseillais*, who slew the Swiss Guard and thus made their way into the royal apartments.

Now, as to the names mentioned—Narbon, Sauce—who were they? Louis, Count Narbonne-Lara was War Minister of Louis XVI. The son of a natural daughter of Louis XV, he had been brought up at Court and at the age of thirty-six he already occupied that lofty position in the cabinet. He was known to straddle both the royalist and the people's parties and was held in suspicion by both. He had been abruptly dismissed by a cold letter from the King. His subsequent career was varied and, toward the end of his life, he served as Napoleon's ambassador to Vienna. To Nostradamus' strictly royalist point of view, Narbonne was undoubtedly a traitor.

As to Sauce, or, in the older French form, Saulce, that

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name, too, became historic with the Revolution. Sauce was that small tradesman and inn-keeper, the Mayor of Varennes, who recognized the gray-clad Louis in his flight and caused him to be detained and arrested. Sauce came of an old line of small tradesmen whose business he had inherited, and it was in his little shop that Marie Antoinette sat between two bundles of tallow candles, conversing with Madame Sauce,—among “the ancestral oil-cans.” The National Assembly subsequently voted Sauce a reward of 20,000 livres for his patriotic act.

And all this was written down at least two and a quarter centuries before the events. It is scarcely to be wondered at that so many generations of students, commentators and scholars have been attracted to the Centuries of Nostradamus, have pondered his quatrains and sought to lift the veil from his meanings. No wonder that many have felt, with Goethe’s Faust,

“Was it a god who penned those signs?”

Not a god, but a highly exceptional and extraordinary human being, with a very human history.

CHAPTER X

EUROPE'S GREATEST PROPHET

WHO was Nostradamus? A singular history was his, singular even for his own times.

The Diaspora, that great dispersion of the Jews which took place after the fall of Jerusalem and the destruction of the Temple by the Romans in the first century A.D., drove the conquered fugitives into almost every part of the then known world. To Egypt, to Europe, even to China. Considerable numbers took refuge in Provence, and Provence, for her part, received them not unkindly. They became merchants of spices, of silks and the rich stuffs of the East; physicians, artists, notaries; and, though often heavily taxed, they were not too greatly discriminated against. Both cultural and religious freedom was theirs; they were not shut up in ghettos as were their coreligionists in other parts of Europe, nor were they especially persecuted.

The good King René of Provence, indeed, had two of them as his court physicians. Both Jean de Saint-Rémy and Pierre de Nostre-Dame were not only great doctors of medicine, but profound in things of the spirit, astrologers, as was often the case in those days, wise and learned men, with whom the King loved to consult upon many a knotty point. That the daughter of one of these and the son of the other should be married was wholly natural and normal, and thus Michel de Nostradamus, son of the notary, Jacques de Nostre-Dame, came to be born in 1503, equipped with two grandfathers of strange and exceptional learning. One of them,

Jean de Saint-Rémy, undertook the education of the child Michel not only in the humanities, in Latin, Greek and Hebrew, but also in the mathematics and in that combination of astronomy and astrology then known as the "celestial sciences." "Astronomy and geometry are adornments to wisdom," says the Hebrew proverb, and the favorite grandson of those two physicians, astrologers and Kabalists, must have his chance at all the treasures of knowledge.

By that time Michel's parents had embraced Christianity, owing to a compulsory edict of the King of France, Louis XII, who had fallen heir to Provence upon the death of the tolerant King René, so that Michel was actually born into the Church. That made little difference to the grandfathers, and when the one yielded up the ghost, the other, Pierre de Nostre-Dame, took the boy's education in a hand perhaps quite as firm and no less skilled in guidance. For that boy the path was clearly indicated: that path, after completing his humanities at Avignon, led naturally to the science of healing, and no more famous faculty of medicine could in those days be found than that of the University at Montpellier. They actually dissected corpses there and their knowledge of the "humors" was profound.

It was during Michel's residence there that the frequent visitor to the Europe of those times, the black plague, made its grisly and dreaded appearance and at once converted the town into a Bedlam. Deadly as was the plague itself, fear was deadlier, for fear killed more human beings than did the disease. The very clouds in the heavens took on shapes of terror. Sinister figures in the sky menaced with swords and spears and torches the stricken and terrified population. Besides, the mere appearance of the physicians was enough to frighten a hale man into sickness.

Over his shirt, oozing the protective oils and juices in which it had been soaked, the doctor in the plague area wore a suit of leather to resist the onslaught of infection. In his mouth he kept a prophylactic head of garlic that thickened and all but burned his tongue; his nostrils were protected by sponges or bits of cotton, and his eyes by goggles. Many a woman fell unconscious at the very sight of the physician, and when she revived, the bell preceding the death-cart in the street often sent her into another swoon, and perhaps into the final one.

To Nostradamus, student of those grotesquely clad professors, their treatment of the plague, consisting largely in fumigations by means of fragrant woods and aloes, and, where patients were rich, amber and musk, appeared piteously inadequate. The disease had never been sufficiently studied. He believed in close observation and analysis of excreta. His masters, however, with their old habits, were all powerful.

But the country, the forsaken towns, villages and champagne, also suffered from plague. There one could be independent of the stubborn old doctors. Into the country, therefore, Nostradamus made his way.¹

For four years he wandered about the southland, treating plague victims and others, at Narbonne, Carcassonne, Toulouse, Bordeaux, and Avignon. And the odd fact was that wherever this undiplomaed young physician treated, the patients usually recovered. Perhaps, suggests one of his biographers, he was in reality the father of antiseptic medicine? In any case, his name began to spread in the region. Already this youth is being summoned to the bedside of the papal legate, Cardinal de Claremont, at Avignon, and the Grand Master of Rhodes in the same city calls in this wan-

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dering student rather than the established physicians of the town.

Many a doctor, notwithstanding the sponges and the leather armor, unable to cast out fear, was himself stricken by the plague; but Nostradamus, who was constantly at work among the victims, seemed to lead a charmed life. Always he maintained his abounding health and the ruddy color of his cheeks, so that his very presence was a call to recovery. It was only after this episode, as the plague receded, that Nostradamus, now a man of twenty-six, returned to Montpellier, defended his thesis in a series of grueling oral examinations and questionings before all the faculty and many curious citizens and, at last, he was invested with the four-cornered hat, the ermine-trimmed velvet robe, the ring and the golden girdle of the brotherhood of Hippocrates.

Free, once and for all, of academic fetters, the newly made doctor, who had acquired a taste for the open, now took to the road afresh, and many a victim he had earlier saved from the plague, many a father and mother of children whose lives he had preserved, turned out to call him blessed.

"Ah, the good doctor is passing through our town!"

Young girls brought him flowers and kissed in gratitude the hands that had brought them healing; parents brought him gifts and the owners of humble huts as well as of ancient palaces begged him to accept their hospitality upon his way.

For two years he traversed Languedoc and Provence, made the acquaintance of the philosopher-poet and first of all literary critics, Julius Caesar Scaliger, in whose proximity, so sweet were their discourses upon high and noble themes, he remained in Charlemagne's old town of Agen, and took to wife one Adriète de Loubéjac who bore him two fine sons. A settled man now, a learned and deeply experienced physi-

cian, he nevertheless was unable to save the human beings dearest to him. In a brief space and with great suddenness mother and sons, all three, died, and once again the celebrated Nostradamus was alone, bereft.

Again he became a wanderer. Upon his ambling mule he no doubt had all the bitter reflections of the physician who could not save himself or his own. Fate, destiny—perhaps it was then he decided that the blindness of mortals was not bearable and that he must expand his knowledge of the secret science that enabled a man to peer into the future? Or, perhaps it was the iron of suffering that had entered his soul and brought the illumination that made him a seer? Little is known of those years of his wanderings. He knew himself to be a descendant of the tribe of Issachar to whom it was given to discern and know the times. His wayfarings during this period were wide and far afield, for he visited Milan, Genoa and Venice in Italy. That he sought out and consulted with many learned men, alchemists and seers in Italy, as well as in France, is certain. In any case, his gift of prophecy seems to have made its appearance at about this time. When in Italy he saw a young Franciscan friar, Felix Peretti, a poor village lad from near Ancona, he bent the knee before the humble young monk. Why?—Why this homage? asked the other friars.

"Because," said Nostradamus, "I must bow and kneel before His Holiness." The friars took little stock in such a prophecy. Brother Peretti seemed in no wise superior to themselves. Nevertheless, that village boy later became Cardinal of Montalto and, in 1585, Pope, under the title of Sixtus the Fifth.

Lonely as a cloud, solitary, without family, Nostradamus retired for a time to a monastery, the Abbey of Orval,

and followed the severe rule of that foundation, which included the singing of matins at two in the morning. He did not remain there long, however, and soon he was fighting another visitation of the plague at Marseilles. Scarcely had he settled there when a deputation from Aix arrived to beg him to come to that city and save them from the plague now raging there for a period of two hundred days. The place was like a charnel house, with dwellings empty, gutted by the plague, and fetid lazar-houses with six patients to a bed.

But Nostradamus did not fail to conquer his old enemy. The town voted him a substantial pension for life and citizens of wealth brought him rich gifts of money. These, however, he immediately distributed to the city's widows and orphans, made so pitifully numerous by the plague. After a somewhat similar experience at Lyons he finally settled at Salon in Provence, and at the age of forty-four this ambulant, mysterious and lonely physician married once again, thus ending his long and wandering solitude.

From far and near many rich and notable persons came to Salon to consult Doctor Nostradamus. The quiet town soon owed not a little of its prosperity to the numerous visitors coming to seek out its most remarkable citizen—so remarkable, that his rivals, other physicians, stigmatized him as a sorcerer. And that the accusation was not without some color was born out by the savant's form of living in the top story of his comfortable house, where he passed his days among great tomes in many tongues and certain strange instruments, such as astrolabes, magic mirrors, alembics, the philosopher's egg, a divining wand and other objects which the Catholic Church frowned upon. Yet he was a devout Catholic, sworn foe of the new Lutheran heresy, a regular

communicant and the friend of cardinals and popes. For aside from astrological calculation, as Nostradamus explained to his only pupil and biographer, Jean Aymes de Chavigny, one must be inspired by the prophetic spirit, "which is the gift of Providence." In brief, he was endowed, as one investigator puts it, with an especial gift, a sixth sense, in his case, hereditary and innate.

Besides, his system of calculation differed radically from the methods of astrology current in his time. A recent commentator ² believes he has discovered the key to the Nostradamus method in one of the quatrains where the two words "*Grand Romain*" are set forth in italics. You draw a circle and at equidistant points upon the circle you place the letters spelling the Latin words "Floram patere." From the points of the vowels you draw lines which result in a coffin-shaped geometrical figure designated as the "Sepulcher of the Great Roman." With the aid of this formula and the "planets on the celestial sphere by the calculation of Vega," Nostradamus arrived at his results. A dozen sepulchers of the Great Roman would make the method no clearer to most of us, and there the matter must be left. But the origin of this method is a curious point.

Nostradamus declares that he burned some ancient Egyptian books after having learned their contents by heart. These books, originating in Egypt and in the ancient Persia of the Mages, had come to him by inheritance, from one or the other of his grandfathers. Now, what, ask his latest biographers, Moura and Louvet, did the Hebrews carry away from Egypt in the Exodus? Gold and silver, assuredly, but something besides far more precious.

"They could not have failed to possess themselves of all possible documents from the initiation chambers of the Egyp-

tian temples, all the geometric, cosmographic and algebraic formulae subsequently used in the Torah and in the construction of the Temple of Solomon. Then, one day, the Romans destroyed the Temple of Jerusalem. The Jews were dispersed. Before the Temple was demolished, however, the documents had disappeared. When the Holy of Holies was entered, it was empty."

Those documents have never been found. According to the biographers they were doubtless transmitted from father to son in that Tribe of Issachar, which had always lived close to the Temple and to the Kings of Jerusalem. Also, the builders of the Temple were said to have migrated to Provence. In his preface to a portion of the Centuries addressed to his son (from the second marriage), Caesar, Nostradamus declares that he did not desire to keep those "volumes which had been hidden during long centuries," and that after learning their contents he had burned them. "That flame," he wrote, "was more brilliant than ordinary flame, as though a preternatural lightning flash had abruptly illumined the house and threw it into a sudden conflagration."

Be that as it may, virtually all his biographers and commentators are at one in attributing supernormal knowledge and wisdom to Nostradamus. A hundred years before Newton he took account of the law of gravitation in his calculations, as also of Kepler's law of the ecliptic, though Kepler was not born until some years after Nostradamus' death. And though he constantly affirmed that he had done nothing marvelous, that he "had received at birth certain astral aspects which predisposed him to this work," that "all came from God," Nostradamus was nevertheless regarded as the greatest prophet of his time, and nightly he sat before the magical

brass bowl filled to the brim with water, possibly in a sort of self-hypnosis, listening to his familiar spirit; and nightly he recorded his visions in those Centuries of verses that are still an object of study and speculation.

“Après la terrienne mienne extinction,
Plus fera mon écrit qu’a vivant—”

wrote the prophet:

*“After my earthly passing,
My writ will do more than during life.”*

The first edition of the Centuries was published in March, 1555, by Macé Bonhomme, printer at Lyons. Its success was tremendous. All the court, all the world of fashion at home and abroad could hardly converse of anything else. The polite world regarded him as a prodigy. Poets sent him verses of eulogy and not alone his countrymen, but even many foreigners made long journeys to visit and consult the seer. Salon-en-Craux in Provence became a celebrated town and, though Nostradamus had never invented a mousetrap, the great coaches of the rich and noble wore a path to his door. Nor did all indiscriminately receive his advice or prognostications. To some his answers were strange and perplexingly ambiguous. And let someone give himself out as a “philosopher,” who doubted the truth of astrology, and the prophet sent him away with some phrase or quip that stung and reddened his ears on the homeward journey.

The enemies of Nostradamus, especially rival physicians, could hardly bear the great fame and celebrity that came to this constantly sought-after member of their profession. They said he was possessed of the devil. One man, Laurens Vidal, published at Avignon a work concerning “the abuses,

ignorances and seditions of Michel Nostradamus." It made little difference. In 1564 Catherine de' Medici and her young son, King Charles IX, journeyed from Paris to Provence to visit the seer. The town of Salon was having one of its visitations of plague. The aldermen were obliged to send heralds into the country summoning inhabitants who had fled to return and give the town an aspect of habitation and prepare it for the reception of their Majesties. Nothing could stay royalty in its progress toward the source of knowledge of its future. When the First Consul, or Mayor, received his King with a gallant and fervid oration, the only answer of the royal boy was,

"I have come to see Nostradamus."

In the letter dedicatory to the second edition of the Centuries addressed to King Henry II, "the most humane, most serene," the seer explains that it would be dangerous to be too explicit in his quatrains, "that the danger of the times, O Most Serene Majesty, requires that such hidden events be not manifested save by enigmatic speech; . . . did I so desire, I could fix the time for every quatrain, . . . but that it might to some be disagreeable." Like Shakespeare, who cursed those who would move his bones, Nostradamus ends his sixth Century in Latin thus:

"Let those who read these lines with ripe reflection ponder;
That the vulgar, ignorant and profane hold off their hands:
Let all astrologers, imbeciles, barbarians, stand aloof.
Cursed be he of Heaven who acts in other wise."

"Let those who read these lines with ripe reflection ponder" is all very well. But read his Centuries as we may, and ponder as we will, the words, as one writer puts it, dance in the mind and one hardly knows whether one is hearing things

in a dream or in one of those strange made-up languages with more sound than meaning. So great was his desire to conceal his meaning that even the current and common words were twisted about into anagrams, so that Paris became Rapis, France turned into Nersaf and Henric into Chiren.

His quatrains have been described by his most famous and devoted commentator, Le Pelletier, as "a sort of game of Tarot cards in verse, a cabalistic kaleidoscope. His manner brought him closer to the pagan oracles of Egypt, Greece and Italy than to the sober inspiration of the canonical prophets."

Canonical he certainly was not, yet he was profoundly religious. The Church, however, in those days was not to be trifled with, and Nostradamus always maintained a close tie with the Church. Perhaps that profound knowledge of the ideas upon which the Church was based and the human narrowness and zealotry of its officiants was a factor in making him at once bold and timid, obscure and yet, at times, startlingly clear. Some of those lucid prophecies, bearing on Charles I of England and Oliver Cromwell, on Louis XVI and the French Revolution, and on Napoleon, we have already seen. Mostly, however, they are obscure. Every now and then one meets some that are almost lucid, but not quite. For instance, the following is taken to bear upon the American Revolution and the naval help of John Paul Jones:

"The West shall be free of the British Isles,
The discovered shall pass low, then high,
Scottish pirates shall on the sea rebel,
On a rainy and hot night."

Similarly among those said to bear upon Napoleon this stanza is not so clear as some others:

"Of the name that a French King never was,
There was never a lightning so much feared,
Italy shall tremble; Spain and the English;
He shall be much taken by women strangers."

Some there are, however, which remain obscure until one suddenly discerns their meaning:

"When Innocent shall hold the place of Peter,
The Sicilian Nizaram shall see himself
In great honors, but after that shall fall
Into the dirt of Civil War."

"Nothing can be more plain or true," observes a commentator, Garencières, "than this prophecy and those that deny it may also deny light to the sun, but to make it more evident, we will examine it verse for verse. 'When Innocent shall hold the place of Peter,' that is, when one named Innocent shall be Pope, as he was (Innocent X, elected 1644, died 1655).

" 'The Sicilian Nizaram shall see himself in great honors,' that is Mazarin; for Nizaram is the anagram for Mazarin; he was born in Sicily and was then in his greatest splendor.

" 'But shall fall into the dirt of civil war,' as everyone knows he did"—referring to the Civil War of the Fronde, when there were barricades in Paris and the court had to withdraw to Saint-Germain. "And yet," adds Garencières, "when I read this forty years ago, I took it to be ridiculous."

This prophecy was made three quarters of a century before the event.

As to the future beyond our time, there are numerous prophecies contained in the Centuries of Nostradamus, could one but decipher them all. Now and then, however, some

appear with marked clarity. Quatrain 72 of Century X begins with singular explicitness:

“L’an mil neuf cent nonante neuf sept mois,
Du ciel viendra un grand roi d’effrayeur.”

That is, reckoning the astrological year as beginning in March, in October 1999, a terrible king or leader will assault and invade Paris “du ciel,” from the sky. He will come with a host speaking a strange, that is, not a Latin, tongue. They will have not only frightful weapons, but also reindeer! It has been suggested that since the menace of Asiatic invasion of Europe is always present, perhaps the northern Siberian tribes, many of whom still use reindeer, are slowly forming into a new and future menace to Europe. At one point the prophet positively declares that the invader will come from Sclavonia, that is, from Asia. Some now living among us may have opportunity of confirming this prophecy.

Again and again conflagrations and flames are prophesied for Paris. In Century VI, stanza 98:

“Instant grande flamme éparse sautera.”

“*A driving great flame will leap and scatter everywhere.*”

In Century IV, quatrain 82:

“Puis la grande flamme éteindre ne saura.”

“*Then they will be unable to extinguish the great flame.*”

The fire will come from above (du ciel), which may refer to new methods of civilized warfare, still in the womb of time, or to celestial flames reminiscent of Sodom and Gomorrah.

"La grande cité sera bien desolée,
Des habitants un seul n'y demourra."

*"The great city will be utterly waste,
Not one of its dwellers will be left."*

So Nostradamus foresees in the 84th quatrain of his Third Century, but that date is still remote. Paris still has fifteen centuries of existence. Its final catastrophe is not due until 3420!

No less than thirty-five prophecies concerning the destruction of Paris have been catalogued and all of these are unanimous in giving conflagration in the course of a war as the cause. No one, observes Piobb, a studious commentator on Nostradamus, gives so many precise details as the French prophet, in both time and space. For with his gift of clairvoyance he combined careful and meticulous calculation. Most prophets being *seers*, that is clairvoyants, inevitably evince the human tendency to exaggerate, to be sensational. It is the calculators, checking their visions with figures, who remain calm. Nostradamus was one of the ablest of the calculators.

The final catastrophe for Europe which will affect the rest of the world, is predicted for the year 7000.⁸ In that year is to come the next great deluge since the Biblical one. The Desert of Gobi will once again become a sea and the entire geography of the world will be radically changed.

It is not possible to dwell or even to touch upon all of the predictions of Nostradamus that are entirely or partly comprehensible. For instance,

"En germanie naistront diverses sectes
S'approchant fort de l'heureux paganisme . . ."

*"In Germany will spring up different sects,
Approaching nearly a careless paganism . . ."*

may refer to a variety of things including some recent efforts at a revival of pagan Germanic deities. Similarly,

*"Une nouvelle secte de Philosophes
Mesprisant mort, or, honneurs et richesses:
Des monts Germains ne seront limitrophes,
A les ensuyvre appuy et presses."*

*"A new sect of Philosophers,
Despising death, gold, honor and riches,
They will not be confined to the Mountains of Germany,
They will have support of followers and press."*

This has been construed as referring to Theosophy and Rudolf Steiner's Anthroposophical movement, but it may have reference to events still in the future.

For the Catholic Church the prophet has some gloomy news to bring:

*"Romain pouvoir sera du tout à bas;
Son grand voisin imiter les vestiges;
Occultes haines civiles et débats,
Retarderont aux bouffons leurs folies."*

*"Roman power will be completely brought low;
Italy will imitate the Revolution of France,
Secret hatreds and civil disagreements
Will somewhat delay the folly of the fools."*

And elsewhere (Century X, quatrain 65) the prophet sighs:

"Oh, great Rome, thy ruin approaches,
Not of thy walls, but of thy blood and substance,
The printed word will work terrible havoc,
The pointed steel driven home to the hilt."

It may be that Voltaire and the French Encyclopedists, who did so much to shake the Catholic Church, at least in France, would feel that this groaning prophecy on the part of Nostradamus, pronounced more than two centuries before their time, bears directly upon their activities.

He predicts that the blood of clerics will flow like water (Century VIII, quatrain 98) and that the Holy See will be banished from Rome altogether:

"Par la puissance des trois Rois temporels,
En autre lieu sera mis le saint Siège,
Où la substance de l'esprit corporel
Sera remis et receu pour vray siege."

CENT. VIII, quatrain 99.

*"By the power of three realms
The Holy See will be moved elsewhere;
Where the substance of the spirit will be changed
And received for the true seat."*

Though the last two verses are obscure, the first two leave no doubt as to the prophet's meaning.

In his letter dedicatory to Henry II, Nostradamus wrote that not only would the Church be persecuted and afflicted, but that the blood of Churchmen would flow "in the streets and temples as flows water after a furious rain. The Holy of Holies will be destroyed by Paganism and the Old as well as the New Testament will be banished and burned."

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Eventually a certain great Celtic or French leader, contemporary of the Pastor Angelicus, or the Angelic Pope, will restore the Church to Rome.

"Le grand Celtique^e entrera dedans Rome
Menant amas d'exilez et bannis:
Le grand pasteur mettra à mort tout homme
Qui pour le coq estoient aux Alpes unis."

CENT. VI, quatrain 28.

*"The great Celtic chief will enter Rome
Leading an army of the exiled and banished
The great shepherd will put to death every man,
Who for the sake of the rock (Republic) united in the
Alps."*

The great shepherd putting men to death does not sound like the Pastor Angelicus, but no one has ever attempted to disguise the obscurity of Nostradamus.

Though a prophet, Nostradamus was not without honor in his little town of Salon. Yet, it was the sixteenth century. A man who dealt with unknown powers, inevitably dealt with dark powers. Peasants, burghers and housewives feared him, notwithstanding that he brought trade and custom to the town. The wrinkled visage, the deep-set eyes, the forked beard, all these inspired dread in the simple folk of rural Provence. Solitude overhung him like a pall. Had it not been for the patronage of royalty, life for the melancholy seer would have been well-nigh impossible. Even as it was, it was exceedingly difficult.

Yet when the Duke and Duchess of Savoy came southward and the town must give them a high reception, it was Nostradamus, the famous man of the place, who was called

upon by the city fathers to write and address the Latin poem to the princely pair; and for a brief moment there was respite from suspicion. But once the coaches of the party vanished in the dust and the hoofbeats of the horsemen died away, he must return to the gloom and the dark looks of his saturnine fellow townsmen, to whom he was after all but a sorcerer, at least as much feared as he was respected.

A man who could not only prophesy, but who was undeniably a magician! The rite by which he was able to foretell the future of her sons to Catherine de' Medici is set forth in some detail by at least one author and it consisted not only in prayers to the Lord, but also in evoking the angel Anael, who duly appeared and bodied forth the visions of the future in the magic mirror.

Yet, at about this time, when the Lutheran heresy had raised its head and the Catholic peasants made that a reason for assaulting suspects, robbing houses and pillaging estates, the devotion of Nostradamus to the true Church, the patronage of royalty, his ceaseless attendance at Mass, his well-known piety—not all of these could protect him against insults and even physical threats from the dull-witted peasants. He was not like them, therefore he was suspect. The streets were full of tumult, windows crashed under showers of stones, and the house of the prophet itself did not escape. It is probable that Nostradamus with his family sought protective imprisonment to save himself and them from the mob.

The gout in his limbs was making ever greater inroads upon him and troubled him more and more sorely. Enemies were increasingly attacking him and one, Charles Langlois, in 1560, published a work entitled "The Contradictions of Nostradamus," charging the prophet with the falsity of his

predictions. That particular critic, to be sure, could hardly have chosen a less propitious time for an attack. For one after another of the prophecies was coming true so astonishingly, that the chancelleries of Europe were buzzing with them. Henry II died as predicted, Francis II was seized with a syncope and ambassadors from the Italian states were whispering about quatrain 39 of Century X.

Francis died; another royal child died; the Spanish ambassador wrote to his King that, so far from being patronized by royalty, the man Nostradamus ought to be punished—as though he had actually caused the deaths! In effect, the reputation of Nostradamus was now at its height, and it was at about this time that the boy King Charles IX paid his visit to the seer and left him as a parting gift the title of Physician and Counselor in Ordinary to His Majesty.

Once again his town is proud of him. But it is growing late. The gout and the water of dropsy are gaining upon the weary old man. More and more he is confined to his house, receiving only his disciple Chavigny, and two or three other friends. He is looking over his Centuries, he is scanning his will; his tomb in the church of the Franciscans is long since prepared, in the thick wall between the main door and the chapel of St. Martha. He would be entombed upright in the masonry, so that none should walk over his bones.

On the evening of July 1, 1556, his friend and pupil, Chavigny, bidding the sick man good night, pronounced the usual formula, "*à demain, maître*"—until tomorrow, master. But Nostradamus, shaking his head sadly, murmured, "Tomorrow at sunrise I shall no longer be here."

In a quatrain bearing upon his own death he had written:

"De retour d'ambassade, don du Roy, mis au lieu,
Plus n'en fera, sera allé a Dieu,
Proches parents, amis, frères du sang
Trouve tout mort, pres du lit et du banc."

*"Upon returning from a mission, gift of the King, back to
place,
Nothing more will occur, I shall have gone to God;
Near ones, friends, brothers of my blood
Will find me dead, near to the bed and the bench."*

He was so found, upon his bench, in the early morning.

For long, his fellow townsmen, who mourned him with tears, believed that he was not dead, but had simply withdrawn from life, to carry on his studies. The curious dared not go too near the portion of the wall in the church which contains his tomb. "Quietem posterī ne invidete" was the inscription he caused to be cut—"Invade not the peace of the dead." His wife, however, added the following epitaph:

"Here repose the bones of the very illustrious Michel Nostradamus, alone, in the judgment of all mortals, worthy of recording with a pen almost divine, in accord with stellar influences, the coming events of the entire world.

"He lived sixty-two years, six months and seventeen days. He died at Salon, in the year 1566. Let posterity not disturb his rest.

"Anne Ponsart Gemelle, his wife of Salon, wishes her husband true felicity."

Nostradamus has at various times been called, and will not improbably one day again be called, the greatest prophet of modern times.

CHAPTER XI

MOTHER SHIPTON, SECOND-SIGHT, AND SCOTCH SEERS

Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe.
Around the earth thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye;
The world upside down shall be,
And gold be found at the root of a tree.
Through hills man shall ride,
And no horse be at his side.
Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air men shall be seen
In white, in black, in green;
Iron in the water shall float,
As easily as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found and shown
In a land that's not now known.
Fire and water shall wonders do,
England shall at last admit a foe.
The world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

THIS aged doggerel is a fair summary of a number of prophecies attributed to Mother Shipton, whose name has become legendary in the English-speaking world.

No mean assortment is here: The automobile, telegraph and radio; railways, tunnels, submarines, aircraft, steam-



MOTHER SHIPTON

Whose Name Has Become Legendary in the English-Speaking World. She is Assumed to be the Progenitress of Punch

ships; and, rather disappointingly, the invasion of Britain and the "end of the world" in 1881!

The prophecy would be even more remarkable were there not some question as to whether Mother Shipton had ever existed. One William Henry Harrison, who claims to have examined critically all the material in the British Museum concerning Mother Shipton, quotes the jingle above¹ as a prophecy long in circulation, under the heading, "Ancient Prediction (Entitled by popular tradition 'Mother Shipton's Prophecy'), published in 1448, republished in 1641."

Now, even if the above series of prophecies had not been published before 1641, they are sufficiently notable. Truth to say, the date 1448 offers a major difficulty; for according to the best authorities, Mother Shipton was not born until 1488. Quoting from a book entitled "Mother Shipton and Nixon's Prophecies, compiled from the original and scarce editions by S. Baker, published in 1797," Mother Shipton, declares Harrison, "is stated by Baker to have been born in July 1488, in the reign of Henry VII, near Knaresborough, Yorkshire. She was baptized by the Abbot of Beverly, by the name of Ursula Sonthiel. 'Her stature,' adds her biographer, 'was larger than common, her body crooked, her face frightful; but her understanding extraordinary.'"²

One of the most famous of the prophecies attributed to her is that relating to the arrest of Cardinal Wolsey, and this having occurred in 1530, the birth-date of 1488 would square more nearly with probability.

We have Baker's word for it, according to Harrison, that she was a very pious person, married at about the age of twenty-four to a carpenter named Toby Shipton and

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settled in the village of Skipton, some four miles north of York.

"When Cardinal Wolsey intended to remove his residence to York," continues Harrison, "she announced that he would never reach the city. The Cardinal sent three lords of his retinue in disguise, to inquire whether she had made such a prediction, and to threaten her if she persisted in it. She was then living in a village called Dring Houses, a mile to the west of the city. The retainers, led by a guide named Beasley, knocked at the door.

" 'Come in, Mr. Beasley, and three noble lords with you,' said Mother Shipton.

"She then treated them civilly, by setting oatcakes and ale before them.

" 'You gave out,' said they, 'the Cardinal should never see York.'

" 'No,' she replied, 'I said he might see it, but never come to it.'

"They responded: 'When he does come he'll surely burn thee.'

" 'If this burn,' said the Reverent Mother, 'so shall I.'

"She then cast her linen handkerchief into the fire, allowed it to remain in the flames a quarter of an hour, and took it out unsinged.

"One of her awe-stricken visitors then asked what she thought of him.

"She answered, 'The time will come, lord, when you shall be as low as I am, and that is low indeed.'

"This was judged to be verified when Thomas Lord Cromwell was beheaded.

"Cardinal Wolsey, on his arrival at Cawood, ascended the castle tower, and while viewing York, eight miles off,



WILLIAM LILLY

Who Predicted the London Plague and Fire Long Before Their Occurrence
(from the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

vowed he would burn the witch when he reached there. But ere he descended the stairs, a message from the King demanded his presence forthwith, and while on his journey to London he was taken ill and died at Leicester."

Many other prophecies are likewise attributed to her, and even if half of them are true, her understanding surely was, as her biographer describes it, "extraordinary,"—especially if she really existed. As to that, present-day scholarship more and more inclines to the view that there is perhaps no legendary figure but had its prototype in fact. In Mother Shipton's case, at all events, the legend was so powerful that for more than two hundred years it figured prominently in pamphlets and almanacs, and it persists even to this day. Baker declares that she foretold the hour of her own death and departed this life "with much serenity, A.D. 1561, when upwards of seventy years of age." Between the villages of Clifton and Skipton a monument was said to have been erected to her bearing this epitaph:—

"Here ly's she who never ly'd,
Whose skill often has been try'd,
Her prophecies shall still survive,
And ever keep her name alive."

William Lilly, the astrologer, published in 1645 in London "A Collection of Ancient and Moderne Prophecies," in which he included "Shipton's Prophecy, after the most exact Copy." Among a considerable number of Shipton predictions he presents a more extensive and detailed version of the Cardinal Wolsey episode.

With Master Beasley came not Thomas Cromwell, but the Duke of Suffolk, Lord Darcy and Lord Percy—no less! She goes through the ceremony of welcoming them, of set-

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ting out cakes and ale, and of throwing her head kerchief in the fire to illustrate how incombustible are she and it, as in the simpler version. But the rest runs in a loftier vein:

"Mother Shipton (quoth the Duke) what think you of me? My love, said she, the time will come when you will be as low as I am, and that's a low one indeed. My Lord Percy said, what say you of me? My Lord (said she) shooe your Horse in the quicke, and you shall doe well, but your body will bee buried in Yorke pavement, and your head shall be stolen from the barre and carried into France. Then said Lord Darcy, and what thinke you of me? Shee said, you have made a great Gun, shoot it off, for it will doe you no good, you are going to warre, you will paine many a man, but you will kill none, so they went away."

Every land, it would appear, has its own peculiar style for prophecies. The British, English as well as Scottish, affects an oracular strain that is half riddle, half epigram. "Shooe your horse in the quicke, and you shall doe well." Or, "When Hempe is spun, England's done." Rede this riddle, current in Tudor times, and it tells you that with the passing of the sovereigns Henry, Edward, Mary and Philip, and Elizabeth, England will be no more England, or not the same England. True, in a sense; for with the coming of Elizabeth's successor, James I, England and Scotland were united in Britain. Indeed another version of the distich runs,

"When Hempe is come and gone
Scotland and England shall be one."

Mother Shipton's predictions were popularly regarded as having been fulfilled. Lilly in his "Collection," in 1645, declares, "Mother Shipton's (prophecy) was never yet questioned either for the verity or antiquity: the North of Eng-

land hath many more of hers." The pamphlet of 1641 contains a goodly number, for, naturally, Mr. Beasley did not stop with Cardinal Wolsey or the weird of the three noble lords.

"Master Beasley seeing these things fall out as shee had foretold, desired her to tell him some more of her prophecies.

"Master, said she, before the Owes Bridge and Trinitie Church meet, they shall build on the day, and it shall fall in the night, until they get the highest stone of Trinitie Church, to be the lowest stone of Owes Bridge, then the day shall come when the North shall rue it wondrous sore, but the South shall rue it forevermore. When Hares kinle on cold harth stones, and Lads shall marry Ladyes, and bring them home, then shall you have a yeare of pyning hungar, and then a dearth without Corne. A woful day shall be seen in England, a King and Queene, the first coming of the King of Scots shall be at Holgate Towne, but he shall not come through the barre, and when the King of the North shall be at London Bridge, and a Windmill shall be set on a Tower, and an Elm-tree shall lye at every mans doore at that time women shall weare great hats and great bands, and when there is a Lord Major at Yorke let him beware of a stab. When two Knights shall fall out in the castle yard, they shall never bee kindly all their lives after; When Calton Hagge hath borne seven yeares Crops of Corne, seven yeares after you heare newes, there shall two Judges goe in and out at Mungate barre.

"Then Warres shall begin in the spring,
 Much woe to England it shall bring,
 Then shall the Ladyes cry well-away,
 That ever we liv'd to see this day."

As a specimen of the content, rather than as important prophecy, the quotation illustrates the style England loved in its vaticination. There is considerably more of the same. Lilly surveyed twenty of those prophecies and found sixteen of them fulfilled by 1645. For instance, the Duke of Suffolk had been duly beheaded; Lord Percy, likewise, and his "head was stolen and carried into France." A tempest and a flood carried out the prophecy concerning Trinity Church and the Ouse bridge, and so on. Among the four he lists as not fulfilled is this:

"And after that a Ship come sayling up the Thames till it come against London, and the Master of the Ship shall weepe, and the Marriners shall aske him why he weepeth, being he hath made so good a voyage, and he shall say: Ah, what a goodly Citie this was, none in the world comparable to it, and now there is scarce left any house that can let us have drinke for our money." S. Baker, however, in his biography of Mother Shipton, points out that this prophecy "describes the results of the Great Fire of London in 1666, which left not one house between the Tower and the Temple. This fire, at all events, occurred long after Mother Shipton's death and the publication of her alleged prophecy." ⁸

As to the jingle concerning "carriages without horses," and the like, it is possible those traditional prophecies go back to "Friar Bacon," who, it will be remembered, died in 1292, about two centuries before Mother Shipton was born. So far was Roger Bacon in advance of his age, that his fellow monks believed a jail a safer place for him than even the narrow liberties of a monastery. Not only did he discover gunpowder in his alchemical laboratory, but he believed that "engines of navigation may be made without seamen, so that the greatest river and sea ships, with only one man to steer them, may

sail swifter than if they were fully manned. Moreover, chariots may be made so as to be moved with incalculable force without any beast drawing them. . . . And such things might be made to infinity, as, for instance, bridges to traverse rivers without pillars or any buttress.”⁴

To cite every instance of prophecy in England, however, is scarcely more possible than to give every case of second-sight in Scotland. Suffice it that natives of different localities, such as the Westphalian peasants or the Scottish Highlanders, possess this often uncomfortable gift. They see spectral armies marching and drilling, cavalcades of horsemen, long since dead, riding through the hills, and phantom herds or flocks of sheep. In many cases the gift appears to be peculiar to certain localities. So that the natives of the Isle of Skye, for instance, though possessed of it to a high degree, often lose it when they leave the island. In some cases the faculty seems to be hereditary.

In a fascinating work, “The Night Side of Nature,”⁵ Mrs. Catherine Crowe tells how at Havarah Park a body of soldiers in white uniforms, numbering several hundreds, were seen by numerous quite reliable people to go through a variety of evolutions before they vanished. A similar spectral army was seen by some farmers near Inverness, with astonishing realism. C. W. Leadbeater, in his “Clairvoyance,” cites many similar instances.

Andrew Lang recalls the case of Jonka Dyneis, who was executed for witchcraft in Scotland in 1616. All the crime Jonka was guilty of was this: Her husband being at sea in a fishing boat, and in peril six miles from their home, “she was found and seen standing at her own house wall, in a trance,

that same hour he was in danger, and being trapped, she could not give answer, but stood as one bereft of senses; and when she was asked why she was so moved, she answered, 'If our boat be not lost, she is in great hazard.' "

That was condemned as "phairie control." "

A nineteenth-century instance is that of John Williams, a Cornish mine-manager, who foresaw "in the minutest detail, the assassination of Mr. Spencer Perceval, the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the lobby of the House of Commons."

"Mr. Williams," we are told,⁷ "was so much impressed that he consulted his friends as to whether he ought not to go up to London to warn Mr. Perceval. Unfortunately they dissuaded him, and the assassination took place."

Cases of telepathy and clairvoyance being a common experience of the Celtic peoples, it is scarcely necessary to multiply them here, especially at this late date, since so eminent a biologist and research scientist as Dr. Alexis Carrel has convinced himself experimentally that every man is endowed with a certain amount of telepathic power, and some with extraordinary gifts of clairvoyance. Of more interest, perhaps, are the out-and-out Scottish seers and some instances of elaborate prophecies attributed to them. Of these one of the most famous is Thomas the Rhymer, and his prophecy relating to the Earls of Mar, or March.

It may as well be stated first as last that Thomas the Rhymer was a convenient peg to whom floating prophecies could be attached, much as Merlin had been at an earlier date; and David Laing in the Bannantyne Club's "Collection of Ancient Scottish Prophecies," says of the Rhymer: "No doubt can be entertained that the obscure and almost unintelligible rhymes which then passed current under his name,

and under the names of Merlin, Bede, Berlington and various other soothsayers, must have been fabricated at a period comparatively recent."

Who, in any case, was Thomas the Rhymer? That he existed some time in the thirteenth century, between 1220 and 1297, is fairly established by scholars, and he was either a vassal or in some other capacity close to the Earl of March. While visiting the castle of Dunbar one day, the Earl of March "interrogated him in the jocular manner which he was wont to assume with the Rymour, what another day was to bring forth."^a

Thomas fetched a heavy sigh becoming to a prophecy of doom and delivered himself to this effect:

"Alas for tomorrow, a day of calamity and misery! Before the twelfth hour shall be heard a blast so vehement that it shall exceed all those that have yet been heard in Scotland: a blast which shall strike the nations with amazement, shall confound those who hear it, shall humble what is lofty, and what is unbending shall level to the ground."

The earl, scanning the weather the following morning, saw no sign of a storm and laughed at old Thomas for a driveler. At the hour of noon, however, just as March sat down to dinner, a messenger galloped in announcing the death of King Alexander III, who had been thrown over a precipice at Kinghorn.

In his "History of the Church of Scotland," Archbishop Spottiswood (1565-1639) says of the Rhymer that his prophecies yet extant "may be justly admired, having foretold, to many ages before, the union of England and Scotland, in the ninth degree of the Bruce's blood, with the succession of Bruce himself to the crown, being yet a child,

and other divers particulars which the event hath ratified and made good."

As late as the nineteenth century few farm houses in Scotland were without a copy of the chap-book "The Whole Prophecies of Scotland," which contained the prophecies of the Rhymer, Bede and Merlin.

But whether the author of what is known as the Mar prophecy was Thomas the Rhymer, the Abbot of Cambuskenneth, or another, "the prophecy itself is sure, and the time of its delivery prior to the elevation of the Earl, in 1571, to be Regent of Scotland. The original is said to have been delivered in Gaelic verse, but it is doubtful if it was ever written down; and the Mar family themselves have always been averse to giving any details concerning it"—thus John Timbs, author of that curious work "Things Not Generally Known." He cites as his authority Sir Bernard Burke, author of "Family Romance." The prophecy ran in this wise:

"Proud Chief of Mar: Thou shalt be raised still higher, until thou sittest in the place of King. Thou shalt rule and destroy, and thy work shall be after thy name; but thy work shall be the emblem of thy house, and shall teach mankind, that he who cruelly and haughtily raiseth himself upon the ruins of the holy cannot prosper. Thy work shall be cursed and shall never be finished. But thou shalt have riches and greatness, and shalt be true to thy sovereign and shalt raise his banner in the field of blood. Then, when thou seemest to be highest—when thy power is mightiest, then shall come thy fall; low shall be thy head among the nobles of thy people. Deep shall be thy moan among the children of dool [sorrow]. Thy lands shall be given to the stranger; and thy titles shall lie among the dead. The branch that springs from thee shall see his dwelling burnt, in which a King is nursed,—

his wife a sacrifice in that same flame; his children numerous, but of little honor; and three born and grown who shall never see the light: Yet shall thine ancient tower stand; for the brave and the true cannot wholly be forsaken. Thou proud head and daggered hand must dree thy weird, until horses shall be stabled in thy hall, and a weaver shall throw his shuttle in thy chamber of state. Thine ancient tower, a woman's dower, shall be a ruin and a beacon, until an ash sapling shall spring from its topmost stone. Then shall thy sorrows be ended, and the sunshine of royalty shall beam on thee once more. Thine honors shall be restored; the kiss of peace shall be given to thy Countess, though she seek it not, and the days of peace shall return to thee and thine. The line of Mars shall be broken; but not until its honors are doubled and its doom ended."

Here is no prognostication for a day or a year, but a detailed prophecy that took three hundred years to work itself out. That it did finally work out is the assurance of Sir J. Bernard Burke, based upon testimony of an intimate friend of the family concerned.

The Earl of Mar in 1571 was made Regent of Scotland, and guardian of James I, whose cradle belongs to the family. He built himself a palace at Stirling, never finished, which became known as "Marr's Work." In the rebellion of 1715, the then Earl, who fought for James Stuart, was defeated; his title was forfeited and his lands confiscated and sold. The fire and the burning occurred in the life of the rebellious Earl's grandson, James Francis; Lady Francis, the wife of this grandson, was burned at Alloa Tower, and she left three children, who had been born blind. During the French Revolutionary war scare fifty horses were stabled in the hall of Alloa Tower—all, in short, came about, even to the weaver

who was found established in the ruins, and the ash sapling in the topmost stone.

Later, when George the Fourth visited Scotland in 1822, his grace to those who had suffered from embracing the Stuart cause included a restoration of the old earldom to the Erskine of Mar, grandson of the rebel Earl. And the grandson of the restored Earl was known as the Earl of Mar and Kelly, his honors doubled. His wife was never presented at Court, but by chance she met Queen Victoria at Stirling Castle. The Queen, attracted by the Countess, detained her and kissed her, unconsciously fulfilling the Rhymer's prophecy. Thus, points the chronicle, the "many who knew the family in its days of deepest depression, have lived to see 'the weird dreed out, and the doom of Mar ended.' " "9

One romantic feature about those long-range prophecies of the Scottish seers is, they took so many centuries to work out, generations could watch the signs and tick them off, virtually to our own times. The most striking, perhaps, of those highland predictions is the series known as "Prophecies of the Brahan Seer." A prophecy made in Charles II's time, in the seventeenth century, touching the Earl of Seaforth, kept bubbling and simmering through the centuries, so that, as Lockhart tells us, Sir Walter Scott was able to watch its completion, the final dreeding of the weird, and even to write a melancholy poem on the Seaforths. The story runs in this wise: ¹⁰

After the restoration of King Charles II to the throne of Britain, the Earl of Seaforth went to Paris on business, leaving his Countess at home in Brahan Castle. Unfortunately for the Earl, he forgot to write to his lady. For months the Countess had been without news of her lord, and, becoming increasingly uneasy, she sent to Strathpeffer for the

local prophet, Coinneach, or Kenneth, Odhar. This Brahan seer was famous throughout the Highlands for his gifts of divination and prophecy. When he asked Lady Seaforth where her lord might be, she could only tell him, like a war-time postcard, that he was "somewhere in France." Coinneach's reply was that he thought he could find him if he was still alive. So saying, he "applied the divination stone to his eye," and then he laughed aloud.

"Fear not for your lord," he assured the Countess; "he is safe and sound, well and hearty, merry and happy." That much intelligence was just enough to be too little. She demanded more.

"Be satisfied," he said, "ask no questions, let it suffice you to know that your lord is well and merry." For a prophet, his knowledge of women was not all it might have been, a lack that cost him dear.

"But where is he? With whom is he? And is he making any preparations for coming home?" Perhaps it was the humorist in the Scotch seer that moved him to inform the Countess her lord was in a magnificent room, in fine company, and too pleasantly employed to be leaving Paris yet awhile. Whatever Coinneach was, he was clearly no diplomat. The lady, in point of fact, thought she detected both malice and slyness in the prophet's tone. What was he concealing? Her husband well and happy, and away from her? She tried bribes, she tried cajolery, to get more out of the seer; finally she threatened dire punishment unless he told her all he had seen.

"As you will know that which will make you unhappy," finally said Kenneth, "I must tell you the truth. My lord seems to have little thought of you, or of his children, or of his highland home. I saw him in a gay-gilded room, grandly

decked out in velvets, with silks and cloth of gold, and on his knees before a fair lady, his arm round her waist, and her hand pressed to his lips."

If he did not know he was handling high explosives, he was no seer. The lady had doubtless angered him by her insistence. And now it was her turn to fly into a fury. The retainers were all about her in the hall. All the north of Scotland would ring with the scandal of the prophecy. With rage she turned upon the prophet:

"You have spoken evil of dignities, you have vilified the mighty of the land. You have defamed a mighty chief in the minds of his vassals. You have abused my hospitality and outraged my feelings. You have sullied the good name of my lord in the halls of his ancestors, and you shall suffer the most signal vengeance I can inflict—you shall suffer the death."

Coinneach, on the authority of Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, "was filled with astonishment and dismay at this fatal result of his art." He could not at first, we are told, believe the Countess to be serious. He hoped she was simply making a show of indignation before her ladies and clansmen, but that later she would quietly send him away unharmed. No such relenting was manifested. The seer was led out to execution. We are assured that such violence on the part of a chief's wife to vassals was in those days not impossible. In any case, when the seer saw that his doom was sealed, he applied once again the white stone to his eyne and uttered this swan-song of final prophecy:

"I see into the far future, and I read the doom of the race of my oppressor. The long-descended line of Seaforth will, ere many generations have passed, end in extinction and in sorrow. I see a chief, the last of his house, both deaf and

dumb. He will be the father of four fair sons, all of whom he will follow to the tomb. He will live careworn and die mourning, knowing that the honors of his line are to be extinguished forever, and that no future chief of the Mackenzies shall bear rule at Brahan or in Kintail. After lamenting over the last and most promising of his sons, he himself shall sink into the grave, and the remnant of his possessions shall be inherited by a white-coifed (or white-hooded) lassie from the East, and she is to kill her sister. And as a sign by which it may be known that these things are coming to pass, there shall be four great lairds in the days of the last deaf and dumb Seaforth—Gairloch, Chisholm, Grant and Raasay—of whom one shall be buck-toothed, another hare-lipped, another half-witted, and the fourth a stammerer. Chiefs distinguished by these personal marks shall be the allies and neighbors of the last Seaforth: and when he looks around him and sees them, he may know that his sons are doomed to death, that his broad lands shall pass away to the stranger, and that his race shall come to an end.”

Thereupon the sayer of this tragic sooth cast away his white stone into a small loch, or pool, and declared that whoever should find that stone would be equally far-seeing. He then composed himself for death and was forthwith executed.

Concerning Coinneach's death there are varying versions and particulars. One of them is that the execution was not immediate, but postponed for a few days, during which Lady Seaforth held a grand dance in the great hall, after which she sent the prophet to the Ness of Chanonry, where he was thrown head foremost into a barrel of burning tar, as the shortest way of dealing with witchcraft, under clerical supervision. On the very day he was sent away, so runs this story, my Lord of Seaforth returned from Paris.

Knowing too well, apparently, the temper of his lady, he believed readily enough what he heard of the seer's doom, and, without waiting for either food or refreshment, saddled his horse himself and rode Lochinvar-fashion, with desperate speed, in the direction of Chanonry Point, hoping against hope to be in time to save the hapless prophet. The horse collapsed under him, and with despair in his heart he made his way on foot to Chanonry, only to see thick smoke rising from the promontory. He came, alas, too late. The Brahan Seer was beyond the help of his lord, or any other human agency.

On the road from Fortrose to Fort-George Ferry, we are told, a large stone slab is still pointed out as marking the spot of the execution.

How that particular Earl of Seaforth managed with his jealously irate Countess is not recorded. He died in 1678. It was upon the last of the Seaforths that the doom was to work out and he, Francis Humberston Mackenzie, was born some generations later, in 1754, to a sad, a tragic life. He was himself apparently gifted with second-sight, as attested by a certain supernormal experience narrated by Colonel John Constantine Stanley, a member of the family.¹¹

A scarlet-fever epidemic broke out in a school where young Mackenzie, Lord Seaforth, then about twelve, was a boarder. Together with some fifteen or twenty other boys he caught the infection, and all were placed in a large room used as an infirmary ward. Some of those boys became dangerously ill. The attendant nurse had left the room for a few minutes, when she was alarmed by a cry from the dormitory. She found little Lord Seaforth in a state of great excitement, and this is what he finally told her:

Soon after she had gone out, the door opposite his bed

opened and a hideous old woman entered the room. "She had," in the words of Colonel Stanley, "a wallet full of something hanging from her neck in front of her. She paused on entering, then turned to the bed close to the door, and stared steadily at one of the boys lying in it. She then passed to the foot of the next boy's bed, and, after a moment, stealthily moved up to the head, and taking from her wallet a mallet and peg, drove the peg into his forehead. Young Seaforth said he heard the crash of the bones, though the boy never stirred. She then proceeded round the room, looking at some boys longer than at others. When she came to him, his suspense was awful. He felt he could not resist or even cry out, and he never could forget, in years after, that moment's agony, when he saw her hand reaching down for a nail, and feeling his ears. At last, after a look, she slunk off, and slowly completing the circuit of the room, disappeared noiselessly through the same door by which she had entered. Then, he felt, the spell seemed to be taken off, and uttered the cry which had alarmed the nurse."

The nurse, of course, laughed at the story, but later, when the doctor came and she told him of it, the physician made the boy repeat it to him and he wrote it down.

Within the next few days some of the boys grew worse and a few died. Others recovered easily. Still others, though they recovered, carried ugly sequelae of the disease for the rest of their lives. On comparing his record of young Seaforth's dream the doctor found that those who died were those into whose foreheads young Seaforth had seen the old woman drive a peg; those who recovered entirely were those the old woman had passed by. But those she had appeared to look at intently, or to touch, all carried some ill memento of the disease into their subsequent life. Lord Seaforth be-

came from then all but stone deaf. And later, perhaps from grief for his sons, he ceased to speak, becoming virtually dumb as well.

Yet he was very far from being a weakling. During the French Revolutionary wars he raised a regiment and in 1797 was created a British peer, Baron Seaforth of Kintail; and he served for years as a colonial governor in the Barbados and elsewhere. He was the father of six daughters and four sons—the four sons of the prophecy.

Four lairds among his contemporaries showed the unmistakable stigmata or signs predicted by Coinneach. Sir Hector Mackenzie of Gairloch was buck-toothed; Chisholm of Chisholm, hare-lipped; Grant, Baronet of Grant, half-witted, and Macleod of Raasay, the stammerer.¹²

Whether Lord Seaforth believed in the prophecy or not, one of his sons died in childhood and the remaining three, one after another, were taken from him. The last was, owing to a lingering disease, sent to the south of England, a daily bulletin reaching Lord Seaforth at Brahan Castle. Once, the bulletin being more favorable, a friend in the castle spoke of it to the family piper.

"The aged retainer," says Mr. Mackenzie, "shook his head and sighed—'na, na,' said he. 'He'll never recover. It's decreed that Seaforth must outlive all four sons.' This he said in allusion to the seer's prophecy; thus his words were understood by the family; and thus members of the family have again and again repeated the strange tale. A few more posts brought to Seaforth the tidings of the death of the last of his four sons." Lord Seaforth himself died on January 11, 1815.

What of the rest of the prophecy? There was still to be the inheritance by a white-coifed, or white-hooded, lassie from the East—who should cause the death of her sister.

Well—Lord Seaforth's eldest daughter, the Honorable

Mary Frederica Elizabeth Mackenzie, had married, eleven years before her father's death, Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, stationed in the West Indies, when Seaforth was governor there. Later Sir Samuel was moved to the East Indies and, naturally, his lady accompanied him. He died there in the East, at almost the same time as Lord Seaforth, and Lady Hood, still quite young, returned to her ancestral home. Some time later she married a man named Stewart who, in default of direct male heirs in his wife's family, took the name of Mackenzie. Part of Mrs. Mackenzie's land was sold to one Sir James Matheson. The inheritance was passing into strangers' hands.

One day Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie was driving her younger sister, the Honorable Caroline Mackenzie, in a pony carriage in the region of Brahan Castle. The ponies were frightened out of control and as they ran away they upset the chaise and both ladies, thrown out, were bruised and injured. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie recovered, but her sister Caroline's injuries proved fatal. She died of the accident.

And so, step by step, all the particulars of the doom, or prophecy, worked themselves out and came to pass. A whole countryside of interested and sympathetic neighbors had opportunity to watch and follow the development of this curious specimen of Highland Scottish second-sight. All of these things, says J. G. Lockhart, Scott's biographer and son-in-law, "are said to have actually occurred within the memory of the generation not yet passed away."

The author of the "Prophecies of the Brahan Seer" quotes a letter he received from Duncan Davidson of Tulloch, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Ross, in 1878:

"Many of these prophecies I heard of upwards of seventy years ago, and when many of them were not fulfilled, such as the late Lord Seaforth surviving his sons, and Mrs. Stewart

Mackenzie's accident near Brahan, by which Miss Caroline Mackenzie was killed."

In other words, this is by no means a prophecy after the event. Both Sir Walter Scott and Sir Humphry Davy who knew the family, were convinced of the truth of the prophecy. Scott was a warm friend of Lady Hood, or Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie, and on one occasion wrote to another friend, J. B. S. Morritt of Rokeby, "I do fear the accomplishment of the prophecy that, when there should be a deaf 'Cabar-feidh' [chieftain], the house was to fall." The house did fall, as we have seen, and Scott lived to write this poem for Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie:

"In vain the bright course of thy talents to wrong
Fate deaden'd thine ear and imprison'd thy tongue,
For brighter o'er all her obstructions arose
The glow of the genius they could not oppose;
And who, in the land of the Saxon or Gael,
Might match with Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail?

Thy sons rose around thee in light and in love,
All a father could hope, all a friend could approve;
What 'vails it the tale of thy sorrows to tell?
In the spring-time of youth and of promise they fell!
Of the line of Fitzgerald remains not a male,
To bear the proud name of the Chief of Kintail.

And thou, gentle Dame, who must bear, to thy grief,
For thy clan and thy country the cares of a Chief,
Whom, brief rolling moons in six changes have left,
Of thy husband and father and brethren bereft;
To thine ear of affection, how sad is the hail
That salutes thee the heir of the line of Kintail!"

CHAPTER XII

SOME NOTED GERMAN PROPHECIES

THE most famous, perhaps, of all German prophecies, the **L** Lehnin Sooth, said to have made the Kaiser tremble, is directed against the house of Hohenzollern. It is composed in a hundred Latin verses, and verse 94, blunt and stark like the rest, solemnly announces:

“Tandem sceptrā gerit, qui stemmatis ultimus erit”:

“The scepter at last shall grace him who is last of his race.”

The interpretation applying this to the last of the Kaisers, Wilhelm II, of Hohenzollern, is all but irresistible, and lends a special interest to the entire prophecy. Yet it is said to have been uttered and written down by a certain Hermann, Abbot of the Cistercian monastery at Lehnin, in the Mark of Brandenburg, home of the Hohenzollern family, nearly six centuries ago, some time between 1270 and 1300!

Prophecies, of course, had at times their political uses. Oliver Cromwell, as we have seen, was wont to read to his troops Lilly's prophecies, which previously, it is surmised, he had ordered Lilly to print. When Queen Christina of Sweden desired to become queen of Poland in 1669, she wrote to her agent: “You might also write to Brother N. N. that he adroitly publish the prophecy (to that effect).”¹ Before the coming of Prince William of Orange to the throne of England and the overthrow of King James II, a Quaker in March, 1688, published in London a letter declaring that the Spirit

had visited a member of the Society of Friends and revealed that the next October a great change would come to the kingdom, and the following month William would come across the sea. The prophecy was right in every detail, to within a fortnight in its timing.

The Lehnin prophecy, similarly, it is held by some, was composed not by Hermann in the thirteenth century, but by one Nicolaus von Zitzwitz, Abbot of Huysburg, in 1692, as a blast against the Hohenzollerns and propaganda in favor of Catholicism. Even assuming that to be the case, however, there is still an astonishing amount of truthful prophecy in the Lehnin verses, extending over a period of two hundred years, to our own times. The prophecy begins like this:

- 1) "Nunc tibi cum cura, Lehnin! cano fata futura,"
 "Now, Lehnin, I will carefully sing thy future fate,"
- 2) "Quae mihi monstravit Dominus, qui cuncta creavit;"
 "Which the Lord hath shown me who hath all things made; . . ."
- 6) "Tempus erit tandem, quod te non cernent eandem,"
 "The time will come at last when you will not be as now."

And thus it goes on, with so notable a fidelity to the facts of history in the ruling house of Brandenburg and the lives of its Margraves, that it is no wonder students like J. C. L. Gieseler have attributed it to the Abbot of Huysburg, or other writers—after the events.

To the Catholic monastery, to the Abbot Hermann, or to any other Catholic, the coming of Protestantism was,

naturally, the severest blow. So verses 47 to 49 are crucial in the prophecy:

"A woman will bring a pestilence sad,
A woman poisoned by the new serpent's venom.
To the eleventh generation the venom will endure."

The woman in the case was Elizabeth, wife of the Elector Joachim I, of Hohenzollern. Counting it strictly, with the omission of childless rulers, or succession by brothers, there have indeed been exactly eleven generations up to, and including, the last Kaiser, Wilhelm II. According to this prophecy, therefore, Protestantism officially came to an end in Germany with the passing of the reign of the Hohenzollerns!

The vaticinating poet continues, with striking exactitude, the history of the Mark and of Prussia until 1692, and, what is more to the point, almost as exactly after that date. When it comes to Frederick the Great, for instance, the verses (83 and 84) read:

"He will grasp the standard, but of his fate complain:
As the south wind blows, he will yearn to confide his life
to the cloister."

However remote that may appear from the life of the warlike martinet Frederick, who dabbled in literature and admired Voltaire, these, as pointed out by Dr. Max Kemmerich, are the facts:

Frederick was only twenty-eight, a mere youth, when he found himself very much disliked by, and at war with, that exceptionally adroit and brilliant Hapsburg Queen, Maria Theresa of Austria. Dark days fell upon Prussia dur-

ing the Silesian and Seven Years' War. Frederick was still in his forties when in 1760 he wrote this lament to a friend, the Marquis d'Argens:

"All my friends and my dearest relations I have lost; every possible misfortune befalls me. I have no more hope. I behold myself ridiculed by my enemies, and their pride strikes at institutions that virtually cast me under their feet. Ach, Marquis!

" 'When all is gone then hope itself is gone,
Faint then grows one's life, and death becomes a duty!' "

The south wind (*austri*) in the prophecy refers of course to his troubles with Austria. But even the cloister of the prophecy plays its palpable part in his life. In his second Silesian War in 1745, Frederick found himself in a tight place and forced to flee before a squadron of Hungarian Hussars to avoid being captured. How Maria Theresa would have loved to have him appear before her a prisoner! He hid in the monastery of Kamenz, donned the habit of a Cistercian monk, mingled with the choir as one of the choristers, sang the hymns and offices, and thus escaped. Yet his father had once held him to be an effeminate waster and publicly punished him.

Of the successor of Frederick the Great we are told that he would be of the worst and would imitate the bad morals of his ancestors; that he would live without fear of God or any spiritual force, and that he would "die in water." The facts appear strikingly to have corroborated the prophecy. Frederick William II was not only a worthless sovereign, but one of the most immoral of men. A plague of mistresses pervaded his court and he died in 1797 in his palace at Potsdam,

completely surrounded by water, of a dropsy, which is sometimes called the "watery disease."

"His son, however, shall flourish and have what he ne'er had hoped.

But saddened his people shall weep, all in the self-same age."

The prophecy is correct enough as to that rather weak Hohenzollern of Napoleonic times, Frederick William III, whose only asset was a brave wife. But from that point on the prophecy falls into the difficulties. For after him, the verse declares:

"The scepter at last shall grace him who is last of his race."

Now, clearly Frederick William IV (1840-1861) was not the last of his race. He was still to be succeeded by William I, by the Emperor Frederick III, and by William II, of Potsdam and Doorn.

Interpreters, at this point, are of the opinion that what the prophet meant was, the last *absolute* monarch. The Revolutions of 1848 forced a constitution upon the king of Prussia. But French interpreters of the prophecy, like Baron de Novaye, far more zealous in their hope for the extinction of the Hohenzollerns, even a considerable time before the War of 1914, were convinced that the prophet simply passed over some uninteresting generations of Prussian monarchs and breathed a sigh of relief as his vision lighted upon the spectacular sovereign who proclaimed *Gott mit uns*, the Emperor William II, whose abdication so demoralized his defeated people. Baron de Novaye is convinced that in William II the sign is fulfilled. He calls to witness another prophecy, known as that of Mainz, which declares that the last king of Prussia will have no successors, excepting "a king of Po-

land, a king of Hanover, and a king of Saxony." After that, says the Lehnin prophecy:

"Israel will dare a deed unspeakable, that only death can redeem."

Possibly that verse was Hitler's inspiration, since no deed of the kind is known. The prophecy then bursts into five verses of optimism:

"The herd will receive its shepherd and Germany her King; the Mark (of Brandenburg) will forget all her tribulations; she will look to her own and not rejoice over strangers; the roofs of Lehnin and Chorin will rise up again; spirituality (that is, Catholicism) will shine forth again with its one-time splendor, and no wolf will any more assault the noble sheepfold."

All this, obviously, still awaits fulfillment. Brandenburg is not in the ascendant, nor is Catholicism now triumphing in Germany. Yet it is extraordinary, granting the most direct interpretations, how much has already been fulfilled.

There is a voluminous prophetic literature in the Reich, and not surprising, perhaps, is the fact that two of Germany's most outstanding seers, highly confirmed and authenticated by research, were prophets of war. They were Christian Heering, a Saxon fisherman, and Johann Adam Müller, a farmer near Heidelberg, charged with messages to the Prussian King, which were not without influence upon the Napoleonic wars. Neither of those men led armies, like the incomparable Joan of Arc: but both, like that lovable young saint, were impelled by visions and voices to communicate their knowledge to their kings, an enterprise which to those simple men in humble walks of life and disturbed times was fraught with exceeding hardship. Yet both accomplished

their missions, communicated with or visited their sovereigns, and became famous in their day.

Strong and God-fearing, working hard all his life at his calling as a fisherman on the Elbe River, Christian Heering was far from being hysterical or in any visible point extraordinary. He was, however, like his father before him, gifted with clairvoyance, of which he made no parade whatever. Rather the contrary, he was much given to silence. That he confided some of his visions to his confessor, Pastor Johann Gabriel Süsse, was natural enough. But even the priest kept the matter quiet, except insofar as he caused to be printed on two half-sheets some of Heering's psychical experiences for private circulation among friends. When an unscrupulous person caused the contents of those half-sheets to be made public, without correction or revision, then the Rev. Johann Süsse, of Königstein, finally published the facts in full at Dresden and Leipzig, in 1772, thirteen years after he had carefully recorded them.

In the year 1744, when Heering was thirty-four, he announced to Herr Süsse that the Lord had shown him a vision to this effect: "A great leader with his attacking force would come upon Saxony, bathe his sword in blood up to the hilt, and enter the city of Dresden as into an open park. But soon thereafter he would depart through the Upper Gate."²

Heering was no politician, no fireside tactician, no reader of newspapers. Indeed, he could barely sign his name. Sturdy of build, a hard worker and an excellent husband and father, he was one of those simple men whose trade was all his life. His reading was chiefly confined to the Bible. Frederick the Great, moreover, in 1744, a young inexperienced ruler, was having a very difficult time and scarcely knew his plans himself, let alone his publishing them abroad.

Yet in 1745, nearly two years after Heering's vision, Frederick's army under Leopold of Dessau fought a bloody battle in Saxony, at Kesselsdorf, on December 15, then occupied the city of Dresden, and almost immediately left it—on December 25—because a peace had been concluded between Austria, Saxony and Prussia. The prophecy had been correct in every particular.

The plain incult fisherman then predicted an alliance between Maria Theresa of Austria and Louis XV of France against the harassed Frederick the Great—and such a treaty, unsuspected even by many statesmen, was actually announced in May, 1756, some two months later. The Seven Years' War Heering prophesied many months before its commencement. Vision after vision bearing on the war came true a longer or shorter period after he uttered them, and though many smiled at his prophecies, Heering's fame began to spread over the countryside.

Like some supremely gifted tactician, or chief of staff, he was going into minute details of the war. When he saw the Saxon troops building a bridge of boats near Schandau, he answered, in reply to teasing humorous queries as to what he thought of it:

"This bridge is of very small value, and will not be used. They had better watch Leipzig. There I see foreign nations arriving." One may imagine the roars of laughter of soldiers and burghers.

This was in the middle of August, 1756, when troop movements were numerous and complicated, so that even many military men were puzzled. Yet, some two weeks later an army of Frederick the Great entered Leipzig; the Saxon Court fled precipitately at its approach, and the bridge of

boats proved to be of no use at all, precisely as Heering had said.³

One of the chiefs of the Saxon army finally sent for Heering, to hear the prophecies from his own lips; the man seemed almost infallible. His were no dreams, his biographer, Herr Süsse, tells us, but "figures, pictures and prospects" seen broad awake, voices heard and by them urged to communicate his visions. His effort to reach his king came no closer than the king's confessor, Father Ludovico (for Saxon kings were of course Catholics), but he did arrive so far, with a written message to his sovereign.

And he went right on prophesying. For 1758 he predicted a great battle on the banks of the Elbe, opposite Königstein, his home town.

"The Lord," he said, "also showed me that at last, after that event, the Austrian army was drawing away over the mountains into Bohemia. Very clearly I saw the pack-animals filing by and the Prussian force following them." It happened exactly in that manner three months later, though at the date of his prophecy none could have foreseen that particular result.

He had seen, he declared, in 1770, the vision of a small girl with an old book in her hands; on its pages he read the words: "a heavy time of great dearth." And a famine did indeed fall upon Saxony in 1772 and many thousands died of it. His was an extraordinary case of clairvoyance in space and time.

When asked how he arrived at his prophecies, Heering replied simply:

"I do not prophesy, nor do I direct; I merely point out what the Lord ordered me to point out. And three times I have sworn that I should hold back nothing commanded by

the Lord out of fear either for myself or my family." And he wept.

"Upon these visions," observes Kemmerich, "he looked as on a special grace of God, very evidently, not as upon a faculty, as we should regard it, akin to the 'musical ear,' which can be stated, but not 'explained.' "

In the Royal Library of Berlin, there is a book dated 1816, which sets forth in full the "History, Visions and Prophecies of Johann Adam Müller, farmer of Maisbach, two hours from Heidelberg," etc., written down by Pastor Hautz in 1808. It is a narrative entirely unassuming and simple in tone:

"One year before the outbreak of the last Austrian War, there appeared to me in the night a white figure which took me by the hand, so that I awoke. I thought at first it was my wife, but I found she was quietly sleeping beside me. I sat up in bed awake for a time, and the figure disappeared. Then I lay down again, dozing off. But no sooner had I fallen asleep, then once again something grasped my hand and I was awoken. The figure was wholly like that of a human being. It went toward a table in my room and, as I approached, it vanished suddenly. Outside, near the house, a sharp lightning flash came at the same time. I opened the window and saw in the sky a long train of cannon winding from France in the direction of Austria.

"A fortnight before Christmas in 1805 I received another visitation, which again woke me and informed me that soon a war should also break out between France, Prussia and Russia, and that after a year's time I must go to the King of Prussia; that the Russian Emperor would likewise come

there. But the Vision told me nothing of what I must do when I arrived before the King of Prussia.

"On May 2, 1806, immediately after sundown, there was a strong flash of lightning. I stood in the doorway of my house and in the sky I saw a sword traverse the full moon; the sword was red and moved northward.

"At the end of the year I recalled this portent, but my heart did not incline me to go forth because of it. On the first Sunday of the year 1807, the white figure reappeared to me and said: I must without delay make my way to the King of Prussia. When I came to the King, I must not try to think what to say, for God would put into my mind what I was to say. The Russian Emperor would also arrive there, but I must not hesitate on that account, for no evil would befall me. Then I promised to go, and the figure vanished. Not knowing, however, what I was to do when I reached the King, I prayed that this might be made clear to me; and in fourteen days the figure once more appeared and told me I must abstain from my wife for seven days. Then I should be informed what I was to say to the King. After seven days someone in the night took me by the hand again and I awoke. All about me was so bright (it was midnight) as though all the house was in flames. I perceived, however, it was no fire, but a white brilliance like to the sun at midday. Before me stood an old man, about eighty years old by his appearance, and he held two books under his arm. They seemed very old, without binding and much wrinkled."

More briefly, the visitor opened one of the books, which were Holy Writ, and showed Müller chapters 58 to 74 of Isaiah, and bade him ask the king of Prussia, as well as the Russian Emperor, to conduct their realms as therein indicated, "for just as I saw the sword pass through the moon and

turn red, so will darkness be punished if it is not mended." The visitant further urged him to master all shyness and timidity, for he would lead him and return him safely home to his wife and children.

He then passed, he declares, into an ecstasy, during which he saw strange cities, savage animals, such as wolves, bears and lions attacking him, one of them wounding him, but always he was watched over by his guide who assured him that no other harm would come to him. Further visits of the apparition urged him to depart and poor perplexed Müller finally asked his wife what she would do if he were to absent himself for three or even six months. She told him she would fall into despair. Owing to his restlessness, however, she finally took the initiative in urging him to go. Voices continued repeatedly to admonish him to depart. With that compulsion upon him, he ordered his affairs, and with a few shillings in his pocket and some provisions, though without passport, dangerous in those war-confused times, he resolutely set forth upon his mission.

At a time when all were suspected, when passports, papers and permits were demanded of every traveler, he passed through a war-torn land receiving numerous favors and unexpected protection from strangers. He was detained, arrested and released again and again, yet every adventure in the end advanced him on his way. Every landmark and town appeared to him as already familiar, owing to his prevision of them in his trances and ecstasies. Always he was suspected of being a spy and yet always released. He arrived in Königsberg finally and the military authorities, partly out of curiosity, offered to take him before the queen. But his message, he told them simply, was for the king alone, though there was no harm in the queen being present when he delivered it.

The queen, however, had by then become curious and sent for him. When he insisted that it would be unseemly in him to deliver a message for the king to anyone else, her interest was engaged and an audience was finally contrived. What he told the king, however, is on his own report, something of an anti-climax:

He simply recounted his visions, his charge to urge upon His Majesty a careful perusal of the chapters in Isaiah and to govern his land accordingly, for otherwise peace would not come. That France would be divided into three parts and that a new city, a sort of New Jerusalem must be built in commemoration of the event. Otherwise, hunger and pestilence would decimate the king's people. The king promised to do his duty and offered the prophet some money, which, so he says, he declined, though the queen pressed it into his hand.

He returned to his home and five children, partly by post, at the king's expense. Thereafter he sent his predictions by letter, and more than once received the thanks of Frederick William III. Yet some of his prophecies were quite fantastic. In one, for example, he called upon the monarchs of Europe to withhold the crown from Napoleon Bonaparte, "lest he should become the scourge of all Europe," and demanded that they build a sort of neutral or "Union City," where annually the kings of Prussia, Russia, Austria and England might gather, not only to discuss the welfare of their own realms and people, but whence also they would rule over France!

All who knew him intimately, however, held him for a sincere, honest and simple man of excellent character. And in the main his prophecies were correct.

The archives of the Prussian court contain, according

to Kemmerich, documentary evidence of dates as early as 1807 and 1808 foretelling the Franco-Russian War of 1812, the defeat of Napoleon, the burning of Moscow, the pursuit of the Grand Army by the Russians, and other matters which unquestionably came to pass.

Wilhelm Ehrlich, who wrote the preface to the 1816 book on Müller, as well as other honest clergymen of the time, held a skeptical view toward the Müller prophecies; but even some that appeared absurd at the time of utterance eventually came true. In January, 1815, for instance, he was predicting a new outbreak of war with France—a thing seemingly impossible, since Napoleon, thoroughly defeated in Russia, and deposed from his throne, was safely tucked away as a prisoner on the Island of Elba, while the victorious rulers were joyously disposing of the world at the Congress of Vienna.

"You will see," said Müller, "that all will happen and that very soon. For the Spirit cannot lie."

About the first of March Müller came to Ehrlich again: "Now," says Ehrlich, "by all that was sane, no further war was thinkable." (Neither Müller nor Ehrlich knew, evidently, that Napoleon had escaped from Elba on February 26th.) "I joked with him as usual, seized his chin and moved his head from side to side, saying, 'Now, my dear Müller, now that bloody war of yours with France is completely out. Now we are enjoying deep, profound peace,'—and I explained to him the political situation of the moment.

"He listened until I had finished, and then he responded with unusual energy: 'And I tell you that it will not be long now! Then an explosion in France.' We could not help laughing at him."

Ehrlich tells how he and his family delayed a few days

SOME NOTED GERMAN PROPHECIES

in a proposed journey, waiting for an indisposed friend to recover, and within those days came the electrifying news of Napoleon's escape from Elba and return to France. As he read, Ehrlich exclaimed involuntarily:

"Then Müller is right after all! . . . Müller did not crow over us, or boast of his triumph, but merely remarked: 'I have always told you so. It must come to pass! For the Lord cannot lie.'"

Müller uttered numerous other prophecies—for instance, that Prussia would eventually be much enlarged, which was realized; that the "union city" from which France was to be governed by the other monarchs, would ultimately be founded, which certainly has not come to pass. That neither the Catholic nor the Lutheran or reformed religion would survive, but only the religion which Christ in reality established—which still appears to await fulfillment.⁴

In any case, the king of Prussia paid him considerable attention, and old Marshal Blücher, who subsequently contributed to Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo, smoked many a pipe with Müller, while shrewdly listening to his prognostications. But then did not William II, Emperor of Germany, according to report, shudder at the prophecy of Mainz, known early in the nineteenth century, and published since 1854, which declared?—

"William, second of the name, will have been the last King of Prussia. He shall have no other successors, but a King of Poland, a King of Hanover and a King of Saxony." And was not Francis Joseph, the last Emperor of Austria, constantly enquiring concerning the future from his private prophetess, Madame Sylvia? One wonders, if she was a true prophetess, how she cloaked her truths.

Besides, there was the prophecy of Fiensberg, widely

known and whispered in pre-war Germany, which is said to have haunted William II like a nightmare. The story goes that when his grandfather, William I, was still Prince of Prussia, he had heard of the seeress of Fiensberg and, one day when he was in the vicinity of that town, he summoned the peasant sybil to his inn and questioned her closely in the presence of his aide-de-camp and two other army officers.

The Prince, according to Baron de Novaye, sat before a table and the prophetess, after various preliminaries, passed her pencil over a series of figures arranged in a circle.

"What will be my future fate?" asked the heir apparent.

"You will be Emperor of Germany."

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "In what year?"

The woman then wrote down the current year (which was 1849) and under the nine the same date vertically:

1	8	4	9
			1
			8
			4
			9

"Add these figures," she said, "and you will have the year."

The result was 1871.

"When shall I die?" then asked the Prince.

She wrote down 1871 and then the same figure vertically.

1	8	7	1
			1
			8
			7
			1

The result was 1888.

Recalling the Lehnin prophecy, the Prince enquired: "How long will this Empire last?"

She wrote down the figures in the same manner:

1 8 8 8

1

8

8

8

The answer was 1913.

"Are these dates irrevocable?" he asked.

"Yes, excepting the last."

"How do you mean?"

The woman wrote down the last figure, and said, "Add together the digits in it."

"Fourteen," said William.

"That's it—1913 or 1914," she said.

Whether that Junker prince felt worried about his twentieth-century descendants is not recorded. He was, as we know, crowned the first Hohenzollern Emperor in 1871, and he died in 1888. As to whether the German Empire may be said to have ended in 1914 is a question that only those bigoted in favor of the accuracy of this prophecy need discuss. The abdication of William II, in November, 1918, would appear as a more reasonable date.

CHAPTER XIII

FORETELLING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

A GREAT French preacher, Father Beauregard, was delivering a sermon in the vast spaces of the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame. Suddenly, as though describing a vision passing before his eyes, he launched at his audience these startling words:

"Yes, Lord, Thy temple will be plundered and devastated, Thy festivals will be abolished, Thy name blasphemed, Thy service proscribed. But what do I hear, great God, what do I see? Instead of hymns in Thy praise, O Lord, with which this sacred roof resounded, profane licentious songs are sung. And you, infamous goddess of paganism, abandoned Venus, you have the audacity to enter here, to usurp the place of the living God, seat thyself on the throne of the Holiest of the Holy, and receive the blasphemous idolatry of thy true worshippers!"

Had it been anyone but this famous divine, some outcry or movement might have apprised the preacher that he was going too far. As it was, they remained still and spellbound. There was doubtless much unrest and misery in eighteenth-century France. Revolution was indeed spoken of at times. But such a picture as that cleric painted with his terrible strokes was unthinkable. For it was still some fourteen years before the French Revolution actually broke.

Yet, once the Revolution arrived, everything Father Beauregard had foretold came to pass exactly, including the worship of the goddess at Nôtre Dame.



JACQUES CAZOTTE

Author of the Most Famous of All Prophecies Concerning the French Revolution

Now, a far-sighted politically-minded priest might have foreseen, as many did foresee, civil catastrophe gathering and preparing in his unhappy country. But the touch about the worship of the pagan goddess was a unique peculiarity of the French Revolution, and can only be explained as pure vision on the part of Beauregard.

The Revolution had been predicted during hundreds of years. Pierre d'Ailly, Bishop of Cambray, as we know, foretold it more than four centuries before it flamed up. Nostradamus predicted it in the sixteenth century. And one, Turrel, in a work, "La Periode," written in 1531, speaks of a "marvelous conjunction heralded by astrologers for the year of our Lord 1789, . . . which will bring prodigious changes and alterations in the world, even in its sects and laws."

In a book with a long title published at Lyons in 1550, Richard Rousset repeats the same prophecy almost verbatim and gives it as the universal agreement of all astrologers of that time.¹

The Revolutionists themselves made use of astrology in support of their cause. To prove that the revolt was predestined and inevitable, they printed prophecies attributed to one Thomas Joseph Mout, "a seer of great repute amongst the French peasantry, who is said to have flourished at Naples under Frederick Barbarossa":²

1789. Great revolutions will appear that year in one of the great lands of Christendom.

1794. A great nation will govern itself sans prince, sans nobles, sans priests.

1800. The sovereignty of a republic, recognized as free and independent by all the powers of the world.

As to either less direct or more veiled prophecies dealing with the period, they are too numerous to be given. The

prophecy of the monastery of Orval, in Luxembourg, of late with considerable authority attributed to Nostradamus, and known long before 1789, contains oracular statements like these:

"In those times a young man will come from across the sea and will manifest himself by a counsel of force. But the leaders, alarmed, will send him to flight in the land of the captivity."

That is, Napoleon will appear; he will be sent to Egypt. It continues: "He will return; he will take the title of Emperor; many puissant Kings will tremble, for the eagle will ravish many scepters and crowns. All Europe will be terrified and bleeding, for he will be so powerful, they will believe God fights upon his side." The prophecy continues the career of France into the future to the coming of the Antichrist.

To the mysterious Count de St.-Germain, rich and magnificent as a fairy prince and eternally young, who "was often to be met within the royal private apartments, where he had unrestricted admission at the beginning of 1768," are of course attributed various prophecies bearing on the Revolution and the fate of the royal house. No one knew exactly where he came from nor the source of his great wealth and magnificent jewels. All that was known is the profound respect in which the French and other European courts held him. Madame de Pompadour in her memoirs is lost in admiration of him, of his wide knowledge and travels. According to Franz Graeffe ("Recollections of Vienna") St.-Germain once announced: "Tomorrow night I am off; I am much needed in Constantinople, then in England, there to prepare two inventions which you will have in the next century—trains and steamboats."³

Frederick the Great, Voltaire, Rousseau, Walpole and

Casanova knew him personally, and all were agog as to his origin and remarkable attainments. He was believed to be the prince Rakoczy of Transylvania, and today the Theosophists claim him as one of the adepts and he is known as the Hungarian Master. For Mrs. Annie Besant declares having met him in London late in the nineteenth century. But in any case, what is here pertinent is his prophecy concerning the French Revolution. In the "*Souvenirs sur Marie Antoinette*," by the Comtesse d'Adhémar, is quoted a poem said to have been sent by St.-Germain to the queen:

"The time draws near when France so imprudent
Will fall on misfortunes she could well have held off;
She'll remember the Hell which Dante has painted:
Oh, queen, have no doubt, that day is at hand."

Blood and tears and exile are foretold, civil war and many executions. And soon thereafter, St.-Germain, according to the memoirs, appointed a tryst for Madame d'Adhémar in the church of the Recollets, of an early morning, and there informed her that the queen was doomed to death unless she took warning, and that the Revolution would aim at the "complete ruin of the Bourbons."

"They will expel them from all the thrones they occupy and in less than a century they will return in their different branches to the rank of simple private persons. France as Kingdom, Republic, Empire and mixed government will be tormented, agitated, torn apart. From the hands of class tyrants she will pass to those who are ambitious and without merit." 4

All this in 1789, five years after St.-Germain was supposed to have died in Germany!

Pierre Le Clerc, a Benedictine monk, is said to have

prophesied in Paris in 1790 that he would yet live to serve under an Emperor, then held to be incredible. Similarly, Count Louis Hamon in a recent book ⁵ tells (though he does not cite his authority) of the appearance before a Masonic meeting in Paris in 1785 of Cagliostro, the eighteenth-century alchemist and prophet, whom his pupils called the divine and his enemies a charlatan, as Grand Master of the Egyptian Rite, and there making these predictions:

"Louis XVI will ruin the throne of his ancestors. He will die on the scaffold in the thirty-ninth year of his age."

And as to Marie Antoinette he added, "Unhappy in France, she will be imprisoned and beheaded."

He is also said to have predicted that the Princesse de Lamballe, Marie Antoinette's intimate friend, would be massacred "by four ruffians at the corner of the Rue des Ballets," which occurred exactly in 1792.

"One moment more," cried Jacques Cazotte, the celebrated writer. "Can you give us the name of the Corsican who is predestined to the throne of France?"—for just before that Cagliostro had foretold that a Corsican should "restore the power fallen from the hands of Louis XVI."

"Monsieur," replied Cagliostro, who seemed to be predicting by some form of numerology or the value of letters,—"the answer is contained in the words of your own question. The Man from the Island of Corsica will be called Napoleon Bonaparte; he will be elected by the people; he will conquer nations and dominate thrones, but in the end, ruined, he will finish as a prisoner on a lonely isle."

Cagliostro, later arrested and imprisoned in the affair of the Queen's necklace, was said by the Marquis de Launay, Governor of the Bastille, to have left this inscription, made by means of a nail on the wall of his cell:

"Peace! people of France. On the 14th of July, 1789, this Bastille will be destroyed by you, and grass will grow where it now stands."

Prophecies of sheer political foresight are ruled out by the content and nature of this book; yet one of them, by no less a person than that able Scotsman, Tobias Smollett, the creator of "Peregrine Pickle" and "Humphry Clinker," written eighteen years before the Revolution, is too remarkable to be omitted. In a letter to a friend in 1771, shortly before his death, he said:

"France appears to me to be the first probable theatre of any material change. If we consider the weakness, profligacy, and abandoned debauchery of the French court; the poverty, misery, and discontent of the lower classes; and the violent desire of change, glowing and burning in the people in whose power it is to bring a change about; we need not hesitate to assert, that some great revolution might ensue, in the course of a few years, in the government, religion and manners of the people of that country. Were it possible for me to live to witness it, I should by no means wonder to see the principles of republicanism predominant for a while in France; for it is the property of extremes to meet, and our abstract rights naturally lead to that form of government.

"Whenever a revolution upon such grounds as these shall happen in France, the flame of war will be universally lighted up throughout Europe, either from the inhabitants catching the contagion, or from the apprehensions of their respective governments."

Judgment so shrewd and luminous as this, if it was no more than judgment, amounts to prophecy.

Of all prophecies bearing upon the French Revolution, however, none is more famous than the one long attributed

to, and now fairly established as the authentic utterance of, Jacques Cazotte.

Poet, man of letters and mystic, Cazotte was widely known in pre-Revolutionary times as author of a sort of philosophical fantasy, "*Le Diable Amoureux*," "*The Devil in Love*," which is still good reading today. He had a reputation for quiet wisdom, and was evidently an excellent conversationalist, or he would not have been included in the distinguished company in which he uttered his famous prophecy in 1788, some time before the Revolution actually broke out. He was then well on toward seventy, and not given to idle speech. His contemporary, La Harpe, wrote this circumstantial account of the episode: ⁶

It seems only yesterday, and yet it happened at the beginning of the year 1788. We were at the table of one of our colleagues of the Academy, a *grand seigneur* and a great wit. The company was numerous and of a great variety, including men of the law, courtiers, men of letters, Academicians, and so on. As usual, the dinner had been magnificent. By the time dessert came round, the wines of Malvoisie and Constance had injected into the gayety of that excellent company the sort of freedom which somewhat relaxed its tone: that is, the guests had come to a point where virtually everything was admissible for the sake of a good laugh.

Champfort had read out to us some of his delightfully wicked stories, and the great ladies present had listened without so much as raising their fans. Then came a spate of jests concerning religion and a chorus of applause. One of the guests, with a charged glass in his hand, stood up:

"Yes, gentles," he announced, "I am as certain that there is no God, as I am that Homer was an idiot."

He was, in truth, quite as certain of one as of the other.

The talk had run upon Homer and God, and here and there among the guests a good word had been put in for both.

The conversation then took a more serious turn, and people grew warm in admiration of the revolution brought about by Voltaire. In that, they agreed, lay his greatest claim to fame. "He has given the tone to the entire century," they said, "and he is read in the kitchen no less than in the drawing-room."

Exploding with laughter, one of the guests recalled that his barber, while powdering his hair, had protested,

"You know, sir, that I am nothing but a miserable bungler, and yet I am no more religious than the next man."

All agreed that the Revolution could not be far off; that it was absolutely necessary that superstition and fanaticism should give place to philosophy; and that in view of the trend of the times, they believed, some of those present would yet live to see the reign of reason. The older people grumbled that they could fondle no such flattering hopes. The younger guests, however, were delighted that the probabilities ran still in their favor. But the Academy, above all, was felicitated upon having prepared that great step, upon being the headquarters, the source and driving power of freedom of thought.

One of the guests seemed to have taken hardly any share in the zest of the conversation. He had even put in one or two quiet sarcasms upon the object of our enthusiasm. This was Cazotte, a most charming and interesting man, but unfortunately absorbed in the dreams of visionaries. His heroic conduct later made him forever famous. In a very serious tone he finally said,

"Ladies and gentlemen, be content. You will yet see, every one of you, that great Revolution for which you are

so eager. You know, I am something of a prophet, and I assure you, you shall all see it."

"But it needs no great wizardry to see that!" came the cry in the usual chorus.

"Perhaps not," he said quietly. "But possibly you may admit that it needs a little more insight for what I still have to tell you. Do you know what will come out of this Revolution—I mean, what will happen to all of you here, in this room, what will be the immediate consequences and effects, the actual occurrences?"

"Ah, that let us hear," put in Condorcet with his sly, foxy air. "A philosopher cannot object to consorting with a prophet."

"You, Monsieur de Condorcet, will die prone on the stone floor of a prison cell. You will perish of a poison you will have taken to cheat the executioner—poison which the bliss of those times will oblige you to carry always on your person."

Great astonishment at first. Then suddenly everybody remembered that the gentle Cazotte was given to dreaming while broad awake, and all gave vent to good-humored laughter.

"Monsieur Cazotte," said Condorcet, "the tale you are telling us here is not as amusing as your story 'The Devil in Love.' But what the deuce put into your head that dungeon, poisons, and executioners? I mean, what on earth has all that to do with philosophy and the reign of reason?"

"That is exactly what I am trying to tell you. It is in the name of philosophy, of humanity, and of liberty—it is under that reign of reason that you will come to your end in the way I have described. And reason will veritably be reigning. For at that time she will have her temples; indeed in all

France in those days there will be nothing but temples of reason."

"By my faith!" Champfort broke in with a sarcastic laugh. "You will certainly not be one of the priests in those temples."

"I hope not. But you, Monsieur de Champfort, shall be one, and a highly deserving one. You will cut your veins twenty-two times with a razor, and still you will not die—until some months later."

People looked at one another and went on laughing.

"You, Monsieur Vicq-d'Azir, will not open your veins yourself. But after someone opens them for you, at your own request, six times in a single day, and after an attack of gout, to make assurance doubly sure, you will expire during the night."

"As for you, Monsieur de Nicolai, you will die on the scaffold. And you, Monsieur Bailly, also on the scaffold—"

"Ah, thank Heaven!" interrupted Roucher. "It seems that this gentleman has it in only for the Academy. The carnage he has just made amongst its members is terrific. As for me, thank the Lord, I—"

"You—you, too, will die on the scaffold."

"Oh, so it's a wager!" people cried in various parts of the room. "He has sworn to exterminate us all!"

"No, it wasn't I who swore to do that."

"But then, what can it mean—that we shall be conquered by the Turks and the Tartars? And even so—"

"Not at all. I have told you: You will be governed by philosophy alone in those times, by reason alone. Those who will treat you in that fashion will all be philosophers. They will constantly have on their lips all those very phrases which you have been using for the past hour. They will repeat all

your epigrams, and, like you, they will quote the verses of Diderot and of Voltaire's 'Joan.' "

People began whispering to one another: "It is easy to see the man's mad." (Cazotte remained intensely serious throughout.) "Don't you see he is joking? His jokes, you know, always have something eerie, fantastic, about them."

"Yes," murmured Champfort, "but his fantasy is not exactly on the gay side. He walks rather rough-shod. And when, I wonder, is all this going to happen?"

"Before six years have gone by, all that I have told you will have come to pass!"

"Here are wonders indeed!" and this time it was I who spoke up (says La Harpe). "And as to myself, don't you give me any place at all in all this?"

"You will have something at least as wonderful happen to you: You will have become by then a Christian."

Loud exclamations came from every side.

"Ah," sighed Champfort, "now I feel reassured. If we are not to perish until La Harpe becomes a Christian, we are practically immortal."

"Anyway," remarked the Duchess de Grammont, "we women are extremely fortunate. We don't count in revolutions. When I say we don't count, I don't mean that we are not always a little mixed up in them. But it seems to be the custom to leave us alone, and our sex—"

"Your sex, ladies, will not spare you this time. You may keep out of it as much as you like: you will be treated, all of you, exactly like the men, without a particle of difference."

"What on earth are you trying to tell us, Monsieur Cazotte? Is it the end of the world you are prophesying?"

"I don't know. But what I do know, Madame la Duchesse, is that you, and many other ladies, will be taken

to the scaffold in the executioner's cart, with your hands tied behind your back."

"Oh—in that case, I hope they will at least give me a coach draped in black?"

"No, madame. Even greater ladies than you will go in the tumbrel—their hands tied exactly like yours."

"Horrors! Greater ladies!—does that mean princesses of the blood?"

"Greater ladies still!" . . . At this point there was a start perceptible throughout the group, and our host's face darkened. People began to feel that the game was being carried too far.

To ease the tension, Madame de Grammont did not insist upon an answer to her last question, and merely observed in a light tone,

"Just as I thought. Men won't even allow me a confessor for my last moments."

"No, madame. Neither you nor anyone else will have one. The last victim who will have a confessor, by special favor, will be—" he paused a moment. "So you really wish to know who is the fortunate mortal who will have that prerogative? It will be the only one left him: it will be the King of France."

The host rose abruptly and everyone else stood up with him. He strode over toward Monsieur Cazotte and said in a hurt tone:

"My dear Monsieur Cazotte, I feel this sorry joke has gone far enough. Too far, I fear—in fact, to the point of compromising the company of which you are a part, and yourself as well."

Cazotte made no reply. He was just about to take his leave when Madame de Grammont, who always tried to avoid

a solemn atmosphere and wished to restore the air of gayety, came toward him.

"Monsieur the prophet," she said, "you have told all of us what there is in store for us; but you have said nothing about yourself."

For some moments Cazotte remained silent with down-cast eyes:

"Madame, you have read the siege of Jerusalem in Josephus?"

"Oh, of course. Who has not read that? But please explain as though I hadn't read it."

"Well, Madame, during that siege a man walked round the ramparts seven successive days, in sight of both the besiegers and besieged, and he kept crying out in loud tragic tones, 'Woe to Jerusalem! Woe to myself!' And at that moment, on his last round, a huge stone, hurled by the Roman catapults, hit and shattered him."

And then Monsieur Cazotte made his bow and left.

Thus far La Harpe.

Now, that all those events took place in much the manner indicated by the prophecy goes without saying, or it would never have achieved the fame it has enjoyed for nearly a century and a half. Champfort, or Chamfort, as it is more frequently written, though a friend of the Revolution, was repelled by the Terror and its blood-bath and, when threatened with arrest, he opened his veins. Though he survived, improper medical treatment subsequently led to his death. Condorcet was found poisoned on the floor of his cell early in 1794; the fate of Nicolai is unknown; Jean Bailly, astronomer, and for a time mayor of Paris, was guillotined in 1793. Chrétien Guillaume Malesherbes, noted jurist, who defended Louis XVI in his trial, was arrested and he died almost gaily

on the scaffold. Jean Antoine Roucher, who objected to the Terror, was executed. La Harpe, the polished stylist, dramatist and free-thinker, certainly became a pious believer, and so on. As to the fate of the Duchess de Grammont, it was similar to that of many aristocrats; and that of King Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette is too well known.

The point is not the accuracy of the prophecy as written out by La Harpe, but its authenticity. Had Cazotte really made it? Many witnesses have been called upon to determine that question. La Harpe himself is of course one of them. He died in 1803. The Cazotte prophecy was found among his papers and published as part of his posthumous works in 1806. In a statement found and published nearly a score of years after his death, he makes the answer that to him the remarkable fact is not the prophecy, but the terrible crimes that man can commit against man, the unspeakable things that really happened in the Revolution. As to the prophecy, that is not so amazing, since thousands of human beings have been gifted with vision. The astonishing accuracy of the prediction had impressed him less than the horrors he had seen and lived through. Now, though this implies the prophecy's veracity, it is still not a satisfactory assurance. The German critic and man of letters, J. H. Jung-Stilling, declares that no one, be his poetic and imaginative faculties what they might, could have invented that prophecy, so much of inner evidence does it hold of truth to fact, of being a picture of actual occurrence.

The nineteenth century, which did not believe in such things, took it for granted that the whole thing was fiction composed by La Harpe. A more recent scholar, however, Dr. Walter Bormann, in a work⁷ published in 1909, carried his investigation much further than anyone else. The

Countess de Genlis, he found, who had been nurse to the children of the Duke d'Orléans, wrote in 1825 to a certain Dr. Deleuze:

"A hundred times *before the Revolution*, I heard Monsieur La Harpe tell it [the prophecy of Cazotte], and always almost exactly as it has been printed, as he himself had it printed."

Cazotte's son declared that his father often gave proof of his remarkable faculty of clairvoyance, though, naturally, not having been present at the gathering, he could not say whether La Harpe's was an exact transcription of that particular occurrence. The younger Cazotte added that his father had prophesied his own death accurately in three days. A Monsieur N. of Rennes testified that the famous Dr. Vicq-d'Azir, who had been present on that evening, had heard Cazotte make the prediction and, though he was skeptical, it had greatly disturbed him. The witness, however, who is found to yield the surest confirmation of the truth of Cazotte's prophecy as set forth by La Harpe, is the Baroness Henriette Louise d'Oberkirch.

At about the time the prophecy was made, in 1788, the Baroness was thirty-five years old. Her memoirs, which end in 1789, just after the storming of the Bastille, were not published by her son, Count Montbrison, until 1852. The pre-Revolutionary Count Montbrison was her second husband. A highly intelligent woman, she counted among her friends Goethe, Wieland and Lavater. In her memoirs she writes:

"My heart sinks when I behold the clouds appearing on the horizon, heavy with misfortune for our unhappy country. In what an unfortunate hour did I give birth to our children! An ill-starred future appears to face them. Heaven

avert from us the dreadful omens." And in that last chapter she speaks not only of "many persons who heard the Cazotte prophecies whose actuality cannot be doubted," but also of having read La Harpe's account of them!

Where could she have read it, thus early, since it was not published until after his death? The answer to that is in itself a confirmation.

It had been sent to her from Russia! In those days great ladies of countries distant from the French capital were wont to retain some noted and brilliant French man of letters, like Diderot, d'Alembert, Grimm or La Harpe, to keep them informed of what was passing in France, the then center of civilization. The epistles sent to those ladies by the writers were in the nature of news-letters, high in gossip and entertainment content, as well as information. La Harpe, long before its appearance in his posthumous work, had written of the Cazotte prophecy to the Grand Duchess Maria Feodorovna in St. Petersburg. The Grand Duchess was an intimate friend of the Baroness d'Oberkirch and sent her the prophecy.

The Baroness, who, it will be recalled, closed her memoirs in 1789, tells of an experiment conducted at Strassburg by the Marquis de Puységur, the discoverer of somnambulism, which she had witnessed.⁸

The medium, or clairvoyante, was a young girl from the Black Forest. Marshal de Stainville, an old soldier, came in while the experiment was in progress. The young girl promptly informed him that she knew the object of his visit. He desired to know the future of France and the future fate of the Queen. He agreed that those were indeed his preoccupations.

"At that time," the Baroness continues, "everyone was

talking of the prophecies of M. de Cazotte, and the majority of people were inclined to regard them as dreams, delusions, or a too luxuriant imagination. The Marshal reflected this would be an excellent opportunity to test the truth of the prophecy and inquired of the girl whether it would ever be fulfilled.

"Just as he finished putting his question, the door opened and the Marquis de Péschéry entered; we explained what was going on. The Marshal then repeated his question.

"'Before I answer, I must think,' said the girl. 'These things are so important and at present so confused.'

"'Only tell me whether the prophecies I have heard will be fulfilled and whether I may believe them.'

"'You may believe them all,' she replied without hesitation.

"'We looked at one another in consternation, and I confess I shuddered, since only the previous evening I had read of M. de Cazotte's prophecies, which had been sent to me by the Grand Duchess.

"'What,' said the Marshal, 'all those things will actually occur?'

"'All and still more.'

"'When?'

"'From today within a few years.'

"'Cannot you name the exact time?'

"'She hesitated a few moments and then she said: 'They will begin even in the present year and will last for perhaps a century.'

"'According to that we shall not live to see their fulfillment.'

"'Many of you will not see their commencement.' That was a terrible announcement.

"After a little, the Marshal said: 'What is happening in France now?'

" 'There is a conspiracy in progress, and he who is conspiring will be the victim of his own evil. For a time he will triumph, but his fate will be that of being the victim. Lord, Lord! What streams of blood! It is too horrible.'

" 'You are sure that the destiny prophesied for many exalted personages will be fulfilled?'

" 'I am.'

" 'What, they will die a violent death?'

" 'They will die a violent death.'

" 'And I! Shall I share in the misfortunes prophesied for my family?'

" 'You will not.'

" 'Ah, I shall hold aloof from that *mêlée*? That would hardly be becoming to an old soldier like me.'

"The girl remained silent.

" 'What is to be my fate?'

"She did not wish to answer.

" 'You are afraid to tell me. My friends are to be beheaded, and perhaps there is worse in store for me. Shall I be hanged? That would be a fate unworthy of a soldier. But speak; death and I are old acquaintances; we have often looked one another in the face.'

"For a long time the girl refused to answer, but at the Marshal's request, Monsieur de Puységur insisted that she answer.

" 'Poor gentleman,' she spoke slowly, 'why does he ask me what in a few months he will know himself?'

" 'In a few months?' said the Marshal. 'Shall I die in a few months? Ah, so much the better, then I shall not see

the ruin and dishonor of France. I thank God for that. Shall I die in my bed?"

"'You will,' said she in a voice so low that we could hear her only with difficulty."

All this clearly creates a strong case for the existence of the prophecy before, or at the beginning of, the Revolution. Already at that time La Harpe had written it out as Cazotte's prophecy. Insofar, however, as concerns his words at the beginning of the narrative, "it seems only yesterday," these doubtless are due to a rewritten version, perhaps intentionally prepared for inclusion in his works, after the event.

Assuming, then, the truth of Cazotte's prophecy, it appears as one of the most remarkable uttered by a man in modern times.

As for poor Cazotte himself, his fate overtook him exactly, we are told, as he had prophesied. A fearless and outspoken enemy of the Revolution, he was arrested on August 10, 1792, and lodged in the Abbaye Prison. His daughter Elizabeth begged and received permission to be imprisoned with her father, so that she might look after him. He was seventy-two. He was soon set at liberty, but when friends came to congratulate him he only shook his head.

"It is not for long," he replied to one of them, Monsieur de Saint-Charles. "A few moments before you came I had a vision. I seemed to see a gendarme who had come to fetch me. I was obliged to follow him. I appeared before the Mayor of Paris, Petion, who ordered me to be taken to the Conciergerie [jail] and thence before the Revolutionary Tribunal. My hour is come."

The gendarme of his vision came, as he had predicted,

on the 11th of September with an order signed "Petion," and Cazotte was taken first to the Mairie and then to the Conciergerie. After twenty-seven hours of continuous questioning he was condemned to death. On the twenty-fifth of September of that year he was guillotined.

CHAPTER XIV

THE GREAT WAR IN PROPHECY

JUST as the French Revolution was predicted by numerous prophets (at least twenty of them as early as the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries), so a large though indefinite number prophesied the Great War for years, as some believe, for centuries, before its outbreak.

The late Count Lyov N. Tolstoy, regarded as something of a patriarch and prophet in his day, on at least one occasion gave voice to a prophecy, almost Biblical in its tone, in which the war figured as the pivotal event of modern times. One story the writer remembers hearing or reading was that Czar Nicholas II, though no friend of the radical Tolstoy, had expressed to a third person a wish that the "old man," as he was called in Russia, prophesy concerning the future. Another was that Tolstoy's daughter Anastasia wrote down a prophetic utterance of her father's, given in an almost trance-like condition, in the autumn of 1910. Tolstoy died on November 21st of that year, the prophecy must therefore have been uttered very shortly before his death. As quoted in many pamphlets and newspapers it runs like this: ¹

"This is a revelation of events of a universal character, which must shortly come to pass. Their spiritual outlines are now before my eyes. I see floating upon the sea of human fate the huge silhouette of a nude woman. She is—with her beauty, her poise, her smile, her jewels—a super-Venus. Nations rush madly after her, each of them eager to attract her especially. But she, like an eternal courtesan, flirts with

all. In her hair—an ornament of diamonds and rubies—is engraved her name: 'Commercialism.' As alluring and bewitching as she seems, much destruction and agony follow in her wake. Her breath reeking of sordid transactions, her voice of metallic character, like gold, and her look of greed, are so much poison to the nations who fall victims to her charms. And behold, she has three gigantic arms with three torches of universal corruption in her hands.

"The first torch represents the *flame of war*, that the beautiful courtesan carries from city to city and country to country. Patriotism answers with flashes of honest flame, but the end is roar of guns and musketry.

"The second torch bears the *flame of bigotry and hypocrisy*. It lights the lamps only in temples and on altars of sacred institutions. It carries the seed of falsity and fanaticism. It kindles the minds that are still in the cradles and follows them to their graves.

"The third torch is that of *the law*, that dangerous foundation of all unauthentic traditions, which first does its fatal work in the family, then sweeps through the larger worlds of literature, art and statesmanship.

"The great conflagration will start about 1912, set by the torch of the first arm in the countries of southeastern Europe. It will develop into a destructive calamity in 1913. In that year I see all Europe in flames and bleeding. I hear the lamentations on huge battlefields.

"But about the year 1915 a strange figure from the North—a new Napoleon—enters the stage of the bloody drama. He is a man of little militaristic training, a writer or journalist, but in his grasp most of Europe will remain until 1925. The end of the great calamity will mark a new political era for the Old World. There will be left *no countries, but*

empires or kingdoms. The world will form a federation of the United States of nations. There will remain only four great giants—the Anglo-Saxons, the Latins, the Slavs and the Mongolians.

"After the year 1925 I see a change in religious sentiments. The second torch of the courtesan has brought about the fall of the church. The ethical idea has almost vanished. Humanity is without the moral feeling. But then a great reformer arises. He will clear the world of the relics of monotheism and lay the cornerstone of the temple of pantheism. God, soul, spirit and immortality will be molten in a new furnace, and I see the peaceful beginning of an ethical era. The man determined to this mission is a Mongolian Slav. He is already walking the earth—a man of active affairs. He himself does not now realize the mission assigned to him by a superior Power.

"And behold the flame of the third torch, which has already begun to destroy our family relations, our standards of art and morals. The relation between woman and man is accepted as a prosaic partnership of the sexes. Art has become realistic degeneracy. Political and religious disturbances have shaken the spiritual foundations of all nations. Only small spots here and there have remained untouched by those destructive flames.

"The anti-national wars in Europe, the class war in America and the race wars in Asia have strangled progress for half a century.

"But then, in the middle of this century, I see a hero of literature and art rising from the ranks of the Latins and purging the world of the tedious stuff of the obvious. It is the light of *symbolism* that shall outshine the torch of *commercialism*.

"In place of the polygamy and monogamy of today, there will come a *poetogamy*—a relation of the sexes based fundamentally upon poetic conceptions of life.

"And I see the nations growing wiser and realizing that the alluring woman of their destinies is after all nothing but an illusion.

"There will be a time when the world will have no use for armies, hypocritical religions and degenerate art.

"Life is evolution and evolution is development from the simple to the more complicated forms of the mind and body.

"I see the passing show of the world drama in its present form, how it fades like the glow of evening upon the mountains. One motion of the hand of Commercialism and a new history begins."

That the prophecy was wrong in many particulars scarcely needs pointing out. As we shall presently see, however, numerous prophets predicted the outbreak of the Great War for 1913 rather than 1914. But that is far from being the only error in the so-called Tolstoy prophecy. Where was that non-military leader, "writer or journalist," who was to hold all Europe in his grasp until 1925? Where are the United States of Europe, or the four ethnic empires?

As to the beginning of the ethical era some time after 1925, that is still a possibility, since movements of that sort often remain undiscovered until a long time after their beginnings. Not only could Tiberius not have foreseen Constantine, but even the Antonine emperors, including Marcus Aurelius, could scarcely have imagined the obscure sect of the Christians, that troubled their police, as subsequently throning over Rome and all the Roman world. It may be the "Mongolian Slav" is already organizing his teaching some-

where in Samarkand or at the borders of Thibet. In any case, a spiritual revival, the recrudescence of a more glowing ethical life, is predicted by many for the present century. Nor is the hero of "symbolism" an entire improbability, since ages of classicism or realism are almost invariably followed by eras of romanticism, which is perhaps the way we should designate what Tolstoy calls symbolism. The latter part of his prophecy is substantially the vision of a sort of golden age, which mankind never ceases to expect. In his vision of a great war, however, for the second decade of this century, he joined an almost countless number of prophets, many of them more accurate than himself.

Even among the anonymous popular sayings in Germany, long before the war, there were current phrases like this: 1911 *Glutjahr*, 1912 *Flutjahr*, 1913 *Blutjahr*. That is, 1911, a year of fire or heat; 1912, flood-year; 1913, blood-year. And it was commonly said that 1913 would prove as bloody as 1813. Whether or not it was the supposedly unlucky number 13 that oriented the prophecies on that year is unknown, but even the death of the Kaiser and a German revolution were predicted for 1913. A German engineer, Rudolf Mewes, who wrote much on physics and mechanics, published a book in 1896² predicting, by some complex calculation of his own, a period of world war between 1904 and 1932. He went farther. "Beginning with 1904," he declared, "Europe will hear for the first time of warlike events between the white and the yellow races." That was the year, it will be recalled, of the Russo-Japanese war. Mewes continues: "The war-torch of the year 1904, however, will be the signal for subsequent great European wars until 1932, and of shattering social revolutions." None can deny the astounding accuracy of these predictions. The same writer

predicts a twenty-eight-year period of peace in Europe beginning with 1932, peace, that is, until 1960, a prediction in which he stands alone among prophets for the time!

Anyone who ventures to prophesy peace and culture for the next quarter century is deserving of expansive citation; unfortunately, however, his theories, based less on prophecy as understood in this book than upon scientific calculation, would take us too far afield. Suffice it here that, based on a study of wet and dry periods meterologically, and upon magnetic earth-cycles, sun-spots and intensity of the northern lights, he has constructed a table for the time between 2400 B.C. and 2100 A.D. He finds that in every epoch of 111.3 years there are two war periods and two periods of efflorescence of science, art and culture. By consequence, he sees peace from 1932 to 1960; war, 1960-88; peace, 1988-2016; war, 2016-44; peace, 2044-72, each of the periods having a mean duration of about 27.8 years. Dry periods in his scheme are warlike, moist periods (not in the Prohibition sense) being conducive to peace and culture.

To return to the Great War, however, virtually all astrologers predicted a terrible conflict for Europe and notably for Germany between the years 1913 and 1916. Clairvoyants, on the other hand, more frequently specified the years 1913-1915 as a period boding disastrous days for Germany and Austria as the result of a world war. A German publication⁸ in 1911 quotes an American astrologer to this effect:

At the beginning of the second year in the reign of George V of England (he succeeded in 1910 and was crowned in 1911) there will be disturbances in the colonies and especially in India. In the third year England will be involved in a dreadful war with another European power. England will

emerge weakened and will have to make many concessions.

Madame de Ferriën, in a book published in 1905, wrote:

"Yes, yes; I see it coming, the inevitable war. But still quite a time must elapse—years, quite a few years must elapse before its beginning. But, horrors! Then it breaks with elemental force. How bitterly it will be fought!—far more bitterly than in '70 and '71. That was child's play by comparison. Somber years are before us, but we shall be the victors, we—not because we are Germans, no: the spirits of our ancestors will help us win! Their roots are sprouting afresh, those roots our enemies deem to be dead. The seed bears opulent fruits."

That in the last part of her prophecy her patriotism must have obscured her vision is obvious. Still, she predicted a new "ruler" for Jerusalem, so far back as 1899, and that a son of the present, that is the late, Kaiser, would be called "the Lion." Jerusalem did indeed receive a new ruler, or at any rate, a new rule, in 1917; but thus far no son of the Kaiser has been called "the Lion," implying perhaps his succession to the throne. Now, however, comes Foulsham's, originally known as "Old Moore's Almanack," with a history of prophecy going back to 1697, and in its 1936 edition it boldly prophesies the ascent to the German throne of the Kaiser's fourth son, August Wilhelm.

"It is probable," ventures "Old Moore," which claims a sale of two and a half million copies annually, "that . . . the exiled Kaiser will abandon his claim to the throne before the spring of 1936. In 1936 Prince Wilhelm will be under decidedly favorable directions; and before the end of 1937, it is most probable that he will occupy the German throne."

We shall see whether this Prince proves to be Madame

de Ferriem's "lion," or just plain Herr August Wilhelm von Hohenzollern to the end. "Old Moore" is far from being always right.

As early as March, 1914, was predicted a change in the Austrian throne succession,⁴—that is, months before the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand at Sarajevo, and six months before the war. And Madame de Thébes some two years before the events, in her "Almanach" for 1913, published the prophecy that not only were striking changes to come in Germany, but also in Austria "under a new ruler." Emperor Francis Joseph, it will be remembered, died during the war, in 1916, before the empire actually dissolved. Almost four years before this Mme. de Thébes wrote: "He who should reign [the murdered Archduke Francis Ferdinand] will not reign; and a young man who had not been destined to rule, will reign in his stead"—that is, the unhappy Charles I, last to sit on the Austrian throne.

Insofar as concerns private prognostications which never came to light, their name is surely legion. A Swiss friend, Mr. Max Gysi, writes me of a noted Finnish physician, Dr. E. W. Lybeck, who for years before 1914, clairvoyantly, foresaw "a great war which would change the map of Europe." Six months before the war broke out, on February 7, 1914, Dr. Lybeck wrote to friends in London:

"You will remember my speaking of the great war three years ago. Yes! I believe still that there is very near the sudden breaking out of a European war with Germany, Sweden, Austria and Turkey attacking Russia at first and consequently England and France being later drawn into the thing. I believe it is so near that when the summer comes it sees the war in full flame."

Even earlier, in January, 1914, my friend informs me, his wife, who was herself clairvoyantly gifted, communicated to intimate friends that a war was imminent and to one of them, a Belgian artist, she wrote giving detailed instructions that he lay in for himself and his large family a stock of non-perishable food supplies such as sugar, macaroni, rice and dried fruits. That Belgian artist retorted in writing that it was dangerous to prophesy such things when "no cloud was on the horizon." Yet Madame Gysi continued to foresee even some of the details of the war, later amply realized and confirmed.

Shortly, just as many prophets today see the year 1936 as critical in the fate of the world and its history, so the years 1913-16 were announced by seers, clairvoyants and prophets as a period of dreadful menace to Europe and all the world, with portents of war and bloodshed and irreparable loss. The difference is that the changes for 1936 are indicated as of a nature perhaps more subtle, but of an importance possibly even greater.

It would be strange if Nostradamus, who, in the sixteenth century prophesied for millenniums ahead, were not ransacked for some indication bearing upon the Great War. A book on the subject was published in 1915 by Albert Kniepf—a German.⁵

The most significant lines he found in Nostradamus are those in the 99th quatrain of Century II:

"Mais nation Celtique craindra l'heure,
Boreas, classe trop loing l'avoit poussés."

*"The Celtic nation should dread the hour,
The northern naval power will too deeply involve it."*

England, in other words, will plunge France into greater depths of conflict than she might otherwise have had—but this, it must be kept in mind, is a German reading. Considering, however, that even the Great Pyramid is held by its most recent interpreters to have predicted the war of 1914-18, it is scarcely necessary to scrutinize all the prophecies since its construction.

One of the best-known of the earlier prophecies bearing upon the war, while not as remote as the Pyramid, goes back the respectable distance of a century, and is entitled by one of its chroniclers, the Abbé Curicque,⁶ "The Appearance of the Blessed André Bobola at Wilna."

A very pious monk, Father Korzeniecki, was praying in his cell one night in 1819, and appealing to the saintly memory of a young Jesuit divine, André Bobola, who had been martyred by the Russian Cossacks so far back as 1637. Father Korzeniecki was a Dominican monk at Wilna, and his prayer was for the fate of his beloved Poland, whose freedom Father Bobola had predicted and which had not fared too well after the settlement following the Napoleonic wars. She remained partitioned and stricken, until Woodrow Wilson and the Versailles Treaty. Finishing his prayer, Father Korzeniecki was just about to go to bed when he saw a figure in the Jesuit habit standing in the middle of his cell. It spoke to him:

"Here am I, Father Korzeniecki. Open your window and you will behold things you have never seen."

The Dominican could not choose but obey. He opened his window and to his amazement saw not the customary garden of the monastery, but a vast plain extending to the far horizon.

"The plain before you," said the blessed one, "is the

territory of Pinsk, where I had the happiness to suffer martyrdom. But look again and you will learn that which you desire to know."

The pious father looked again and what he saw sent a tremor through his frame. The plain was covered with massed bodies of troops, Russian, Turkish, English, Austrians, Prussians, the nations of the world seemed to be represented. They were engaged in a confused and sanguinary struggle.

"When," said the sainted martyr, "the war you have just been contemplating gives way to peace, then Poland shall be restored and I shall be recognized as its chief patron. For our holy religion will then be free there."

The good Dominican friar was naturally delighted to hear such an announcement. But suppose, it flashed through his mind, this was but an illusion, a mere hallucination? Temerariouly he asked his visitant for a sign in proof of the reality of the vision.

"I give you my positive assurance," said the martyr, "that all this is true. Everything, point by point, will come to pass as I have indicated. In token of the reality, however, of all you have seen and heard I shall before leaving you impress upon your table an imprint of my hand." He then laid his hand upon Father Korzeniecki's table and vanished from the cell.

The following morning the imprint of the hand was still there and all the religious convoked by Father Korzeniecki were convinced it was the hand of the martyr Bobola. He was canonized in 1851 and is now one of Poland's favorite saints.

Now Poland, as we know, was liberated by the Great War. She was made free at last. That war doubtless included engagements and troop movements upon the plain of Pinsk.

But Father Korzeniecki had seen there not only Russians and Prussians and Austrians, but also Turks. No Turks were engaged there during 1914-18. Baron de Novaye, who is nothing if not zealous for the complete and literal fulfillment of prophecies, foresees by implication a future war, perhaps even more dreadful, with forces struggling on the self-same plain, and a result giving Poland even more than did the Versailles Treaty.

CHAPTER XV

PROPHECIES OF OUR OWN TIMES

IN these scientific modern times, as almost anyone will tell you, virtually no one believes in prophecy. A little closer enquiry will lead the reader, as it has led the writer, to conclude that almost everyone believes in prophecy—with the possible exception of the average scientist. Yet an eminent biologist like Dr. Alexis Carrel, among the foremost in the world, comes along and quite simply informs us that he has been interested in the phenomena of telepathy and clairvoyance in the same manner that he has been interested in physiology, chemistry and pathology; and that both telepathy and clairvoyance are a normal, although rare, activity of the human being. And since prophecy, I mean genuine prophecy, is after all no more than clairvoyance in time and space, those who believe in it, or have the will to believe, suddenly find that a patent of respectability has been conferred upon them, recalling to one's mind that entire army in Polish history, which was ennobled by its king on the field of battle. At once modern instances of prophecy lightly pushed aside into small obscure journals or the literature of the eccentric assume a new interest for the general reader.

On November 30, 1899, at Munich, Germany, was opened a document that had been duly accompanied by all legal formality, and deposited with a notary some eight years earlier by a famous psychical research student, Baron Dr. Carl du Prel. This document related to a somewhat elabo-

PROPHECIES OF OUR OWN TIMES

rate and unusually circumstantial prophecy. The object of Baron du Prel in taking all those notarial precautions was to see to what degree the prophecy in question would be realized. It had remained sealed in safe custody for nearly eight years. It bore five separate private seals and signatures of witnesses, including that of Baron du Prel, since deceased; the power of attorney to open the document was now in the hands of Dr. Walter Bormann, another noted student of psychic phenomena. The report when read disclosed that on December 27, 1891, there came to Baron du Prel at Munich three men, one of whom, an artist, Karl Frosch, deposed as follows:

"In April, 1885, I found myself in Jerusalem in the company of the artist Bruno Piglheim and his wife, and the painters Joseph Krieger and René Reinike, all of us lodging at the German hospice. One day at table an elderly gentleman joined us, a Scotchman and an orientalist, Robert Laing, fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. He delivered himself of some remarkable conversation, telling Herr Reinike, for instance, that he had known him in a previous existence, and other things about the transmigration of souls. We looked at one another dubiously, unable to suppress the suspicion that all was not right with that gentleman's mind. Once after dinner—I remember he and I were facing each other—he said:

" 'Well, gentlemen, your work' (a panorama of Jerusalem we were to paint together) 'interests me, and I undertook to enquire into your future fate, how all of you are going to fare. You two—' he indicated Piglheim and myself —'you will fall out and become mortal enemies over your work.' We laughed, but he continued: 'And you will come to grief over the affair.'

"'I?' I cried.

"'No, not you,' he said, 'but the other gentleman,' pointing to Piglheim.

"'What will make him come to grief?' I enquired. I expected to hear that Piglheim would fall from the scaffolding, or something of the sort. But the gentleman went on:

"'The picture will be completed. But something will occur, something related to the matter, this picture, and as a result you—Piglheim—will come to grief.'

"Piglheim laughed. 'What an amiable person you are!' he said. His wife also laughed and desired to know when this occurrence was to take place.

"'You say the picture will be finished?' I pressed.

"'Yes,' he said, 'but in a few years that event will come to pass.' Frau Piglheim laughingly observed that after a period of years, perhaps twenty or thirty, it was perfectly possible her husband might die.

"'No,' said the Scotsman, 'when I speak of a few years I mean five or ten. It may take ten years, but not more. Whenever I see anything clearly it comes to pass within about a ten-year period.'

"'And what will happen to me?' I asked.

"'You,' he replied, 'will paint the panorama three or four different times, but you will do well.'

"'But why,' I insisted, 'are we going to become deadly enemies?'

"'It will be because of that picture,' he said. 'You will travel about the world in connection with this business. I saw the sea and a ship, and that means a distant voyage. On the deck of the ship you stood with two other artists. I saw that distinctly. I noticed those men particularly for they wore curious cloaks and felt caps, such as I have never seen

either here in Jerusalem or in England. It seemed to me you had been pretty seasick; you looked quite ill. One of those panoramas you will bring to England, perhaps as the result of a commission—I discerned that clearly. I saw St. Paul's in London with its large dome. Thenceforth you are going to be sued because of that picture—the prosecution will originate in London. It will come to a law-suit and will follow you even to Germany.'

" 'And what will happen to me in consequence?'

" 'Nothing; the prosecution is all there is to it.'

" 'And what else will come to me?'

" 'You will do well.'

" 'And how frequently shall I paint that panorama?' now asked Herr Reinike.

" 'You are not to paint it at all.'

" 'But I insist upon painting it; that is my object in coming to Jerusalem.'

" 'Very likely. But you will not work on it.'

"At this moment Krieger, who had been absent, entered the room. I told him what had been happening and urged him to let himself be prophesied to. He declined at first, because he was in a hurry to leave. But still he asked, 'Shall I get married?'

" 'Yes, but the marriage will not turn out well. You will soon be divorced.'

"The seer then asked us to write down all he had said. He could, he alleged, have told us much more, but refrained, since we did not seem to believe what he had already told.

" 'Have you ever,' he asked me, 'heard of second sight?'

" 'I have heard of it,—namely, that it exists in Scotland.'

"'I happen,' concluded Laing, 'to be gifted with this second sight.'"

Before they separated the Scot told Herr Frosch that a ring he was wearing had been presented to him by a Hindu to whom he had done a service, and that whenever he desired to know anything of the future he concentrated his gaze upon that ring. Then pictures came before his vision. He repeated that Herr Frosch would not fail, but was to have many unpleasant things happen to him in the next five years.

"Yet I like Munich and have no intention of leaving it," said Frosch, recalling the prognostication of future travel.

"So much that is disagreeable will come your way," the prophet assured him, "that Munich will no longer be so pleasant to you. But after that period, things will be much better. Your life will glide along more tranquilly and you will reach a fairly ripe old age."

Now, why did the painter, Herr Frosch, make this statement in 1891 relating to a prophecy uttered in 1885?

"Because," he declared, "so much of it had come to pass during the last few years that I was urged to go to Dr. Carl du Prel—in case the rest of it should come to pass—to make this deposition."

And what of all that had been predicted had in reality happened?

"I did actually," recounted Herr Frosch, "make a long journey in connection with the panorama—all the way to America. My associates, two German painters who had come over from America in the same connection, had some shepherd's cloaks made, like those of peasants, with huge metal clasps, the size of platters, and attracted much attention on the boat. I was seasick on the steamer and remained in that

state for six days. The painter Reinike did no work on the panorama.

"I myself painted it four times. One of the reproductions came over, against my will and without my knowledge, from America to London. This led to a lawsuit in London. . . . I was sued for plagiarism in Munich, but as the prophet had said, nothing came of it. The day before the hearing, as I sat at table, a messenger brought a letter from my lawyer, Dr. Wimmer, informing me the trial would not take place, since my opponent at the last moment withdrew his complaint, obliging himself to bear the quite considerable costs.

"Piglheim and I did quarrel over the matter. As to the painter Krieger, he did get married, but he and his wife are at the moment divorcing."

All this, it will be recalled, occurred prior to the deposition of the document and was the incentive which led Herr Frosch to make his statement.

Dr. Walter Bormann, investigating the matter further, presents these facts, relating to events after the document was sealed and deposited:

On the night of the 27th to the 28th of April, 1892, the panorama in question, painted by Karl Frosch, Joseph Krieger and Bruno Piglheim, widely heralded and much admired at an exhibition in Vienna, was completely destroyed by fire. Piglheim, summoning all his energies, made a great effort to re-paint it and to make it still more beautiful than before. He failed, however, dying of a heart attack on July 15, 1894, at Munich. Piglheim's art, since his first work on the panorama, had taken a distinct and, to many, surprising turn, in that it ran to expression of the gravity and hardship

in human existence, as illustrated by his great painting "The Blind." Piglheim, in other words, to whom the Oxford scholar had predicted that he would "*zu Grunde gehen*," that is, fail, or suffer ruin, in connection with the picture, died within about nine years of the prediction.

Both Herr Frosch and Frau Nyl-Frosch, his wife, were surprised when the document was opened, that it contained no mention of the destruction of the picture. They were certain, they said, that the prophet had predicted for it some misadventure; that Herr Frosch had told her these things upon his return from Jerusalem, and that he even felt sure he had dictated something to that effect. But possibly Dr. du Prel had omitted it in the hurry of writing the statement down. Joseph Krieger, when questioned, likewise remembered that both the destruction of the picture and the collapse of Piglheim were the things that he clearly remembered of Laing's prediction—as well, of course, as the portion bearing upon his own marriage.

Dr. Bormann, an indefatigable student of the mystery of prophecy, subsequently reached Robert Laing by letter. Writing from Galway, in Ireland, some fifteen years after the event, Mr. Laing said:

"I recall distinctly my meeting in the spring of 1885 in Jerusalem at the Johanniter Hospice with the gentlemen you name and the wife of Herr Piglheim. A dim recollection that I ventured to peer into the future touching those persons lingers in my memory. The rest has escaped me. Whether it will come back or not I cannot say. That I possess a certain faculty I know very well. It visits one when and where it will. What it is, I can more easily conjecture than explain. One reflects upon those sensations and appearances, but to

write them down is difficult." In subsequent letters, he recalled the episode more closely and remembered that the German gentlemen were inclined to be incredulous of what he had had to say to them.

"The chief interest for me," he added in one of his letters to Bormann, "lay in the place rather than in the persons. Where soothsaying and prophecy have long been at home, there I desired to test and exercise my gift. This I have done to my own satisfaction, and your letters are late witnesses that my utterances have been found worthy of notice. Whether science as such will be able to penetrate into this region, remains for me very doubtful. The gift lies in the blood; there is in it something hereditary. To develop it further a peculiar character is necessary and a particular way of life."

In later letters, especially after reading Dr. Bormann's account of the matter in "Psychische Studien" for April and May, 1900, Laing, who had by then changed his name to Cuthbert Shields, indicated that for some time he had been acting on this principle, namely, "where God has opened the eyes and ears, he seals the lips," and that he had composed a document which he had secured and deposited in an archive, not to be opened until several decades have passed.¹

Let us take another instance. As many still living are likely to remember, on the fourth of May, 1896, occurred in Paris the terrible catastrophe known as the Charity Bazaar fire, in which more than one hundred of the city's most prominent persons, chiefly women, lost their lives. By way of commemorating the tragic occurrence, the Count de Maillé, in a letter published on May 16, 1897, in the newspaper *Le Temps*, recorded an amazing prediction of the

event by a prophetess then widely known in France, Mademoiselle Couédon:

"I had consulted Mlle. Couédon at her home, and though I did not altogether believe in the collaboration of the Archangel Gabriel (which she alleged), her revelations nevertheless appeared to me remarkable. At my urgent request she agreed to make a single exception to her usual custom and to give a sitting at my house, in the presence of perhaps a hundred guests, among whom were the Countess de Rochefoucauld, Mme. de Mesnard, the Marquis d'Anglade, the Countess Virien, Count Fleury and many other people. After satisfying the curiosity of those of the guests who had asked her specific questions about themselves, the moment came when she spoke to us about the impending fire. Her exact words, as you communicate them to me, I do not remember, but the sense was certainly identical.

"She spoke of the great fire which would break out in the assemblage of a charity society. 'I see,' she said—I quote from memory—'that the most eminent persons in that society will be affected. The Faubourg St. Germain will suffer especially.' I remember very distinctly the seeress adding, 'None of the people gathered here will suffer,' then turning to me personally,—'You yourself will be only distantly affected, as one might say, indirectly.' And actually none of our guests were involved. So far as concerns myself, quite in accord with Mlle. Couédon's prediction, I lost a very distant cousin whom I scarcely knew."

Mlle. Couédon chanted her prophecy in a sort of sing-song, rhythmically, in phrases that were not quite poetry, nor yet ordinary prose:

Près des Champs-Élysées	Near the Champs-Élysées,
Je vois un endroit pas élevé,	I see a place not very high,
Qui n'est pas pour la piété,	Not to pious aims devoted,
Mais qui en est approché,	But still it is approached
Dans un but de charité,	For a charitable end,
Qui n'est pas la vérité,	Which is only half the truth.
Je vois le feu s'élever,	I see the fire leaping,
Et les gens hurler,	And the people screaming,
Des chairs grillées,	The many bodies roasting,
Des corps calcinés,	The many charred remains—
J'en vois comme par peletées.	What horrid masses of them!

The editor of the newspaper *La Libre Parole*, who was present at the gathering, later attested that a number of the guests of Count de Maillé actually visited the bazaar on that dreadful May 4, but not one of them was even injured in the catastrophe. Numerous other confirmations help to make this one of the most authentically recorded prophecies of recent times. Mlle. Couédon fixed the place, or at least the region, where the catastrophe would occur. And if she did not fix the time, always a difficulty in prophecy, she stated definitely that no one of those present, though they assisted at the bazaar, would be injured. Among the witnesses to this was not alone the host of the party, but a newspaper editor whose business it was to make certain of facts reliably.² Here surely is a specimen of that clairvoyance which Dr. Carrel calls "a normal though rare activity of the human being."

In Berlin at the beginning of the present century, a woman who used the pseudonym "Madame de Ferriën" gave some astonishing examples of that "normal though rare activity." In a book she published entitled "My Spiritual

Vision of the Future,"⁸ some remarkable prophecies are found; but here I wish to touch upon only one or two special instances of her peculiar gift. One, Godefroy, published reports of her prophecies, and Dr. Bormann, an excellent witness, since he was a painstaking student and investigator of psychic phenomena, remembers accurately having received those reports on their dates of publication, which, in the instances to be cited, carried in print prophecies of Madame de Ferriem that were fulfilled a year or more after publication. Dr. Bormann reproduces Godefroy's report verbatim:

"First picture: The lady closes her eyes and, laying her hand on her forehead, she begins to speak:

"Frightful! All these people here at the mine entrance! How white they are! Like corpses!—Ah! That is what they are, all corpses! Yes, they are coming out—all being now carried out. The whole region is so black, nothing but small huts all about. The people that I see speak a different language—various languages—all mixed up. How deathly pale they all are!—Now they are bringing out one wearing a belt with a shining buckle on it. It will soon be Christmas—it is so cold! There is one who has a lamp with a little wire grating about it. Ah, this is a coal-mine. Everything so black and so bleak. I see only old huts. How barren is the whole region! Now I understand what one of them is saying. He says, 'The doctors are all coming from Brûx.'—Oh! it is a Bohemian place. Don't you see it? (I don't see it—Godefroy.) What! You see nothing!" (The last remark she cries out as though frightened and opens her eyes.)

"Second picture or vision: (On the day following the preceding sitting.) How sad it looks here! All those people, oh, so many.—So many women there—how they weep! The men are dead; not many are left alive. They have all been

brought up. Oh, heavens! How sorry I am for those poor people! Look at all those children! And the appearance of the men! All blackened by smoke—all doubtless suffocated underground.—They are Bohemians (Czechs). The women and children all wear kerchiefs. Yes, they are Bohemians. Oh, those poor people!—and right now, at Christmas time. How terrible! I have traveled on such a train as is just now arriving. It is stopping close by; it must have come by way of Eger. Yes, it is Bohemia.—There they all lie! Are those physicians, applying friction? Fine men. Many of them have bands with crosses on their arms.—But what is it those women and children have in their hands? A chain—why the chain? Now they are all crossing themselves. Oh, that is a rosary. Ah, they are all praying and all crying.—On the train I see painted the Austrian eagle, the double eagle. Oh, that must be the conductor standing there. I can hear what he is saying. ‘In the coal mines of Dux,’ he’s saying. But what I read is Brůx. Why, I see it on his arm-band.—Oh, they are from the health department. But they can do nothing for those poor people.”

Godefroy recounts that those events, according to the seeress, were to fulfill themselves soon, within the succeeding few years.

The “sittings” took place in 1896. Dr. Bormann read Godefroy’s report of them in print in September, 1899. The terrible disaster of Dux (near Brůx) occurred in the latter part of September, 1900, four years after the prophecy, *and a full year after it appeared in print*. Madame de Ferrièm’s one error was about Christmas. The disaster happened in September, but by the end of October, when the cold is already quite wintry in Czecho-Slovakia, bodies were still being brought forth from the mine, which had taken hundreds of lives.

Dr. Bormann calls attention to the exceptional detail and vividness of the picture, as an unusual example of clairvoyance. Are past, present and future all one, or is there an inherent necessity in all the universe that makes things happen precisely so, thus enabling certain sensitive human beings to discern them far ahead? That is a question we cannot embark upon here. But, certainly, so extraordinary and lucidly detailed a vision by a clairvoyante, years before the events, are material not only for our present speculation, but perhaps for future scientific research toward a solution of the mystery of prevision, or prophecy.

The same woman, through Godefroy, published in December, 1899, in the "Neue Spiritualistische Blätter," after a sitting that took place months earlier, the prevision of a disaster which occurred in New York more than two years after she had foreseen it.

"What a terrific fire," she said, fixing her gaze upon a spot on the floor of the room in which she was sitting. "An appalling fire. So many ships. A ship is burning. Clouds of black smoke, coal-black smoke. How thick it is! The docks are burning. Oh, this is terrible! . . . A conflagration in New York. I see it clearly." (She had visited New York and recognized it in her vision.) Later she added:

"I see a ship burning in New York harbor and I hear a terrible crash. So far as I can see it is not an American ship. The city is New York; I know I am right. I remember it well from my American visit."

The great fire of the Hoboken docks took place on June 30, 1900. The North German Lloyd suffered heavily in that fire, but no American ship was touched.

The New York *Herald* of April 25, 1899, carried this

news item in a box on page 11, signed "Frederic Godefroy Kerken," and dated April 12, from Berlin:

"I hereby beg you kindly to take notice of the following communications (of Madame de Ferriem of Berlin)." The German text is given, and beside it the German translation, evidently supplied by Godefroy (Kerken):

"The last two burnings in New York will be still surpassed in the dimensions by a third conflagration in the same city. The extension of this fire will be favored by wind. A very great number of men perishes by this catastrophe. Besides still another combustion will soon visit (search) New York. This future burning concerns a catastrophe on the water. I see a burning ship in the port of New York and hear a terrible clap. For aught I see it is no American ship!

"The adherents of the prophetess confirm that the lady has also foreseen the two last conflagrations."

To the editors of the newspaper this prophecy in quaint English was doubtless a legitimate spot of humor on the page. The same newspaper, however, about a year and a month later, on July 1, 1900, carries on its front page the streamer headline, "Three Ocean Liners Destroyed by Fire." The disaster of the North German Lloyd docks at Hoboken filled the newspapers for days. Some of the *Herald* headlines on July 2, are: "Lives Lost in Hoboken Horrors May Exceed 300." "Bodies Still Hid in Smoldering Wrecks." "Two Hundred and Twenty of the 'Three Ships' Complements Still Unaccounted For." And so on.

"Clouds of black smoke—coal-black smoke," she was quoted as saying when she predicted it. The newspaper speaks of the smoke as "like a thunder cloud over New York City." Three ships (as well as the docks), the *Main*, the *Saale* and the *Bremen* of that period were almost completely destroyed.

The loss was variously estimated at between \$5,000,000 and \$10,000,000. The salvage claims alone amounted to nearly a million. For days after, bodies were still being recovered from the wrecks and from the river. It was a major catastrophe, and an astounding prophecy.

Madame de Ferri  m enjoys something of a record for accurate prophecy. She predicted the liberation of Dreyfus a year and a half before he was actually freed. As early as 1898 she prophesied a period of sanguinary war for Germany. She foretold the frightful earthquake and volcanic eruption at Martinique, in which 40,000 lives were lost, three years before the event, correctly naming the year 1902 for the catastrophe. She pictured with startling detail, some six weeks before its occurrence, the wreck of the German schoolship *Gneisenau* at Malaga in December, 1900, and described with considerable detail the electrically operated rigid, dirigible airship "crossing the Atlantic in forty-eight hours" at a time (in 1899) when people were still accustomed to speak of such possibilities much as they spoke of perpetual motion and squaring the circle. The dirigible would be built and completely developed, she declared, before 1950.⁴

Godefroy in his communication to the *Herald* speaks of the "adherents" of Madame de Ferri  m, a seeress of the late nineteenth and twentieth centuries. All the more naturally, such a prophetess as Joanna Southcott, the Devonshire yeoman's daughter, who died before the battle of Waterloo, was certain to have her adherents. The Rev. Joseph Pomeroy, one of her faithful, could not, we are told, bear the jibes of his brother clergymen at the Coffee House of the ultra-skeptical eighteenth century because of his champion-

ship of Joanna; but she has champions even today. A comparatively recent work, "The Express," published in 1909, shows its author, Alice Seymour, to be a devout and convinced twentieth-century adherent of the English pythoiness.

Born on a small farm in Devonshire, Joanna's lot was domestic service until she was forty-two years old, with all the grim vicissitudes of a domestic servant in the eighteenth century. She was much given to prophesying in doggerel, and two lines—

"When the Eastern War appears—
Then know the end is near"—

are taken by Alice Seymour to refer indubitably to the war between Russia and Japan.

"In 1792," says Joanna in her first book, "The Strange Effects of Faith," "I was strangely visited, by day and by night, concerning what was coming upon the whole earth. I was then ordered to set it down in writing. I obeyed, though not without strong external opposition; and so it hath continued to the present time." That external opposition did not preclude her printing of more than sixty books and pamphlets in her lifetime. She was convinced that she had a mission to warn England of what was coming.

She claimed, and her adherents claimed for her, that in 1792 she prophesied England's war with France which broke out in 1793. That—to use her own words—

"The dearth which came upon the land in 1794 and 1795 I foretold in 1792; and if unbelief did abound, that a much greater scarcity would take place, and which too fatally followed. . . .

"The Rebellion which took place in Ireland in 1798 I foretold in 1795, when the Irish soldiers rebelled against the

English officers. It was then told me, as the shadow was begun between the Irish soldiers and the English officers in England, so the substance would drop in Ireland: for a Rebellion would be there.

"In 1794, when some families went to America from Exeter, to shun the dangers of the war in England, and the dearth was begun in the land, I was then told by the Spirit that their running from dangers was like a man, '*That did flee from a lion and a bear met him; or went into the house, and leaned his hand on the wall, and a serpent bit him*'; for though the sword was not there, some fatal disease would be in that place and would carry them off like the sword of war, and which soon after followed, and many thousands died of the epidemic fever; and I was told the *same fever* would visit them again; which is well known to have happened a few years after." The pungent author of "Rats, Lice and History" does not specifically speak of those epidemics, but he does tell us that both typhus and smallpox epidemics still occasionally reached America at that time.

Joanna's method was to put her communications into letters and send them to various clergymen, so that when the events came to pass they might testify on her behalf.

"In January, 1797," she declares, "I put a letter into the hands of a Minister, foretelling the French would conquer Italy *that year*, that the people of that country would be forced to submit, that *we* should seek for peace *that year*, but in vain—and large sums of money would be demanded at the end of the year, which happened by the treble taxes being then put on."

This refers, of course, to young Bonaparte's sweep into Italy at the head of the Revolutionary army.

A woman of means, Miss Townly, provided a home for

Joanna Southcott in London, who to her sixty-fourth year went on prophesying either in doggerel or in a sort of Biblical language. That year, she decided that she was pregnant by immaculate conception, or, as she said, of the Holy Ghost, with the child Shiloh, who was to bring the new dispensation. Seventeen out of twenty-one doctors who examined her agreed that she was with child. When she died, an autopsy revealed no organic disease, but neither did it reveal a child. Most of Joanna's 100,000 adherents still remained her adherents, and for some decades the small sect of her followers continued to exist. The selection of her writings, and her life, published by Alice Seymour in the present century, shows that devotees of hers are even now to be found. For the burden of Joanna Southcott's prophecy was the heralding of a religious revival, an announcement "that Satan's kingdom will be destroyed, and Satan chained down for a thousand years, and Christ's kingdom established upon earth. It never entered the heart of man to conceive the glorious days that are before those that wish Christ's kingdom to be established."

This type of prophecy, which we naturally associate with earlier times, persisted throughout the skeptical nineteenth century, and persists today. Numerous and various are its prophets.

The Prophecy of Prémol, familiar in France and elaborately set forth by Adrian Péladan in his "*Liber Mirabilis*," as already known in the first half of the nineteenth century, prognosticates in detail the vicissitudes of France and Europe from 496 until some time during the twentieth century, a cycle of alternating, unequal periods, monarchical and revolutionary. Thus, in 1870 began a revolutionary period whose end will not come until some time in our present century.

For this period the unknown seer of the convent of Prémol, near Grenoble, predicts the coming of a "tempest" which ushers in war and revolution, invasion of France, the burning of Paris and other cities, destruction of the Vatican and the flight of the Pope, revolution in England, schisms in the Church and an anti-pope; and then the coming of the *grand monarque* and the *pastor angelique*, the angelic pope promised by the Malachi prophecy and so many others, leading to universal peace. Baron de Novaye, in search of an exact date for the commencement of the great crisis, finds difficulty in fixing it precisely. It might, he says, "burst forth in 1936, or in 1939, or in 1942."

The destruction by fire of the city of Paris appears as a common factor in at least thirty-five different prophecies. Nor is it confined to French prophecies alone. Even the German nun Anne Catherine Emmerich, of Westphalia, early in the nineteenth century, foresaw the ruin of this large city "especially addicted to vice and whose soil is undermined throughout." Great tribulations for France are universal in these prophecies, and for the rest of Europe as well. In almost every case the destruction of Paris is foretold as a certainty.

"Paris will be destroyed in the midst of all those calamities," says the Abbé Souffrand early in the last century—"to such an extent destroyed, that a cart will pass over it." ⁵ A shepherdess, Marianne Gaultier, at about the same period declared:

"The great prostitute [Paris] will be destroyed by fire. But the Angel of the Lord will warn the just of Paris."

"Paris will be extinguished like Sodom and Gomorrah," said Marie des Terreaux, of Lyons; and two shepherds of La Salette, to whom the Virgin was said to have appeared in

September, 1846, and who were sent by the Bishop of Grenoble to Rome to tell the Pope about it, delivered themselves of a long prophecy announcing that—

"France, Italy, Spain and England will be at war. Blood will flow in the streets." Then would come a general war, with mutual destruction, attended by earthquakes and other phenomena "because the sins and the crimes of men pierce the vault of heaven. Paris will be burnt and Marseilles swallowed up. Many large cities will be shattered or engulfed by earthquakes." After that the great crisis and the reign of Antichrist. And Marie Lataste, a young nun of the Sacred Heart, who died in 1847, at the age of twenty-five, declared that the Lord told her to pray for France, to pray incessantly. And apostrophizing the city of Paris, in the words of her Lord, she cries out:

"Oh, Paris, execrable city, for how long have you deserved my indignation! . . . Your inhabitants will one day curse you, for that you have steeped them in your baleful atmosphere, and even those to whom you gave refuge will hurl their maledictions at you, because they will have found death in your bosom!" And so they go on.

Nostradamus, as we recall, prophesied the great attack on Paris for 1999, and the burning of a great part of it, though not yet its final destruction.

One, Brother Anthony, a hermit at Aix-la-Chapelle, who more than half a century ago, in 1858, prophesied many things that have already happened, predicted an attack by the Germans on the Catholic Church, which seems to be now in progress, and a terrific future war between France and Germany, with a titanic last battle to be fought in Westphalia, culminating in complete defeat and the subsequent

ravages of a plague for the Germans. Then, at last, there will be a durable peace between the two nations. Nearly all look to the ultimate coming of the great king and the great pope, many, however, prophesying a revolution in France before that event.

CHAPTER XVI

MORE RECENT PROPHECIES

EVEN to a recent pope, Pius X, who died in 1914, is attributed a fateful prophecy. In the midst of an audience he was giving in 1909, he suddenly fell into a mysterious sleep, a sort of trance. Upon emerging from it, he cried out:

"What I see is terrifying! Will it be myself? Will it be my successor? What is certain is, that the Pope will quit Rome, and in leaving the Vatican he will have to walk over the dead bodies of his priests."

This will be realized, observes Baron de Novaye, during the coming revolution in Italy.

One, Nebo,¹ has calculated astrologically in a manner satisfactory to himself the following epochs:

From 1900 to 1912, a socialistic-revolutionary period, as indicated by the growth of socialism in Europe and the revolution in Turkey, Persia, China, Portugal, Mexico, and the then frustrated revolution in Russia.

From 1914 to 1924, an imperial-patriotic period including the Great War and some of its aftermath.

From 1928 to 1938, a disastrous period of wars, popular uprisings, massacres and violent reaction, including various restorations of monarchy. Possibly King George of Greece has started a fashion, for, as we shall see, both Spain and Germany are promised restorations.

From 1942 to 1954, a dozen of peaceful years, with constitutional monarchy and moderate republicanism—an international breathing spell.

From 1956 to 1969 we are to have again a socialist-revolutionary era: 1973-1983, imperial-patriotic; 1985 to 1998, a period like the present, with war and violence and then restoration; 2004 to 2016, a pacific era and quiet years. How brief are these periods of tranquillity! About a dozen years of peace per generation. However, the same prophet in 1914 reckoned that Albert of Belgium would be the first King of a joined Belgo-French nation, to be succeeded by a Bourbon Prince in 1931. This clearly did not work out.

The world, in short, is acutely aware of a cloud of revolutionary changes in being and in the immediate future. On a single morning in May, 1936, one could read these items in the same newspaper:

The announced death of Oswald Spengler, the philosopher of pessimism, recalls his historic prophecy that occidental civilization is approaching extinction and that this event or process is fast closing in:

"The end is at hand. Germany has fallen, but the course of our enemies is nearly run. The downfall of the Occident is approaching. Western Europe has passed its zenith and it must now look forward to a rapid decline and its civilization must soon range itself with the extinct civilizations of Greece, Egypt and India. Our over-presumptuous pride of intellect is the pride that comes before a fall."

On the preceding page, in the account of a round-table discussion at Princeton University, the City Chamberlain of New York, A. A. Berle, Jr., a brilliant economist, is quoted as saying:

"As far as I can see we are heading into a time when stability as we know it now will not exist. We are heading into a time when some great unexpected climax must and will be reached. . . ." He, as an economist, pointed to what

has already befallen Europe, and to the fact that the wealth of the United States is fifty to sixty per cent liquid, sign of distrust and insecurity.

"Today," he added, "we have a terrifically serious problem. Add to that the course which European diplomacy is taking and it becomes apparent that the next decade of your lives will be for stirring times the equal of any decade in history."²

In a current magazine Manly Hall writing as an astrologer points to a certain planetary configuration paralleling that of the present and what it led to in the past:

"The transits of Neptune through Virgo have always been associated with the conditions of the masses. The transits usually bring release from some form of limitation or bondage. This release, however, has invariably been associated with periods of extreme stress. Men do not adjust to new ideas easily. Reforms are painful, especially when these reformations are detrimental to ruling or privileged classes. The transits of Neptune through Virgo represent cycles of emancipation. New foundations of human relationships are established upon which the world builds superstructures of progress."

Examining some past epochs under a similar configuration, Mr. Hall finds that the period of 1435 to 1450, when it existed, coincides with the invention and development of printing, making knowledge at last available to all mankind. From 1600 to 1615 is the period of the emergence of science. "Lord Bacon founded the Royal Academy to encourage useful knowledge." The authorized King James Version of the Bible appeared during this period. Many other events of vast social significance took place at this time.

The next period, 1764 to 1778, coincides with many of

the causes, such as the Stamp Act, and the eruption of the American Revolution. . . .

"With this as a sort of preamble," he concludes, "we can now concern ourselves with the entrance of Neptune into Virgo on September 21, 1928. Remaining for a few months in the sign, Neptune then retrograded into Leo where it remained until July 24, 1929. It then returned to Virgo to remain there until October 3, 1942." *

Prophets of new systems, new solutions and panaceas, he points out, are rising on every hand. "President Roosevelt, according to the time given in his mother's diary, has 22 degrees of Virgo rising." The late Senator Huey Long, H. G. Wells, Theodore Dreiser, Upton Sinclair—all these have their "Sun in Virgo." The stirring up of the masses, though making a difficult period, is seen as that disintegration which must take place "before reintegration can follow on a higher plane."

It is not prophecies such as these, however, that modern students of psychical research are likely to investigate, but rather the ordinary examples of clairvoyance, like those of Madame de Ferriëm, or prophetic dreams, which a few years ago led Dunne to make his study, "An Experiment With Time." Camille Flammarion, the French astronomer, was a passionate student of these phenomena. A clear-cut specimen experience of this sort is given in detail in his book, "The Riddle of Soul Life," in the form of a statement by a competent witness: *

"During the last days in November, 1871, it was on Wednesday, and as I believe, on the 22d, I was staying with a family of friends named Davidson, in New Orleans. There

* Quoted by Kemmerich from a German edition, "Rätsel des Seelenlebens," Stuttgart, 1909.

was present a Mrs. Thilton, and she told of various dreams she had had, dreams that always came true. Those present were in no position to testify to the truth of what she was telling, and after one of the lady's stories our host exclaimed: 'I beg of you, Madam, have no dreams about me!' 'Too late, Mr. Davidson! Only last night I dreamed about you.'

"Everybody urged her to tell her dream.

" 'I dreamed,' she said, 'that in six weeks from today owing to a pressing invitation, I was visiting you again.'

" 'Oh, that dream can be easily realized, and you,' our host turned to me, 'will surely also do us the honor. What date will that be?'

"One of the guests looked at a calendar and said, 'It will be Wednesday, the third of January, 1872.'

" 'Good! Then we shall all test out the dream of this lady.'

" 'Oh, wait please—that isn't all,' cried Mrs. Thilton. 'I also dreamed that upon entering the house I found it empty, and I looked for you in vain. Finally, in the center of the second drawing-room I saw a large metal coffin; the cover was closed, and I saw nothing more, except that I knew you were lying in that coffin.'

"Our host broke out laughing and so did all the others, and Mr. Davidson jocularly said to his wife,

" 'Oh, I beg of you not a metal coffin—I don't like metal. I ask for a coffin of simple wood.'

"His wife laughingly promised, in the event that she survived him, to fulfill his wishes.

"Mrs. Thilton continued: 'I saw only one person in the drawing-room and I stood beside her. On the lid of the coffin I saw six silver roses.' They laughed again, at this odd decora-

tion, but Mrs. Thilton remained serious and added, 'Even in the dream it made a deep impression on me.'

"We all separated and agreed to meet on Wednesday, the third of January. During the next six weeks that dream was jocularly mentioned.

"On the second of January, 1872, our host, Mr. Davidson, was the victim of a terrible accident: he was caught by a locomotive and crushed to death.

"The following morning he was placed in a coffin. The family desired that no one should look upon his disfigured face, and I took on the task of sitting by the coffin; even after the lid was screwed down I still remained at my post. Because of that old invitation, Mrs. Thilton arrived at the house and found the coffin in the second drawing-room with only myself near it. She came and stood at my side. Silent, without looking at each other, we were standing beside the coffin. Suddenly she touched my arm and pointed to six silver roses which decorated the lid of the metal coffin. I looked at her inquiringly and she murmured, 'Oh, don't you remember the six silver roses I saw so plainly in my dream?'

"A fortnight later the widow said to me: 'Do you remember that extraordinary dream? Everything happened exactly as our friend foresaw! Even to the coffin. Even in my grief I did not forget his request.'

"I was too clumsy to pretend and stammered, 'But it was actually a metal coffin.'

"'Never! Who dared go counter to my wishes?'

"'And the six silver roses,—they too were on the coffin.'

"My poor friend looked dazed. The undertaker was communicated with and the explanation was, it had been impossible to find the required wooden coffin, and the only

casket of the required size available in the emergency was the metal one that had been used.

"Of the thirteen witnesses of the dream, nine are alive. The family (Calvinists) would be indignant were its name to be connected with any sort of superstition, yet it is too honest and truth-loving a family to deny the facts."

This statement is signed by Sarah Morgan-Dawson, 36 rue Varenne, Paris, December 20, 1901.

Flammarion declares that he has known Miss Morgan-Dawson for many years and can vouch for her veracity. But as he did not wish to trust to the memory of any one person, he communicated with Mr. Davidson's daughter in New Orleans and received from her a letter, dated January 24, 1902:

"Indeed I do remember the dream, at least in part. One day after dinner, Mrs. Thilton told us that in a dream she saw my father in a locked metal coffin. My father laughingly answered at that time that he could not bear metal coffins and wanted to be buried in a wooden one. My father actually died on the 2d of January of the New Year and his body was placed in a metal coffin." 4

In his books, "The Unknown" and "Death and Its Mystery," Flammarion gives scores of such prophetic dreams.⁵ Like prophecy and clairvoyance, they seem to be the result of an extension of consciousness, which, as shown by Dunne in "An Experiment With Time," is common to all persons, but perhaps more pronounced in some—like telepathy and clairvoyance. And though all of these experiences are, generally, marked by a certain similarity, one cannot help citing at least one more. Heinrich Karl Brugsch, the famous nineteenth-century German philologist and Egyptologist, re-

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counts in his memoirs, "My Life and Wanderings," a curious monitory dream of the Khedive of Egypt in 1875:

"I was on my way to Goettingen to say good-by to my family which was living there, and after that, without delay, I was about to take passage on a ship from Bremen. On my way to the railway station to make an early train for Bremen, I received a telegram and opened it at once, to know the contents before I boarded the train. The message was short and peremptory:

" 'The Khedive requests you to return to Cairo immediately.' By the next express train I set out in the direction of Trieste to take the first Lloyd steamer for Egypt. From the time I left, I had read no newspapers and I was certainly much surprised when the captain of my ship informed me that on the last steamer out of Bremen, the one I should have taken had I gone there, an infernal machine constructed by an American named Thomas had exploded prematurely and killed and wounded a number of passengers and others. Silently I thanked God that my recall had probably saved my life and limb from danger and upon my arrival in Cairo I presented myself at once to the Khedive. Expecting as I did to hear from him some especial communication which could be conveyed only by word of mouth, I was not a little astonished to receive his assurance that he was most happy to see me hale and hearty, but that otherwise he had nothing to say to me. He had been moved to recall me by wire owing to a dream he had had one night to summon me at once, for otherwise a great misfortune awaited me." "

The most widely known prophets and prophetesses of the present time are frequently astrologers. The late Mme. de Thébes of Paris was famous throughout Europe. Her annually published "Almanach" was enormously popular; and

while she was at times wrong in her prognostications, she was often strikingly correct. On January 1, 1899, for instance, she published a prediction that President Felix Faure of the French Republic would die that year. To announce publicly the death of the ruler of one's country is not a thing one would undertake lightly. His death actually followed some six weeks later, on the 16th of February.

Before the assassination at Sarajevo, in 1913, almost a year before the Great War broke out, she said: "Poland! Poland! You are right not to despair. It is upon you that fortune smiles in the future. Fine, though sanguinary, things will occur in Warsaw, and that before long." In the same "Almanach" she predicted that Germany was under the dire threat of fate, and that it was "not the eagle of victory the Emperor carries on his helmet." In 1915, when the war was still young, she prophesied that William II would either soon die or disappear from the scene, and that Germany itself would see great changes—revolutions, disturbances, massacres—but that there would be no more Hohenzollerns at her helm of state.

A German astrologer, Albert Knief, correctly foretold the defeat of Russia by Japan at the outset of the Russo-Japanese war in 1904, and in a preceding chapter we have seen how many fairly accurate prognostications of the Great War were made by numerous seers, and how many of the prophecies are astrological. To such an extent have the earlier beliefs in astrology returned that today upward of 40,000,000 people in the United States alone, it is said,—one-third of the entire population,—are interested in astrology.

The late Evangeline Adams, the most widely known of practicing astrologers, defended herself in a court of law as the practitioner not of fortune-telling, but of a science, and

won her case. She received over 300,000 letters a year from persons interested in astrology and declared in print that her clients numbered by the hundred thousand, and that one of them was the late J. Pierpont Morgan to whom she furnished a monthly service, "showing the changing positions of the planets and their probable effect on politics, business, and the market." Miss Adams, a woman of high probity and reputation, listed among her clients John Burroughs, King Edward VII, Enrico Caruso, Geraldine Farrar and many others eminent in various walks of life.

Manly Hall, perhaps the foremost American writer upon astrology now living, cites in his "Story of Astrology" Sir John Hazelrigg as authority for the statement that not a few of the fathers of the Declaration of Independence were versed in astrology. "This statement is warranted," he adds, "by annotations on the margins of the astrological books in the Thomas Jefferson Library (now in the Library of Congress); Franklin was a self-confessed votary, confirmed by his scientific delving and his 'Poor Richard's Almanac'; and one cannot read Thomas Paine's 'Age of Reason' without being convinced of his conversancy with the principles of astro-science and its philosophy. Other Signers could be included in this numeration. . . ." The late President Theodore Roosevelt was said to have kept his astrological chart mounted on a chessboard and to consult it at crucial moments; and the English astrologer Raphael was rewarded by the Germans after the Franco-Prussian war for "the accuracy of the advice which he had given and the successful campaign which had resulted from starting their offensive under favorable planetary configurations." Mussolini, according to the *Paris Matin*, has his own astrologer in a certain Signor Rosconi, whom he consults frequently. Rosconi, it is said, promised the

Duce an annexation territory in the next conflict. Can that be the reason for the relentlessly executed undertaking of the Ethiopian War?

Count Hamon, known as Cheiro, who practices, besides astrology, various other divinatory arts, declares that not only were such figures as Admiral Dewey, General Nelson A. Miles and Grover Cleveland believers in astrology, but that at the late Czar's request, made through King Edward VII, he calculated the horoscopes of the members of that unfortunate ruler's family and accurately predicted the fall of the house of Romanoff. An even more interesting testimony to Count Hamon's accuracy, however, is that of the skeptic, pessimist and humorist Mark Twain.

In his "Note Book" he tells of a prophecy, made to him by Cheiro in 1895, promising that in his sixty-eighth year, that is in 1903, he, Mark Twain, would become suddenly rich. At the time of the prophecy, Mark tells us, he was bankrupt and still \$94,000 in debt, owing to the failure of Charles L. Webster and Company. Two years later, in 1897, Cheiro again saw Mark Twain in London, and he repeated his prediction, adding that the wealth would come from a quite unexpected source. Our humorist did not forget the prophecy, even though he not improbably doubted it. When it came true, October 22, 1903, there was, says Mark, "but a month and nine days to spare." At that time Harper and Brothers signed a contract with the author guaranteeing him \$25,000 a year of income from his books, and at times thereafter, he tells us, with amazement, his income exceeded \$100,000 a year!

In his prophet's visitors' book Mark Twain wrote: "Cheiro has exposed my character to me with humiliating

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accuracy. I ought not to confess this accuracy, still I am moved to do it."

Count Hamon's memoirs abound in instances of this kind, though not always as easy to corroborate as the episode of Mark Twain. On July 21, 1894, Cheiro tells us, he warned Lord Kitchener to beware of a serious accident by water in his sixty-sixth year. He also informed Kitchener that the heaviest and gravest responsibility of his career would fall upon him in his sixty-fourth year, that is, in 1914. Two years later, in 1916, should come "rest from labor."

"That then is perhaps 'The End'?" suggested Kitchener. The seer did not deny it. So evidently convinced was Kitchener, according to the writer, of the certainty of this prediction, that, when on a visit to the British front in France during the Great War, in June, 1915, a shell fell close to him, he told the startled officer near by that it did not alarm him, "because I know I shall die at sea." As Secretary for War he had duly come into his "heaviest responsibility"; and when in 1916 the British battleship *Hampshire*, which was carrying him to Russia, was sunk off the Orkney Islands, it wrote, as he had surmised, "The End" for Kitchener of Khartoum—predicted more than fifteen years earlier.

In the same volume Cheiro tells of having predicted to King Edward VII, at a meeting arranged by Lady Paget, that he would die in his sixty-ninth year. To Mary Curzon, when she was still Mary Leiter, in Washington, he foretold that she would marry a foreigner, who would raise her to a position in an Eastern land equal to a queen; and he quotes from a letter she wrote him as Vicereine of India recalling that all he had prophesied had come about accurately.

One of the most striking of the incidents recorded is a secret and elaborately arranged visit to Czar Nicholas of

Russia in 1904. That pathetic ruler, who seemed always to feel doom overhanging him, grasped frantically at whatever straws of knowledge he could command. Possibly someone would yet rejoice him with an authentic prophecy of future happiness and good fortune? Count Hamon, however, brought to him no such hopes. He informed Nicholas, he tells, that he would be constantly haunted by dark fears of war and bloodshed. That he would do his utmost to prevent war, but that nevertheless Russia would be involved in a dreadful and calamitous war between 1914 and 1917 and that he, the Czar, would lose all he loved most.

Cheiro even claims to have foretold Rasputin his violent death in the river Neva.

Individual prophecies of this sort, however, are too numerous to be recorded or even generally known. William P. Carney, the New York *Times* correspondent in Madrid, published in that newspaper, on October 7, 1934, the account of the Spanish prophet, Tomas Menes, with "an unbroken record for making predictions that came true." On May 23 of that year he predicted the violent death of Chancellor Dollfuss within three months. The following July, as we have seen, two months and two days later, in an unsuccessful attempt to seize the government, the Austrian Nazis assassinated Dollfuss during a cabinet session at the Ballhaus—well within the three months specified by Menes.

"In an interview," says the *Times* correspondent, "published in a Saragossa newspaper three days before the general elections last November (1933), Menes predicted the result with absolute accuracy. At the same time he predicted the imminent death of Francisco Macia while the President of the Catalan Generalidad then apparently was in excellent health. He forecast the downfall of the dictatorship and subsequent

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death of Primo de Rivera 'in a foreign country' months before these events took place."

Whether the record of this prophet, as attested by the *Times* correspondent, will continue as high in his long range predictions for the future remains to be proven. He foresees, among other things, an attempt at monarchic restoration in Spain in 1938 or 1939. Fascism, he declares, will never succeed in Spain, and recent Spanish history would bear him out; nor will there be a restoration of the monarchy in Austria. He predicts the downfall of Hitler before long as a consequence of civil war in Germany, and the overthrow of Mussolini in 1937, "when Italy also may discard the monarchy." Britain, he announced, was destined to "lose India not long before a great electoral victory for the British Labor Party next year." The election of November, 1935, was not a victory for the Labor Party, though it gained them seats, nor has Britain as yet lost India.

For 1936, however, he predicts a great war, when Spain will be one of France's allies instead of remaining neutral. In the United States, he sees serious labor conflicts; and as to Soviet Russia, she "will have to fight, but eventually will win a frightful chemical war with Japan."

The year 1936, indeed, has loomed large in prophecies for centuries past. In earlier chapters we have seen it figuring so remotely even as in Pyramid and Bible prophecy—according to the interpreters. Numerous groups, sects and creeds have their special prophecies for that year with June or September, as the case may be, marked as crucial or pivotal periods. September 15-16 is singled out as the day of days. Not long ago, Nicholas K. Roerich, famous artist, scholar, archeologist and explorer, whose home is in the Himalayas, in



SIGNS OF MAITREYA

The Propheted Eastern Messiah

(from the Painting by Nicholas Roerich in the Roerich Museum New York)

an interview published in the *Times* of Harbin, Manchuria (August 11, 1934), said:

"The year 1936 appears as one of great crisis in history. In all countries, in Europe as well as in America and Asia, people are intensely preparing for the year 1936, in order to meet the coming events by all possible material as well as spiritual means. Indian prophets, who pride themselves upon their knowledge of the future, are likewise making predictions concerning those great events. In the horoscopes they have constructed, the year 1936 appears as truly momentous for human fate."

As to the future of the events implied in those prophecies, he explained that the present time is characterized by striking "crystallizations" of light and darkness, swiftly approaching each other "to the barrier of a given date." At this moment of spiritual Armageddon, darkness is still triumphant. Her forces, Communism, Marxism (and now he would perhaps include Nazism), godlessness, and other evil tendencies are well organized and engaged in an insistent attack upon mankind, so that their influence is felt in every land on the globe.

"But everywhere in the world may be perceived a recession from darkness and a gravitation toward light."

Five months earlier, in March, 1934, upon his arrival in New York from India, Professor Roerich, speaking of prophecies current in the East, told the writer to mark especially June 11, 1936, as a predicted date of great significance. More than two years later, on June 12, 1936, the newspapers of the world announced that on the preceding day, the 11th, the Soviet Government of Russia had submitted for discussion to its people a new constitution establishing a bicameral parliament, the lower house to be elected

by secret, universal ballot; freedom of speech; freedom of worship, and certain other liberties not theretofore associated with that particular dictatorship. An undeniably momentous event for Russia, it may exert a far-reaching effect upon the entire world.

The year 1936, in short, with which prophets have long been preoccupied, is to see the forces of light gaining the upper hand and turning the tide against the darkness so long pressing upon the world.

CHAPTER XVII

AMERICA IN PROPHECY

BY more than one prophet America has been designated as the scene of the next Golden Age upon this troubled earth of ours. All the way from the idealist George Berkeley, the philosopher Bishop of Cloyne, to H. P. Blavatsky, and even more recently, various seers have marked America as the theater of the next great development and efflorescence of the human race.

Bishop Berkeley, the foe of materialism, whose theories have baffled college sophomores, but who nevertheless possessed so warm a heart, even Dean Swift liked him, may be said to have been passionately in love with America. He foresaw an American future so brilliant that some of our present-day humdrum and not too optimistic statesmen would be dazzled by it. Along the pathway of time he descried here a greater, more desirable Republic than Plato's, and a far greater Utopia than ever Thomas Moore conceived.

And strangely enough, this optimist of optimists saw all those things after a depression. The bursting of the South Sea Bubble and the collapse of the frenzied speculation into which Robert Harley led the world early in the eighteenth century, had involved almost everyone in Britain. To Berkeley, the least worldly of men, such perturbations of insecurity were intolerable. He conceived the plan of establishing in the "Summer Isle" of Bermuda a university that would not only produce missionaries to convert all the Indians, but which would supply learned men for that glowing land of

the future, America. He received from Sir Robert Walpole the promise of a Parliamentary grant for his university, and in his forty-fourth year, in 1728, he sailed for America and settled in Newport, Rhode Island, as a base of operations. From Newport he was to take a hand in building that "Fifth Empire in the West" which he foresaw—"time's noblest offspring." The splendid phrase "westward the course of empire" was with him not merely a phrase, but a prophetic, a religious tenet.

"Westward the course of Empire takes its way,
The four first Acts already past;
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

He loved America, he loved Newport. He bought a farm and built a house called Whitehall, not far from the town. He read, he meditated. His wife, a quietist and a mystic after the manner of Fénelon, was happy in the New England countryside. But the Parliamentary grant never came. Walpole, who disappointed so many, disappointed Berkeley, too. Finally, in 1731, Berkeley sailed away from Boston, never to return to America. He died in 1753, but his vision of America's future splendor remained undiminished.

A prophet of a different sort was Helena P. Blavatsky, the strange Russian woman who came out of the East with a mission to found a society devoted to the brotherhood of man. Her prophecies, she insisted, were not so much prophecies as positive knowledge, taught her by the Mahatmas of the East, Masters of Wisdom, possessors of an ancient knowledge which has never died out of the world, but which at times recedes into a necessary reclusion, until it becomes once again imperative to broadcast it to the world. Than the last

quarter of the nineteenth century, when she appeared, probably no more materialistic era is known to history.

As to whether Madame Blavatsky was or was not a credible prophet, at least two books ¹ have been written pointing out the many confirmations of her statements by our rapidly evolving physical sciences. A recent biographer and dispassionate analyst of her work ² declares, "Madame Blavatsky makes a prophecy which was remarkably fulfilled, that 'between this time (1886) and 1897 there will be a large rent made in the veil of nature and materialistic science will receive a death blow.' All science is familiar with the rapid incidence of new discoveries and revelations that fell within that period, crowned with the enunciation of the electrical nature of matter and the facts of radiant energy." The discovery of the X-ray in 1895, as we know, made possible the study of the atom, which has opened wide the gates to a new world in science.

"We are at the very close," said Madame Blavatsky, "of the cycle of 5000 years of the present Aryan Kaliyuga," that is, an age of darkness, to be succeeded by an era of light. This change of cycles, very evidently, is rushing upon us not without some dust and heat.

Her coming to America had a special reason. For occult philosophy, she declared, teaches "that even now under our very eyes, the new Race or Races are preparing to be formed, and that it is in America that the transformation will take place, and has already silently commenced." Mankind, she quotes the French anthropologist Quatrefages as authority, has been formed "certainly for the greatest part, by the successive crossing of a number of races *at present undetermined*." Americans, she adds, have become in three centuries "a primary race, pro tem., before becoming a race apart to

succeed the present European or fifth sub-race," which is bound to happen soon.

"After this," she continues, "in about 25,000 years they will launch into preparations for the seventh sub-race, until in consequence of cataclysms—the first series of those which must one day destroy Europe, and still later the whole Aryan race (and thus affect both Americas), as also most of the lands directly connected with the confines of our continent and isles—the Sixth Root-Race will have appeared on the stage of our Round. When shall this be? Who knows save the great Masters of Wisdom [the Mahatmas who were her teachers], perchance, and they are as silent upon the subject as the snow-capped peaks that tower above them. All we know is that it will silently come into existence. . . . The exultant pulse will beat high in the heart of the new race now in the American zone, but there will be no more Americans when the sixth race commences; no more in fact, than Europeans; for they will now become *a new race, and many new nations.*"

The race, we are told, will be gradually and entirely altered in mentality, general physique and stature, and head toward a more spiritual existence. The very climate will change, and old races will more and more pass away, as the newer form and grow into dominance. And thus, she adds—

"Thus it is the mankind of the New World . . . whose mission and Karma it is to sow the seeds for a forthcoming, grander, and far more glorious Race than any of those we know of at present. The cycles of Matter will be succeeded by cycles of spirituality and a fully developed mind." 8

Surely, an alluring destiny, if only it were not so remote!

But those "Masters of Wisdom," quite as Madame Blavatsky affirms, supply us with no guiding dates. Upon the subjects of shifting of land and water masses and new races in the future, writing to A. P. Sinnett, an Anglo-Indian editor, in the autumn of 1882, the Mahatma K. H. said: "

"Of course your Science is right in many of her generalities, but her premises are wrong, or at any rate—very faulty. For instance she is right in saying that while the new America was forming the ancient Atlantis was sinking, and gradually washing away, but she is neither right in her given epochs nor in the calculations of the duration of that sinking. The latter is the future fate of your British Islands the first on the list of victims that have to be destroyed by fire (submarine volcanos) and water, France and other lands will follow suit. When they reappear again, the last seventh Sub-race of the Sixth Root race of present mankind will be flourishing in 'Lemuria' and 'Atlantis,' both of which will have reappeared also (their appearance following immediately the disappearance of the present isles and continents), and very few seas and *great waters* will be found then on our globe, waters as well as land appearing and disappearing and shifting periodically and each in turn."

The mystical poet William Blake was another who saw America as a land set apart for salubrity and greatness. His poem "America: A Prophecy" is no simple matter to interpret; but the meaning seems to be that the wisdom of the fathers, of Washington, Warren, Franklin, Paine, has made America unassailable; that, while flooded by materialism, it will not be too deeply submerged, and that diseases, repressions and errors cannot thrive on American soil. The "punishing Demons, terrified,"—

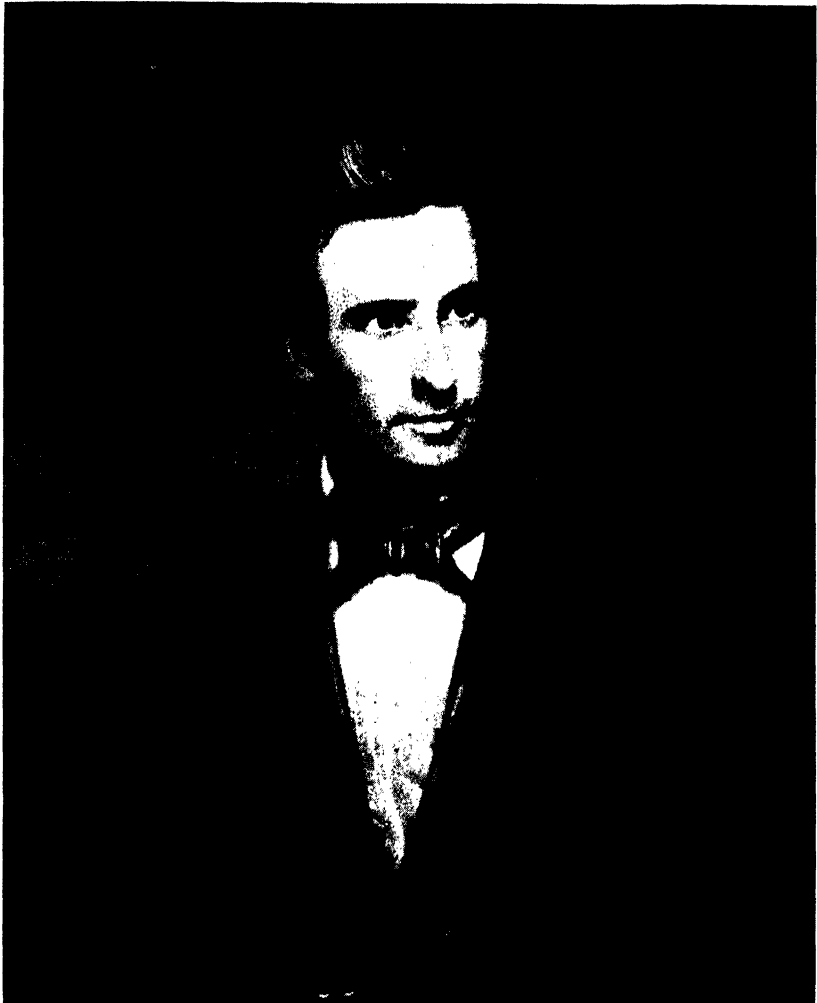
"They cannot smite the wheat, nor quench the fatness of the earth;

They cannot smite with sorrows, nor subdue the plow and spade;

They cannot wall the city, nor moat round the castle of princes. . . ."

One prophet, however, most indigenously American, foresaw not only the ultimate spiritualization of America, but that this spiritualization would come about in virtue of leisure owing to numerous mechanical and labor-saving devices, many of which he foresaw with a quite remarkable lucidity. That man was Andrew Jackson Davis, widely popular in the middle of the nineteenth century. Even Edgar Allan Poe sat at his feet.

Davis was born in Orange County, New York, in 1826, of parents so poor he had only five months' schooling in the village. He appears to have been a born clairvoyant. As a farm lad alone in the fields, he heard voices and saw visions, and later became the "somnambulist," or subject, of a lecturer on mesmerism. His revelations were astonishing. His book, "The Seer," one of a five-volume work, "The Great Harmonia," carrying every sign of candor and honesty, is a fascinating exposition of his visions. He could see the interior of bodies and objects, and though wholly untutored in medicine, he diagnosed diseases and successfully prescribed for them to the amazement of physicians. Even his professed motto, "under all circumstances keep an open mind," came to him, he said, in a vision. In 1845, in New York, he delivered 157 lectures while in the clairvoyant state, and on that occasion it was that Edgar Allan Poe was one of the regular attendants. Those were the days of lectures! His



ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS
A Famous Nineteenth Century American Prophet

books are too voluminous to be examined here, but one of them, "The Penetralia," * arranged as a series of questions and answers, contains many of his most striking prophecies:

"Yes; there is to be a great improvement in motive-forces; also a method for traveling upon dry land and through the air. . . . Cars may be constructed so that no accident, not even a collision would be dangerous to either passengers or baggage. . . . Instead of the present gallery-looking cars, we will have spacious saloons, almost portable dwellings, moving with such speed, that perhaps there will be advertisements—'Through to California in four days!' [This, remember, was written in 1856!]

"These hotel-cars will be of beautiful architectural proportions, two stories high, with staterooms and saloons for converse, plays, parties, balls and concerts. . . . In presence of these beautiful Saloons, it will be difficult to get the cows of the year 1900 to take passage upon cars which men now consider so excellent, utilitarian and convenient."

"Will utilitarianism make any discoveries in other locomotive directions?"

"Yes, in the almanac language, 'look out about these days,' for carriages and traveling saloons on country-roads—sans horses, sans steam, sans any visible motive power, moving with greater speed and safety than at present. Carriages will be moved by a strange and beautiful and simple admixture of aqueous and atmospheric gases—so easily condensed, so simply ignited, and so imparted by a machine somewhat resembling our engines, as to be entirely concealed and manageable between the forward wheels. These vehicles will prevent many embarrassments now experienced by persons living in thinly-populated territories. The first requisite for these land-locomotives will be good roads, upon which, with

your engine, without your horses, you may travel with great rapidity." . . .

For a prevision of the motor-car eighty years ago this would seem as near as prophecy can go.

"What progress will men make in atmospheric navigation?"

"I find only one thing necessary in order to have aerial navigation, viz.: The application of this contemplated superior motive power, which is even now in process of discovery and elimination. . . . This power will come. It will not only move the locomotive on the rail, and the carriage on the country-road, but *aerial cars* also, which will move through the sky from country to country; and their beautiful influence will produce a universal brotherhood of acquaintance."

Possibly that will come after the phase of building giant bombers is passed. The prophet, in any case, believed that "the fraternal principle will come into action; and harmony will be the manifestation of utilitarianism." Long before Blavatsky, and even longer before the current talk about preparation for leisure, he predicted "greater leisure throughout America, and the development of those intuitive faculties in man which are now supposed to be merely possibilities." He foresaw the modern apartment house and building materials of "lithologic composition which may be readily manufactured," in other words, concrete. He also predicted portable houses.

"Will all these inventions aid the spiritual development of the race?" To this query his answer was:

"Yes; these improvements and discoveries will refresh the soul, give it leisure and prepare it for a natural voyage to post-mundane climes. A glorious period is before mankind.

It will be a kind of material heaven—a preparation for the Spiritual Harmonium. . . . Fall in love with the new dispensation. . . . Have intelligent confidence in the advancement of the material world.”

Not all American prophets, however, were either so successful or perspicacious. Students of Biblical prophecy today, as we have seen, predict a speedy culmination of “the end of the age.” Earlier prophets, however, even in our grandfathers’ times, calculated and described the same impending phenomenon as the “end of the world.” Literally, as they saw it, the world was coming to an end by divine destruction. The just were to be saved. But saved to what, was a query that received the vaguest of answers, considering that the globe under their feet was to be destroyed by cosmic cataclysm. Perhaps the best known of the end-of-the-world prophets was William Miller, founder of the sect known as Millerites.

“The idolatry of the letter of Scripture,” says Edward Everett Hale in his biography of the great Unitarian, James Freeman Clarke, “bore legitimate fruit in the proclamation of William Miller that the world would end in the year 1843, on or about the 20th of March. The mathematical instincts of New England especially approved of the additions and subtractions of figures which were found in the book of Daniel, and the Revelation, which, beginning with the dates in Rollin’s History, came out neatly by the older calendar at the beginning of 1843.”

Miller was born in 1782 and spent his early life in Low Hampton, New York, until the war of 1812, in which he rendered useful service. After this, as a result of devoting himself to the reading and study of the Bible, Miller in the autumn of 1831 began lecturing upon his compulsive ideas,

namely, that the world was about to end. A voice, he said, kept urging him, "Go tell it to the world."

"I am satisfied," he wrote in May, 1832, "that the end of the world is at hand. The evidence flows in from every quarter.—'The earth is reeling to and fro like a drunkard.' . . . At this dread moment look! The clouds have burst asunder; the heavens appear; the great white throne is in sight! Amazement fills the Universe with awe! He comes!—He comes!—Behold the Saviour comes!"

With Adventism as a religious faith, we are not here concerned, but only with Miller and his prophecies. The cause for religious stirrings were at that period in the air and ubiquitous. Emerson, who attended a convention of Universal reform, mentions as among the participants, "madmen, madwomen, men with beards, Dunkers, Muggletonians, Come-Outers, Groaners, Agrarians, Seventh-Day Baptists, Quakers, Abolitionists, Calvinists, Unitarians and Philosophers."

A converted Jew in Palestine, Joseph Wolf, predicted the Advent for 1847. Harriet Livermore, an eloquent and arresting woman of the time, who figures in Whittier's "Snow-Bound," preached the Second Coming everywhere, including the House of Representatives, at Washington, where crowds gathered to hear her. Lady Hester Stanhope, that valiant madwoman, niece of William Pitt, who turned her back on London and power and fashion, made her home in Lebanon among the Arabs and Druses, in order to be ready and near to the scene of the Advent. She kept, it was reported, two white Arab steeds in her stable, one for the Messiah, one for herself! So real was the hope of the Advent, people were actually taking almost violent measures for it. It was the nineteenth century, yet the shooting stars of the

year 1833, and the parahelia, or halo-like rings, round the sun in 1843, were objects of the most awesome speculation and discussion. And the tail of the great comet of 1843 measured 108 million miles in length!

Camp meetings, and various other kinds of meetings, were drawing followers of Miller together into a band of hope that must have been strangely mingled with many other emotions, in view of the destruction that was to herald or accompany the great event. Many were selling off their possessions, their farms and stock. Did they reflect as to whether that was fair to the unbelievers, who must lose if they were to win, or whether the money received would be of any use even to them, the believers? In her book "Days of Delusion," Clara Endicott Sears⁶ presents memories of Millerites or their children which cast a curious light upon those times. Believers who were concerned about their unbelieving neighbors pursued them with entreaties to take the warning while yet there was time. Whole families were engaged in making shrouds against that fateful day—the 10th of the seventh month, 1843. When that day dawned and no cosmic whirlwind came, Miller, by hasty calculation corrected the date to March 22, 1844. That left more time for shrouds, for the disposal of property, either by sale or by outright gift. The faithful were ready that day, tense and praying, all clad in their ascension robes. But still the terrestrial globe spun on in its accustomed orbit; and no Messiah appeared.

By thousands the Millerites began to fall away. And William Miller died in his Vermont home on December 20, 1849, a broken man.

Every now and then someone prognosticates the "coming force"—an energy so potent, irresistible and limitless that compared with it all energy we now know and use is

infinitesimal, crude and even childish. The "Vril," that had been mastered by Bulwer-Lytton's fictitious subterranean people in "The Coming Race" was one such prediction. Bulwer-Lytton quotes the opinion of Faraday "almost amounting to a conviction," that "the various forms under which the forces of matter are made manifest have one common origin; or, in other words, are so directly related and mutually dependent, that they are convertible, as it were, into one another, and possess equivalents of power in their action."

Vril was that kind of force, which could control not only the weather, "but applied scientifically through vril conductors, they can exercise influence over minds, and bodies animal and vegetable, to an extent not surpassed in the romances of our mystics."

In the seventies of the last century appeared an American inventor who not only predicted the human mastery of such a force, but actually constructed an engine which he claimed was operated by this "inter-etheric force," as he called it. He was John Worrell Keely, of Philadelphia. Immediately, of course, he was stigmatized as an impostor and a charlatan by some, pretending to have solved perpetual motion, and the like, though his friends and adherents saw in him a Heaven-sent genius, born to relieve humanity of its burdens of toil and travail. How the so-called "Keely motor" worked no one quite knew or understood, but indirectly it may be best explained by a quotation from Blavatsky's "The Secret Doctrine"; for as an occultist and prophet of undreamed of evolution for mankind, she took an enormous interest in what was, to her, simply a premature appearance on earth of predestined human knowledge:

"What is it that acts as the formidable generator of in-

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visible but tremendous force, of that power which is not only capable of driving an engine of 25 horse-power, but has even been employed to lift the machinery bodily? Yet this is done simply by drawing a fiddle-bow across a tuning fork, as has been repeatedly proven. For the *etheric* force, discovered by the well-known (in America and now in Europe) John Worrell Keely, of Philadelphia, is no *hallucination*. Notwithstanding his failure to utilize it, a failure prognosticated and maintained by some Occultists from the first, the phenomena exhibited by the discoverer during the last few years have been wonderful, almost miraculous, not in the sense of the *supernatural* but of the *superhuman*. Had Keely been permitted to succeed he might have reduced a whole army to atoms in the space of a few seconds as easily as he reduced a dead ox to the same condition."

However little we derive from the foregoing description of the machine, we should derive less from Mr. Keely's own description. What, for example, could one glean from this?—

"In the conception of my vibratory engine, I did not seek to attain perpetual motion; but a circuit is formed that actually has a *neutral center*, which is in a condition to be vivified by my vibratory ether, and, while under operation by said substance is really a machine that is virtually independent of the mass (or globe), and it is the wonderful velocity of the vibratory circuit which makes it so. Still, with all its perfection, it requires to be fed with the vibratory ether to make it an independent motor. . . ."

Which is all very fine, if you happen to have a plentiful stock of vibratory ether on hand. Keely alone could operate that motor, but no one else.

Some enthusiasts saw the invention as ushering in a new

age. "This," said one, W. J. Colville, "is the coming of a higher era, a something more nearly resembling the long promised Golden Age." And Dr. Joseph Leidy, a professor of the University of Pennsylvania, testified that—"after having had the opportunity of witnessing a series of experiments made by Mr. Keely, illustrative of a reputed new motor power, it has appeared to me that he has fairly demonstrated the discovery of a force previously unknown to science. I have no theory to account for the phenomena observed, but I believe Mr. Keely to be honest in his attempt to explain them." ⁷

The Blavatsky explanation is more thrilling, even if more obscure:

"If the question is asked why Mr. Keely was not allowed to pass a certain limit, the answer is easy; because that which he has unconsciously discovered, is the terrible sidereal Force, known to, and named by the Atlanteans *mash-mak*, and by the Aryan Rishis in their *Ashtar Vidya* by a name that we do not like to give. It is the *vril* of Bulwer-Lytton's 'Coming Race,' and of the coming races of our mankind. The name *vril* may be a fiction; the Force itself is a fact doubted as little in India as the existence itself of their Rishis, since it is mentioned in all the secret works.

"It is this vibratory Force, which, when aimed at an army from an *Agni Rath* fixed on a flying vessel, a balloon, according to the instructions found in *Ashtar Vidya*, reduced to ashes 100,000 men and elephants, as easily as it would a dead rat." ⁸

This, at all events, she predicts, is the force of the coming races of our mankind!

The prophecies of shorter range for America are chiefly astrological. If an Eastern war, probably between Russia and

Japan, is to take place in 1938, as astrologers allege, it is not surprising that for America, too, serious things should be prophesied. For the two years between October, 1938, and October, 1940, as one astrologer, Mr. Manly Hall, points out, are comparable to the historic years of 1775 and 1776 in their intensity and significance. Disturbances and even an industrial upheaval are possible, unless salient leadership should arise. These are to be the forerunners of the great critical period for the nation which many foresee in the time between 1940 and 1942.

Upon the opening of "the fighting forties" prophets almost unanimously look as on a turbulent era throughout the world. Mr. H. G. Wells, some may recall, predicts the outbreak of a European war for 1940, when a Nazi in the Danzig railway station shoots a Pole through a carriage window. The offense of the victim was quite unconsciously grimacing in an effort to adjust the false teeth in his mouth. Astrologers do not dare go into details so minute, but even they foresee a period of crises, in especial for America. War is said to be a "possibility"; but in our modern enlightened times war, unfortunately, is always a possibility. A period of depression is foreseen by Mr. Manly Hall, and some boding calamity, such as the possible assassination of a president. "Should this occur," he went on in a recent lecture in New York, "a great, a momentous change might take place in our form of government. The nation might be divided up into parts—" the contingency Lincoln fought against. "Three or four sections of the country, as the Eastern, the Southern, the Central and the Western, might form separate nations, though probably still united in a sort of general commonwealth. "In which case," he added, "New York might become the Capital of the Eastern nation. In any case, New

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York will still grow mightily in size." October, 1942, to June, 1943, is foreseen as a period of "recovery, restoration and reconstruction," after the difficult and critical times through which the country will have passed. Compared with Mr. Wells's picture, of the complete destruction of our present civilization, arrived at by his peculiar ratiocination, during the forties and fifties, the astrologers, far more light-hearted, present us with the flattering unction of hope.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE PROPHETIC FUTURE

IN an old engraving the French prophet Michel de Nostredamus is shown with his robes and wand pointing to scenes in his magic mirror, wherein Catherine de' Medici, in amaze, is beholding the future fate of her sons.

That magic mirror, as we have seen, has been in all historic time the possession, or the eager object of search, of numerous humanity. Many did not find there what they sought, and many, too, saw in the mirror only shapes of fear, hallucination and superstition. Enough, however, and they were and are a numerous company, believed they had found strange, often terrible, at times agreeable, revelations of true prophecy, actually confirmed by events, or stoutly believed in. And indeed, if the foregoing pages show anything, they show that sufficient numbers of especially endowed persons, gifted with the still incomprehensible power of clairvoyance in space and time, have always existed among mankind to keep the faith in prophecy alive, even to this day.

At this very moment, for instance, an imposing number of people are firm in their belief that the human beings who built the Great Pyramid of Cheops, in Egypt, possibly as long as five thousand or more years ago, were sending a message in stone adown the ages to a posterity that one day would read its hieroglyph; they believe, moreover, that we of today are that posterity.

To these believers the "great tribulation," the chaotic

period of confused strife and spending, and even more confused losing and groping for remedies and panaceas, which began, they reckon, in 1928, will be transformed into something different on September 15-16, 1936. The "low passage" of the prophetic pyramid will end in a "new step," heralding a change for the better. The King's Chamber will be entered at last.

But that, we must remember, is not all the pilgrimage, for man journeying upon earth never arrives at a point of absolute rest and cessation. The King's Chamber is also the Hall of Judgment. There is to be enacted the Cleansing of the Nations, the mysteries of the True Light from the West, the literal Presence of the Master of Death and the Grave, proclaiming that "Death is swallowed up in Light." Mere grandiloquent phrases as these doubtless are to some of us, they bear a burden of stern and tremendous meaning for those to whom this prophecy is quick and living.

The seventeen years to follow, from September, 1936, to August 20, 1953, loom fateful and big with events of vast significance for the human race. During that period are to take place the Judging of the Nations and the awe-inspiring climax of Armageddon. The Stone Kingdom, which is Great Britain, and not excluding the United States of America, is to restore Israel to the ancient soil of Palestine, whence it had spread over the globe. The age of turbulence will be over and 1953 is to usher in a period of Reconstruction after demolition, culminating in what pyramidologists call the Builders' Rest, in 2001 A.D.,—a sort of Sabbath and breathing spell for humanity, before entering upon a new age beyond our present conception.

That period of the "new step," however, is part of the era which interpreters of Biblical prophecy reckon as "the

end of the age," momentous, to their view, in the history of mankind. The medieval fear of Antichrist is still to be realized, according to many interpretations. And even though Antichrist has been prophesied for something like sixteen centuries as already existent or impending, at least one prophet, St. Hildegarde of Bingen, nearly nine hundred years ago, descried him as contemporaneous, or possibly synonymous, with modern science. "He will," she said, "appear to move in the air, to produce lightning, thunder and hail, to level mountains, dry up streams, drain the verdure of trees and forests and restore it, to exorcise demons, at times even to restore the dead." Some of these things science has already accomplished: moving through the air is a commonplace of today; lightning has not only been produced, it lights our houses and turns our wheels. Nor are such things as the leveling of mountains and drying up of streams unknown to modern engineering. Psychologists have often exorcised demons, if restoring obsessed or deranged persons to health means the same thing. As to reviving the dead, in certain kinds of so-called death medical science can already do much that in the eleventh century could easily have passed for revival. The verdure of trees and the whole problem of photosynthesis is even now a lively object of chemical research.

According to Hildegarde, in brief, the appearance of Antichrist would seem to coincide, more or less, with the Biblically foreseen era of the "end of the time of the Gentiles," that new dispensation for the larger Israel of Bible prophecy, which includes Christians as well as Jews; that era, in the view of the interpreters, has either already begun or is about to begin.

In curious consonance with this would appear to be the so-called Malachi prophecy concerning the popes. If, as de-

clared by that prophecy, there are to be no more than seven popes after the present one, Pius XI, then many things and momentous must work themselves out in the next two generations of time, a period of about sixty-five years. Nor are these disturbing and significant events even relatively remote. They are, according to the prophets, already upon us!

The period of grave and chaotic disturbance prophesied for the reign of the present pope, Pius XI, is sufficiently obvious. One has but to think of Italy's war on Ethiopia, and the state of the Church in Germany, Mexico and elsewhere, and no other comment is necessary. But that is not all. There are still to come, according to the prophets, a sudden revolution in France, abrupt in outbreak and terrible in its intensity, and a war in Europe, possibly as great as, or greater than, the last war. Then, with the passing of the present successor to St. Peter, is to appear at last the much-heralded and long-yearned-for *Pastor Angelicus*, that angelic shepherd of centuries of Catholic prophecy. The Monk of Padua, who took it upon himself to name the last popes, declared that the successor of Pius XI will take the name of Gregory XVII.

So influential is this Pope Gregory to be that all heretics and schismatics, say the prophets, will be converted by him; that includes such countries even as England, Germany and Russia! As to reforming the Church, that will be the first charge of the pontiff: for must he not prepare it for the titanic struggle and troublous times coincident with the end of the century?

If we compare this predicted reign of the pastor angelicus with other prophecies, that of the Pyramid, for instance, as interpreted by its students, we discover some interesting relations. The "new step," beginning September 16, 1936, is yet to contain much turbulence during its seventeen years'

duration until August, 1953. The present pope, Pius XI, has already reigned for fourteen years and his age is seventy-nine. He was born in 1857. In the nature of things, his reign cannot be greatly prolonged; and yet, Pope Leo XIII lived to the age of ninety-three and had a reign of over a quarter of a century. At best, then, it would seem that the reign of Gregory XVII, or by whatever name the succeeding pope might be known, should largely coincide with the period of reconstruction which Pyramid interpreters see as beginning in 1953.

Nor is that all. For contemporaneous with the pastor angelicus is to appear, according to French prophets, that Grand Monarque, the great French sovereign who is to work so successfully with the angelic shepherd. For not only is the great monarch to close the illustrious line of Clovis, Charlemagne, St. Louis and Louis XIV, but he is in many respects to equal, and perhaps even surpass, some of them in luster and importance. A long reign is to be his, full fifty years!

Then the next six popes, culminating in Peter the Roman. The last and greatest tribulations of the Church, declare the prophets, will be at hand—as terrible as those which fell upon Jerusalem with the assault of Titus. The twilight darkens into enclosing night. The very city herself, Rome the immemorial, will suffer destruction upon all her seven hills—perhaps coinciding with the end of the century, the end of an age!

Nostradamus, as we have seen, in his strange, obscure "Centuries," would tend to support this prophecy anent the assault upon Rome. "Oh, great Rome, thy ruin approaches," he sighs in one of his quatrains, and in another he foresees Italy imitating the Revolution of France, with bloodshed of clerics and the banishing of the papacy. His clearest prog-

nostication of the future that lies still before us, however, is one bearing on France and notably upon Paris.

In October, 1999, a terrible prince or chieftain is to assault Paris "from the sky," that is, presumably, from the air. The attacking army will speak a strange non-Latin tongue, as well they might, seeing they are to come from the north of Asia. Perhaps that will be the long-feared menace of the yellow races sweeping over Europe, as once before they all but swept under Genghiz Khan? Paris will burn in one of the many conflagrations predicted for her, though not yet in her final destruction. The vitality of Paris is somehow to pull her through for many centuries. The final catastrophe, when "the great city will be utterly waste," and "not one of her inhabitants will be left alive," is not, according to Nostradamus, to occur until the year 3420. That is a considerable respite.

To many prophets and in numerous prophecies the year 1936 marks a great turning point in human life and human destiny. Its part in Pyramid prophecy we have already touched upon. Notwithstanding problems to be solved, perplexities to be faced and tribulations to be lived through, 1936 is to quicken and push forward constructive thought and effort by humanity in many parts of the globe.

"Certain happenings in 1936," says Alice A. Bailey in her pamphlet "The Next Three Years," "will do more to annihilate the veil between the seen and the unseen than any other line of activity hitherto initiated. About that time an illumination will be set up and a radiance revealed which will result in a tremendous stimulation of mankind and bring about an awakening of a new order. . . . Death will lose its terrors and the fear of death will come to an end between the years 1936 and 1945."

Comforting is the promise of 1945, for that is not so far off. Indeed, one prophet determines by a mathematical calculation which I shall not attempt to reproduce, that 1944 is the happy year. In that year, he explains,¹ will end the Piscean Age, which began B.C. 170, and the Aquarian Age, signaling human brotherhood and co-operation, will make its entry:

"The changes coming on the world may be broadly outlined in saying that the present glitter of artificial civilization will suffer an eclipse, a wider understanding of relationships, social and sexual, and the true polarities of the latter will take effect. . . ."

War, we know, is predicted for the years 1936, 1937, 1938, and critical times for 1940-42. Nevertheless, spiritual recrudescence and revival are expected and foretold in almost every land, in many and divers prophecies. Professor Roerich has pointed out that throughout the East, in India, Mongolia, even in Siberia, there is a tense expectancy that the forces of light are about to gain an appreciable advantage over the cohorts of darkness. In his record of a five-year expedition, "Altai-Himalaya,"² he observes:

"It is told in the prophecies how the new era shall manifest itself: 'First will begin an unprecedented war of all nations. Afterward brother shall rise against brother. Oceans of blood shall flow. And the people shall cease to understand one another. They shall forget the meaning of the word, Teacher. But just then shall the Teachers appear and in all the corners of the world shall be heard the true teaching. To this word of truth shall the people be drawn, but those who are filled with darkness and ignorance shall set obstacles. As a diamond glows the light on the tower of the Lord of Shambhala. One stone on his ring is worth more than all the

world's treasure. Even those who by accident help the Teachings of Shambhala will receive in return a hundredfold. Already many warriors of the teaching of truth are reincarnated. Only a few years shall elapse before everyone shall hear the mighty steps of the Lord of the New Era. And one can already perceive unusual manifestations and encounter unusual people. Already they open the gates of knowledge and ripened fruits are falling from the trees.' "

Shambhala, as the reader will surmise, is to be found on no extant maps. It is a spiritual kingdom, though believed in by many Asiatics as existing somewhere in the deserts of northern Asia and as the dwelling place of the coming spiritual King of the world.

"The Banner of Shambhala shall encircle the central lands of the Blessed One. Those who accept him shall rejoice. And those who deny him shall tremble. . . . The denier shall be given over to justice and shall be forgotten. And the warriors shall march under the banner of Maitreya." ⁸

Lamas, we are told, accompanied by painters and sculptors of those regions, go about setting up images, or painting upon rocks, likenesses of Maitreya. His coming, they believe, is not to be long deferred.

But who is Maitreya?

"And the Blessed One said to Ananda, 'I am not the first Buddha who has come upon earth, nor shall I be the last. In due time another Buddha will arise in the world, a Holy One, a supremely enlightened one, endowed with wisdom, auspicious, embracing the Universe, an incomparable Leader of Men, a Ruler of devas and mortals. He will reveal to you the same eternal truths, which I have taught you. He will establish His Law, glorious in its origin, glorious at the

climax and glorious at the goal in the spirit and in the letter. He will proclaim a righteous life wholly perfect and pure, such as I now proclaim. His disciples will number many thousands while mine number many hundreds.' ”

“Ananda said, ‘How shall we know Him?’ ”

“The Blessed One said, ‘He will be known as Maitreya.’ ” 4

Similarly, Blavatsky declared that “we are at the very close of the cycle of 5000 years of the present Aryan Kali-yuga,” or dark age, which is to be succeeded by a Satya Yuga, an age of light. Every century, she announced, the Masters of Wisdom, a closely united body of adepts, though scattered over the earth, send a messenger to the Western nations, and the next one is to appear by 1975. The new or sixth race, “grander, nobler, more glorious and more spiritual,” is already quietly making its appearance.

And pointing to a more distant future, the Mahatma K. H. wrote:

“ . . . If, as I hope, in a few years, I am entirely my own master—I may have the pleasure of demonstrating to you on your own writing table that life *as life* is not only transformable into other aspects or phases of the all-pervading Force, but that it can be actually infused into an artificial man. Frankenstein is a myth only so far as he is the hero of a mystic tale; in nature—he is a possibility; and the physicists and physicians of the last sub-race of the Sixth Race (the one that is to succeed our present race) will inoculate life and revive corpses, as they now inoculate smallpox, and often less comely diseases. Spirit, life and matter, are not natural principles existing independently of each other, but effects of combinations produced by eternal motion in space; and

they better learn it.”⁵ The Mahatma K. H. is one of the Masters of Wisdom meant by Blavatsky.

Even Nostradamus, who predicted so many calamitous wars and cataclysms, announced in the forty-second quatrain of his Tenth Century the vision of a better time:

“Le regne humain d’Angélique geniture
Fera son regne paix union tenir:
Captive guerre demy sa closture,
Longtemps la paix leur fera maintenir.”

Which may be freely rendered:—

*“A humane era of supernal origin,
A time of peace by union of nations:
War itself will be half in leash,
For a long time held in hand by peace.”*

Is the Golden Age of which Berkeley dreamed really on the way? Is the “universal brotherhood” predicted by Davis and so many others, the “glorious period” that lies before mankind, drawing nearer? We know how much of crisis, of turbulence and war and trial are still envisioned by many prophets for even the present century. Yet, as Roerich discovered in Asia, the Buddhists from Ceylon to Mongolia are eagerly awaiting Maitreya; the tribes of Altai are discarding Shamanism and awaiting the White Burkhan; the Jews await the Messiah; the Moslems, Muntazar. “The Christians of Saint Thomas await the great Advent and wear hidden signs. The Hindus know the Kalki Avatar. And the Chinese at New Year light fires before the image of Gessar Khan, ruler of the world.”

In short, a higher and finer way of life is universally awaited and almost universally prophesied. Whatever of tur-

moil and tribulation the nearby prophecies may hold, those of long range bear a solace and a healing for the heart of man; for in essence that heart, steeped in age-long knowledge and rooted in an immemorial experience of hard-won triumphs, remains incurably optimist.

NOTES

CHAPTER I

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